CONFESSIO AMANTIS OF

John Gower

EDITED AND COLLATED

WITH THE BEST MANUSCRIPTS BY

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CONFESSIO AMANTIS

GOWER'S CONFESSION OF A LOVER

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

Incipit Liber Sextus.

Eſt gula, que noſtrum maculavit prima parentem 1.
Ex vetito pomo, quo dolet omnis homo
Hec agit, ut corpus anime contraria ſpirat,
Quo caro fit craſſa, ſpiritus atque macer.
Intus et exterius ſi que virtutis habentur,
Potibus ebrietas conviciata ruit.
Merſa ſopore labis, que Bachus inebriat hoſpes,
Indignata Venus oſcula raro premit.

THE grete ſinne originall,
Which every man in general
Upon his birth hath envenimed,
In paradis it was miſtimed,
Whan Adam of thilke appel bote,
His ſwete morcel was to hote,
Which dedly made the mankinde.
And in the bokes as I finde
This vice, which ſo out of reule
Hath ſet us all, is cleped gule,

Hic in ſexto libro tractare intendit de illo capitali vicio, quod gula dicitur, nec non et de eiuſdem duabus ſolummodo ſpeciebus, videlicet ebrietate et delicacia, ex quibus humane concupiſcencie oblectamentum habundancius augmentatur.

Of which the braunches ben ſo great,
That of hem all I wol nought treat,
But only as touchend of two
I thenke ſpeke and of no mo.
Wherof the firſt is dronkeſhip,
Which bereth the cuppe felaſhip.
Ful many a wonder doth this vice,
He can make of a wiſman nice
And of a fool, that him ſhall ſeme,
That he can all the lawe deme
And yiven every jugement,
Which longeth to the firmament
Both of the ſterre and of the mone.
And thus he maketh a great clerk ſone
Of him, that is a lewde man.
There is no thing, whiche he ne can,
While he hath dronkeſhip on honde,
He knoweth the ſee, he knoweth the ſtronde,
He is a noble man of armes,
And yet no ſtrength is in his armes.
There he was ſtronge inow to-fore,
With dronkeſhip it is forlore
And all is chaunged his eſtate
And wext anone ſo feble and mate,
That he may nouther go ne come,
But all to-gider he is benome
The power both of honde and fote,
So that algate abide he mote
And all his wittes he foryete.
The which is to him ſuch a lete,

That he wot never what he doth,
Ne which is fals, ne which is ſoth,
Ne which is day, ne which is night,
As for the time he knoweth no wight,
That he ne wot ſo moch as this,
What maner thing him ſelven is
Or he be man, or he be beſte.
That holde I right a ſory feſte,
Whan he, that reſon underſtode,
So ſodeinlich is woxe wode
Or elles lich the dede man,
Which nouther go ne ſpeke can.
Thus ofte he is to bedde brought,
But where he lith yet wot he nought,
Till he ariſe upon the morwe
And than he ſaith: O, which a ſorwe
It is for to be drinkeles,
So that half drunke in ſuch a rees
With drie mouth he ſterte him up
And ſaith: Now *baillez ça* the cuppe.
That made him leſe his wit at eve
Is than a morwe all his beleve,
The cuppe is all that ever him pleſeth
And alſo that him moſt diſeſeth,
It is the cuppe whom he ſerveth,
Which alle cares from him kerveth
And all the bales to him bringeth.
In joy he wepeth, in ſorwe he ſingeth,
For dronkeſhip is ſo divers,
It may no while ſtonde invers,

He drinketh the wine, but ate laſt
The wine drinketh him and bint him faſt
And laith him drunke by the walle
As him, which is his bonde thralle
And all in his ſubjection.
And lich to ſuch condicion
As for to ſpeke it otherwiſe
It falleth, that the moſt wiſe
Ben other while of love adoted
And ſo bewhapped and aſſoted
Of dronken men, that never yit
Was none, which half ſo loſt his wit
Of drinke, as they of ſuch thing do,
Which cleped is the jolif wo,
And waxen of her owne thought
So drunke, that they knowe nought,
What reſon is or more or leſſe.
Such is the kinde of that ſikneſſe,
And that is nought for lacke of braine,
But love is of ſo great a maine,
That where he taketh a herte on honde,
There may nothing his might withſtonde.
The wiſe Salomon was nome,
And ſtronge Sampſon overcome,
The knightly David him ne might
Reſcoue, that he with the ſight
Of Berſabe ne was beſtade.
Virgile alſo was overlade,
And Ariſtotle was put under.
Forthy my ſone, it is no wonder,

If thou be drunke of love amonge,
Which is above all other ſtronge.
And if ſo is, that thou ſo be,
Tell me thy ſhrift in privete,
It is no ſhame of ſuch a thewe
A yong man to be dronkelewe.
Of ſuch phiſique I can a parte,
And as me ſemeth by that arte,
Thou ſhuldeſt by phiſonomy
Be ſhapen to that malady
Of love drunk, and that is routhe.
  Ha, holy fader, all is trouthe, Confeſſio amantis.
That ye me telle, I am beknowe,
That I with love am ſo bethrowe
And al min herte is ſo through ſunke,
That I am veriliche drunke,
And yet I may both ſpeke and go.
But I am overcome ſo
And torned fro my ſelf ſo clene,
That oft I wot nought what I mene,
So that excuſen I ne may
My herte fro the firſte day,
That I cam to my lady kith.
I was yet ſobre never ſith,
Where I her ſe or ſe her nought,
With muſing of min owne thought
Of love, which min herte aſſaileth,
So drunke I am, that my wit faileth
And all my braine is overtorned
And my manere ſo miſtorned,

That I foryete all that I can
And ſtonde like a maſed man,
That ofte whan I ſhulde play
It maketh me drawe out of the way
In ſolein place by my ſelve,
As doth a laborer to delve,
Which can no gentilmannes chere,
Or elles as a lewde frere,
Whan he is put to his penaunce,
Right ſo leſe I my contenaunce.
And if it nedes ſo betide,
That I in compaigny abide,
Where as I muſte daunce and ſinge
The hove daunce and carolinge,
Or for to go the newe fote,
I may nought wel heve up my fote,
If that ſhe be nought in the way.
For than is all my merth away,
And waxe anone of thought ſo full,
Wherof my limmes ben ſo dull,
I may unethes gon the pas.
For thus it is and ever was,
Whan I on ſuche thoughtes muſe,
The luſt and merthe that men uſe,
Whan I ſe nought my lady byme,
All is foryete for the time
So ferforth, that my wittes chaungen
And alle luſtes fro me ſtraungen,
That they ſain alle truely
And ſwere, that it am nought I.

For as the man, which ofte drinketh
The wine, that in his ſtomack ſinketh,
Wexth drunke and witles for a throwe,
Right ſo my luſt is overthrowe,
And of min owne thought ſo mate
I waxe, that to min eſtate
There is no limme will me ſerve,
But as a drunken man I ſwerve
And ſuffre ſuch a paſſion,
That men have great compaſſion
And everich by him ſelf merveileth,
What thing it is, that me ſo eileth.
Such is the maner of my wo,
Which time that I am her fro,
Till efte ayein that I her ſe.
But than it were a nicete
To telle you, how that I fare.
For whan I may upon her ſtare,
Her womanheed, her gentileſſe,
Min hert is full of ſuch gladneſſe,
That overpaſſeth ſo my wit,
That I wot never where it ſit,
But am ſo drunken of that ſight,
Me thenketh, that for the time I might
Right ſterte through the hole wall.
And than I may well, if I ſhall,
Both ſinge and daunce and lepe about
And holde forth the luſty rout.
But netheles it falleth ſo
Full ofte that I fro her go

Ne may, but as it were a ſtake
I ſtonde aviſement to take
And loke upon her faire face,
That for the while out of the place
For all the world ne might I wende.
Such luſt comth than into my minde,
So that withoute mete and drinke
Of luſty thoughtes, which I thinke,
Me thenketh I mighte ſtonden ever.
And ſo it were to me lever,
Than ſuch a ſighte for to leve,
If that ſhe wolde yive me leve
To have ſo mochel of my will.
And thus thenkend I ſtonde ſtill
Withoute blenching of min eye,
Right as me thoughte that I ſigh
Of paradis the moſte joy.
And ſo there while I me rejoy,
Unto min herte a great deſire,
The which is hoter than the fire,
All ſodeinliche upon me renneth,
That all my thought withinne brenneth
And am ſo ferforth overcome,
That I not where I am become,
So that among tho hertes ſtronge
In ſtede of drinke I underfonge
A thought ſo ſwete in my corage,
That never piment ne vernage
Was half ſo ſwete for to drinke.
For as I wolde, than I thinke,

As though I were at min above,
For ſo through drunke I am of love,
That all that my ſotie demeth
Is ſoth, as than it to me ſemeth.
And while I may tho thoughtes kepe,
Me thenketh as though I were aſlepe
And that I were in goddes barme.
But whan I ſe min owne harme
And that I ſodeinliche awake
Out of my thought and hede take,
How that the ſothe ſtant in dede,
Than is my ſikerneſſe in drede
And joie torned into wo,
So that the hete is all ago
Of ſuch ſotie, as I was inne.
And than ayeinward I beginne
To take of love a newe thorſt,
Which me greveth alltherworſt,
For thanne cometh the blanche fever
With chele and maketh me ſo to chever
And ſo it coldeth at min herte,
That wonder is, how I aſterte
In ſuche a point that I ne deie.
For certes there was never keie
Ne froſen is upon the walle
More inly cold, than I am alle.
And thus ſuffre I the hote chele,
Which paſſeth other peines fele,
In colde I brenne and freſe in hete
And than I drinke a bitter ſwete

With drie lippe and eyen wete.
Lo, thus I temper my diete
And take a draught of ſuch reles,
That all my wit is herteles
And all min herte there it ſit
Is as who ſaith withoute wit,
So that to prove it by reſon
In making of compariſon
There may no difference be
Betwen a drunken man and me,
But all the werſt of everychone
Is ever, that I thurſt in one,
The more that my herte drinketh,
The more I may, ſo that me thinketh,
My thurſt ſhall never be acqueint.
God ſhielde, that I be nought dreint
Of ſuch a ſuperfluite.
For well I fele in my degre,
That all my wit is overcaſt,
Wherof I am the more agaſt,
That in defaulte of ladyſhip
Perchaunce in ſuch a dronkeſhip
I may be dead, er I beware.
For certes, fader, this I dare
Beknowe and in my ſhrifte telle,
But I a draught have of that welle,
In which my deth is and my life,
My joy is torned into ſtrife,
That ſobre ſhall I never worthe,
But as a drunken man forworthe,

So that in londe, where I fare,
The luſt is lore of my welfare,
As he that may no bote finde.
But this me thenketh a wonder kinde,
As I am drunke of that I drinke
Of theſe thoughtes that I thinke,
Of which I finde no reles,
But if I mighte netheles
Of ſuche a drinke as I coveite
So as me liſt have o receite,
I ſhulde aſſobre and fare wele.
But ſo fortune upon her whele
On high me deigneth nought to ſette,
For evermore I finde a lette.
The boteler is nought my frend,
Which hath the keie by the bend.
I may well wisſh and that is waſte,
For well I wot ſo fresſh a taſte,
But if my grace be the more,
I ſhall aſſaie nevermore.
Thus am I drunke of that I ſe,
For taſting is defended me,
And I can nought my ſelven ſtaunche,
So that, my fader, of this braunche
I am giltif to telle trouth.
My ſone, that me thenketh routh. Confeſſor.
For lovedrunke is the miſchefe
Above all other the moſte chefe,
If he no luſty thought aſſay,
Which may his ſory thurſt allay,

As for the time yet it leſſeth
To him, which other joie miſſeth.
Forthy my ſone, aboven all
Think well, how ſo it the befall,
And kepe thy wittes that thou haſt
And let hem nought be drunke in waſt.
But netheles there is no wight,
That may withſtonde loves might.
But why the cauſe is, as I finde,
But that there is diverſe kinde
Of lovedrunke, why men pleigneth
After the court, which all ordeigneth,
I will the tellen the manere,
Now liſt, my ſone, and thou ſhalt here.

Hic narrat ſecundum poetam, qualiter in ſuo cellario Jupiter duo dolia habet, quorum primum liquoris dulciſſimi, ſecundum amariſſimi plenum conſiſtit, ita quod ille, cui fatata eſt proſperitas, de dulci potabit, alter vero, cui adverſabitur, poculum guſtabit amarum.

For the fortune of every chaunce
After the goddes purveaunce
To man it groweth from above,
So that the ſpede of every love
Is ſhape there, er it befalle.
For Jupiter aboven alle,
Which is of goddes ſoverain,
Hath in his celler, as men ſain,
Two tonnes full of love drinke,
That maketh many an herte ſinke
And many an herte alſo to flete
Or of the ſoure or of the ſwete.
That one is full of ſuch piment,
Which paſſeth all entendement,
Of mannes wit, if he it taſte,
And maketh a jolif herte in haſte.

That other bitter as the galle,
Which maketh a mannes herte palle,
Whose dronkeship is a siknesse
Through feling of the bitternesse.
Cupide is boteler of bothe,
Which to the leve and to the lothe
Yiveth of the swete and of the soure,
That some laugh, and some loure.
But for so mochel as he blinde is
Full ofte time he goth amis
And taketh the badde for the good,
Which hindreth many a mannes food
Withoute cause and furthereth eke.
So be there some of love seke,
Which ought of reson to ben hole,
And some come to the dole
In happe, and as hem selven lest
Drinke undeserved of the best.
And thus this blinde boteler
Yiveth of the trouble in stede of chere
And eke the chere in stede of trouble.
Lo, how he can the hertes trouble
And maketh men drunke al upon chaunce
Withoute lawe of governaunce.
If he drawe of the swete tonne,
Than is the sorwe all overronne
Of lovedrunke and shall nought greven
So to be drunke every even,
For all is thanne but a game.
But whan it is nought of the same

And he the better tonne draweth,
Such dronkeſhip an herte gnaweth
And febleth all a mannes thought,
That better him were have drunke nought
And all his brede have eten drie,
For than he leſt his luſty wey
With dronkeſhip and wot nought whider
To go, the waies ben ſo ſlider,
In whiche he may parcas ſo falle,
That he ſhall breke his wittes alle.
And in this wiſe men be drunke
After the drinke they have drunke.
But alle drinken nought alike,
For ſome ſhall ſinge, and ſome ſhal ſike,
So that it me nothing merveileth,
My ſone, of love that the eyleth.
For wel I knowe by thy tale,
That thou haſt drunken of the dwale,
Which bitter is, till god the ſende
Such grace, that thou might amende.
But ſone, thou ſhalt bid and pray
In ſuch a wiſe, as I ſhall ſay,
That thou the luſt well atteigne
Thy wofull thurſtes to reſtreigne
Of love and taſte the ſweteneſſe,
As Bachus did in his diſtreſſe,
Whan bodeliche thurſt him hent
In ſtraunge londes, where he went.

Nota hic, qualiter potus aliquando ſicienti precibus adquiritur,

This Bachus ſone of Jupiter
Was hote, and as he went fer

By his faders aſſignement
To make a wer in Orient
And great power with him he ladde,
So that the higher hond he hadde
And victoire of his enemies
And torneth homward with his priſe,
In ſuche a contre which was drie
A miſchefe fell upon the wey,
As he rode with his compaigny
Nigh to the ſtrondes of Lubie,
There mighte they no drinke finde
Of water, ne of other kinde,
So that him ſelf and all his hoſte
Were for default of drinke almoſte
Diſtruied, and than Bachus praid
To Jupiter and thus he ſaid:
O highe fader, that ſeeſt all,
To whom is reſon, that I ſhall
Beſeche and pray in every nede,
Behold, my fader, and take hede
This wofull thurſt, that we be inne,
To ſtaunche and graunt us for to winne
And ſaufe unto the contre fare,
Where that our luſty loves are
Waitend upon our home coming.
And with the vois of his praieng,
Which herd was to the goddes high,
He ſigh anone to-fore his eye
A wether, which the grounde hath ſporned,
And where he hath it overtorned,

et narrat in exemplum, quod cum Bachus de quodam bello ab Oriente repatrians in quibuſdam Lubie partibus alicuius generis potum non invenit, fuſis ad Jovem precibus, apparuit ei aries, qui terra pede percuſſit, ſtatimque fons emanavit, et ſic potum petenti peticio prevaluit.

There ſprang a welle freſh and clere,
Wherof his owne botelere
After the luſtes of his will
Was every man to drinke his fill.
And for this ilke grete grace
Bachus upon the ſame place
A riche temple let arere,
Which ever ſhulde ſtonde there
To thurſty men in remembraunce.
   Forthy my ſone, after this chaunce
It ſit the well to taken hede
So for to pray upon thy nede,
As Bachus praide for the well.
And thenke, as thou haſt herd me tell,
How grace he gradde and grace he had,
He was no fool, that firſt ſo rad.
For ſelden get a domb man londe,
Take that proverbe and underſtonde,
That wordes ben of vertue gret.
Forthy to ſpeke thou ne let
And axe and pray erely and late
Thy thurſt to quenche and thenke algate,
The boteler, which bereth the key,
Is blinde, as thou haſt herd me ſay.
And if it mighte ſo betide,
That he upon the blinde ſide
Parcas the ſwete tonne araught,
Than ſhalt thou have a luſty draught
And waxe of lovedrunke ſobre.
And thus I rede thou aſſobre

Thin herte in hope of ſuche a grace,
For dronkeſhip in every place
To whether ſide that it torne
Doth harme and maketh a man to ſporne
And ofte falle in ſuche a wiſe,
Where he parcas may nought ariſe.
And for to loke in evidence
Upon the ſothe experience,
So as it hath befall er this,
In every mannes mouth it is,
How Triſtram was of love drunke
With Bele Iſolde, whan they drunke
The drink, which Brangweine hem betok,
Er that king Mark his eme her toke
To wife, as it was after knowe.
And eke, my ſone, if thou wolt knowe
As it hath fallen over more
In loves cauſe, and what is more
Of dronkeſhippe for to drede,
As it whilom befell in dede,
Wherof thou might the better eſcheue
Of drunke men that thou ne ſue
The compaigny in no manere,
A great enſample thou ſhalt here.
This finde I write in poeſy
Of thilke faire Ypotaſy,
Of whoſe beaute there as ſhe was
Spake every man. And fell par cas,
That Pirothous ſo him ſpedde,
That he to wife her ſhulde wedde,

Hic de amoris ebrietate ponit exemplum, qualiter Triſtrans ob potum, quem Brangweine in navi ei porrexit, de amore Bele Iſolde inebriatus extitit.

Hic de periculis ebrietatis cauſa in amore contingentibus narrat, quod cum Pirothous illam pulcherrimam Ypotaſiam in uxorem duceret, quoſdam, qui Centauri vocabantur, inter alios vicinos ad nupcias invitavit, qui vi-

no imbuti, nove nupte formoſitatem aſpicientes, duplici ebrietate inſanierunt, ita quod ipſi ſubito ſalientes a menſa Ypotaſiam a Pirothoo marito ſuo in impetu rapuerunt.

Wherof that he great joie made.
And for he wolde his love glade,
Ayein the day of mariage
By mouthe bothe and by meſſage
His frendes to the feſt he praid
With great worſhip, and as men ſaid
He hath this yonge lady ſpouſed.
And whan that they were alle houſed
And ſet and ſerved ate mete,
There was no wine, which may begete,
That there ne was plenty inough.
But Bachus thilke tonne drough,
Wherof by way of dronkeſhip
The greateſt of the felaſhip
Were out of reſon overtake,
And Venus, which hath alſo take
The cauſe moſt in ſpeciall,
Hath yive him drinke forth with all
Of thilke cuppe, whiche exciteth
The luſt, wherin a man deliteth.
And thus by double weie drunke
Of luſt that ilke firy ſunke
Hath made hem as who ſaith half wode,
That they no reſon underſtode
Ne to none other thing they ſeen
But her, which to-fore her eyen
Was wedded thilke ſame day,
That freſhe wife, that luſty may,
Of her it was all that they thoughten
And ſo ferforth her luſtes ſoughten,

That they, the whiche named were
Centauri, at the feſte there
Of one aſſent, of one accorde
This yonge wife malgre her lorde
In ſuche a rage away forth ladden,
As they, which none inſight hadden,
But only to her drunke fare,
Which many a man hath made misfare
In love als wel as other wey.
Wherof, if I ſhall more ſay
Upon the nature of this vice,
Of cuſtume and of exerciſe
The mannes grace, how it fordoth,
A tale, which was whilom ſoth
Of fooles, that ſo drunken were,
I ſhall rehercen unto thin ere.

I rede in a cronique thus
Of Galba and of Vitellus,
The which of Spaine bothe were
The greateſt of all other there,
And bothe of o condition
After the diſpoſition
Of glotony and dronkeſhip,
That was a ſory felaſhip.
For this thou might wel underſtonde,
That man may nought well longe ſtonde,
Which is wine drunke of comun uſe,
For he hath lore the vertues,
Wherof reſon ſhuld him clothe,
And that was ſen upon hem bothe.

Hic loquitur ſpecialiter contra vicium illorum, qui nimia potacione quaſi ex conſuetudine ebrioſi efficiuntur, et narrat exemplum de Galba et Vitello, qui potentes in Hiſpania principes fuerunt, ſed ipſi cotidiane ebrietatis potibus aſſueti, tanta vicinis intulerunt enormia, quod tandem toto conclamante populo, pena ſententie capitalis in eos judicialiter diffinita eſt, qui priuſquam morerentur ut penam mortis alleviarent, ſpontanea vim ebrietate ſopiti, quaſi porci ſemimortui gladio interierunt.

Men ſain, there is non evidence,
Wherof to knowe a difference
Betwene the drunken and the wode,
For they ben never nouther good,
For where that wine doth wit awey,
Wiſdome hath loſt the righte wey,
That he no maner vice dredeth,
No more than a blind man thredeth
His nedel by the ſonnes light,
No more is reſon than of might,
Whan he with dronkeſhip is blent.
And in this point they weren ſhent
This Galba both and eke Vitelle
Upon the cauſe, as I ſhall telle,
Wherof good is to taken hede.
For they two through her dronkenhede
Of witles excitation
Oppreſſed all the nacion
Of Spaine, for all foul uſaunce,
Which done was of continuaunce
Of hem, which all day drunke were.
There was no wife ne maiden there,
What ſo they were or faire or foule,
Whom they ne taken to defoule,
Wherof the lond was often wo.
And eke in other thinges mo
They wroughten many a ſondry wronge.
But how ſo that the day be longe,
The derke night cometh ate laſt.
God wolde nought, they ſhulden laſt,

And ſhope the lawe in ſuche a wiſe,
That they through dome to the juiſe
Ben dampned for to be forlore.
But they, that hadden be to-fore
Enclined to alle drunkeneſſe,
Her ende thanne bare witneſſe,
For they in hope to aſſuage
The peine of dethe upon the rage
That they laſſe ſhulden fele,
Of wine let fill full a mele
And drunken till ſo was befall,
That they her ſtrengthes loſten all
Withouten wit of any braine,
And thus they ben half dede ſlaine,
That hem ne greveth but a lite.
  My ſone, if thou be for to wite Confeſſor.
In any point, which I have ſaid,
Wherof thy wittes bene unteid,
I rede clepe hem home ayein.
  I ſhall do, fader, as ye ſain, Amans.
Als ferforth as I may ſuffiſe.
But well I wot, that in no wiſe
The dronkeſhip of love awey
I may remue by no wey,
It ſtant nought upon my fortune.
But if you liſte to comune
Of the ſeconde glotony,
Which cleped is delicacy,
Wherof ye ſpeken here to-fore,
Beſeche I wolde you therfore.

Confeſſor. My ſone, as of that ilke vice,
Which of all other is the norice
And ſtant upon the retenue
Of Venus, ſo as it is due,
The proprete how that it fareth
The boke herafter now declareth.

2. *Delicie cum diviciis ſunt jura potentum,*
In quibus orta Venus excitat ora gule.
Non ſunt delicie tales, que corpora paſcunt,
Ex quibus impletus gaudia venter agit.
Qui completus amor majori munere gaudet,
Cum data deliciis mens in amante ſatur.

Hic tractat ſuper illa ſpecie gule, que delicacia nuncupatur, cuius mollicies voluptuoſe carni in perſonis precipue potentibus queque complacencia corporaliter miniſtrat.

Of this chapitre, in which we trete,
There is yet one of ſuch diete,
To which no pouer may atteigne,
For all is paſt as paindemaine
And ſondry wine and ſondry drinke,
Wherof that he woll ete and drinke
His cokes ben for him affaited,
So that his body is awaited,
That him ſhall lacke no delite
Als ferforth as his appetite
Suffiſeth to the metes hote.
Wherof the luſty vice is hote
Of gule the delicacy,
Which all the hole progeny
Of luſty folke hath undertake
To fede, while that he may take
Richeſſe, wherof to be founde
Of abſtinence he wot no bounde,
To what profit it ſhulde ſerve.
And yet phiſique of his conſerve

Maketh many a reſtauracion
Unto his recreacion,
Which wolde be to Venus leſe.
Thus for the point of his releſe
The coke, which ſhal his mete array,
But he the better his mouth aſſay,
His lordes thank ſhall ofte leſe,
Er he be ſerved to the cheſe.
For there may lacke nought ſo lite,
That he ne fint anone a wite,
For but his luſt be fully ſerved,
There hath no wight his thank deſerved,
And yet for mannes ſuſtenaunce
To kepe and holde in governaunce
To him that woll his hele gete
Is none ſo good as comun mete.
For who that loketh on the bokes,
It ſaith, confection of cokes
A man him ſhulde well aviſe,
How he it toke and in what wiſe.
For who that uſeth that he knoweth,
Full ſelden ſikneſſe on him groweth,
And who that uſeth metes ſtraunge,
Though his nature empeire and chaunge,
It is no wonder, leve ſone,
Whan that he doth ayein his wone
To take metes and drinkes newe,
For it ſhulde alwey eſchewe.
For in phiſique this I finde,
Uſance is the ſeconde kinde.

And right ſo chaungeth his eſtate
He that of love is delicate,
For though he hadde to his honde
The beſte wife of all the londe
Or the faireſt love of alle,
Yet wolde his herte on other falle
And thinke hem more delicious,
Than he hath in his owne hous.
Men ſain it is now ofte ſo,
Aviſe hem well, that they ſo do,
And for to ſpeke in other way
Full ofte time I have herd ſay,
That he, which hath no love acheved,
Him thenketh that he is nought relieved,
Though that his lady make him chere,
So as ſhe may in good manere
Her honour and her name ſave,
But he the ſurplus mighte have
Nothing withſtanding her eſtate,
Of love more delicate
He ſet her chere at no delite,
But he have all his appetite.
Confeſſor. My ſone, if it with the be ſo,
Confeſſio amantis. Tell me? Min holy fader, no.
For delicate in ſuch a wiſe
Of love, as ye to me deviſe,
Ne was I never yet giltiſe,
For if I hadde ſuche a wife,
As ye ſpeke of, what ſhulde I more?
For than I wolde never more

For luſt of any womanhede
Min herte upon none other fede.
And if I did, it were a waſte.
But all withoute ſuch repaſte
Of luſt, as ye me tolde above,
Of wife or yet of other love,
I faſte and may no fode gete,
So that for lack of deintie mete,
Of whiche an herte may be fedde,
I go faſtende to my bedde.
But might I getten as ye tolde
So mochel, that my lady wolde
Me fede with her glad ſemblaunt,
Though me lacke all the remenaunt,
Yet ſhulde I ſomdele ben abeſhed
And for the time wel refreſhed.
But certes, fader, ſhe ne doth,
For in good feith to telle ſoth
I trowe, though I ſhulde ſterve,
She wolde nought her eye ſwerve,
My herte with one goodly loke
To fede, and thus for ſuch a coke
I may go faſting evermo.
But if ſo is, that any wo
May fede a mannes herte wele,
Therof I have at every mele
Of plente more than inough.
But that is of him ſelf ſo tough,
My ſtomack may it nought defie.
Lo, ſuch is the delicacie

Of love, which min herte fedeth,
Thus have I lacke of that me nedeth.
But for all this yet netheles,
I ſay, I am nought gilteles,
That I ſomdele am delicate.
For elles were I fully mate,
But if that I ſome luſty ſtounde
Of comfort and of eſe founde
To take of love ſome repaſt,
For though I with the fulle taſte
The luſt of love may nought fele,
Min hunger otherwiſe I kele
Of ſmale luſtes, whiche I pike,
And for a time yet they like,
If that ye wiſten, what I mene.

Confeſſor.

Now, gode ſone, ſhrive the clene
Of ſuche deinties as ben good,
Wherof thou takeſt thin herte food.

Confeſſio amantis.

My fader, I you ſhall reherce,
How that my fodes ben diverſe,
So as they fallen in degre.
One feding is of that I ſe,
An other is of that I here,
The thridde, as I ſhall tellen here,
It groweth of min owne thought.
And elles ſhulde I live nought,
For whom that faileth food of herte,
He may nought well the dethe aſterte.

Nota, qualiter viſus in amore ſe continet delicatus.

Of ſight is all my firſte food,
Through which min eye of alle good

Hath that to him is accordaunt
A lufty fode fuffifaunt.
Whan that I go toward the place,
Where I fhall fe my ladies face,
Min eye, whiche is loth to fafte,
Beginneth to hunger anone fo fafte,
That him thenketh of an houre thre,
Till I there come and he her fe.
And than after his appetite
He taketh a food of fuch delite,
That him none other deintie nedeth,
Of fondry fightes he him fedeth.
He feeth her face of fuch colour,
That frefher is than any flour,
He feeth her front is large and pleine
Withoute frounce of any greine,
He feeth her eyen liche an heven,
He feeth her nafe ftraughte and even,
He feeth her rudde upon the cheke,
He feeth her redde lippes eke,
Her chinne accordeth to the face,
All that he feeth is full of grace,
He feeth her necke rounde and clene,
Therinne may no bone be fene,
He feeth her handes faire and white,
For all this thinge without wite
He may fe naked ate lefte,
So is it well the more fefte
And well the more delicacie
Unto the feding of min eye.

He ſeeth her ſhape forth with all,
Her body rounde, her middel ſmall
So well begone with good array,
Which paſſeth all the luſt of may,
Whan he is moſt with ſofte ſhoures
Full clothed in his luſty floures.
With ſuche ſightes by and by
Min eye is fed, but finally,
Whan he the port and the manere
Seeth of her womanisſhe chere,
Than hath he ſuch delite on honde,
Him thenketh he might ſtille ſtonde,
And that he hath full ſuffiſaunce
Of livelode and of ſuſtenaunce,
As to his part for evermo.
And if it thought all other ſo,
Fro thenne wolde he never wende,
But there unto the worldes ende
He wolde abide, if that he might,
And feden him upon the ſight.
For though I mighte ſtonden ay
Into the time of domeſday
And loke upon her ever in one,
Yet whan I ſhulde fro her gone,
Min eye wolde, as though he faſte,
Ben hunger ſtorven alſo faſte,
Till eft ayein that he her ſee,
Such is the nature of min eye.
There is no luſt ſo deintefull,
Of which a man ſhall nought be full

Of that the ſtomack underfongeth,
But ever in one min eye longeth,
For loke, how that a goſhawk tireth,
Right ſo doth he, whan that he pireth
And toteth on her womanhede,
For he may never fully fede
His luſt, but ever a liche ſore
Him hungreth, ſo that he the more
Deſireth to be fed algate.
And thus min eye is made the gate,
Through which the deinties of my thought
Of luſt ben to min herte brought.
Right as min eye with his loke
Is to min herte a luſty coke
Of loves fode delicate,
  Right ſo min ere in his eſtate, Qualiter auris in amore delectatur.
Where as min eye may nought ſerve,
Can well min hertes thank deſerve
And feden him fro day to day
With ſuche deintes, as he may.
For thus it is, that over all
Where as I come in ſpeciall
I may here of my lady priſe,
I here one ſay, that ſhe is wiſe,
An other ſaith, that ſhe is good,
And ſome men ſain, of worthy blood
That ſhe is come and is alſo
So fair, that no where is none ſo.
And ſome men preiſe her goodly chere.
Thus every thing, that I may here,

Which souneth to my lady good,
Is to min ere a lusty food.
And eke min ere hath over this
A deinty feste, whan so is,
That I may here her selven speke,
For than anone my faste I breke
On suche wordes, as she saith,
That full of trouth and full of feith
They ben and of so good disporte,
That to min ere great comforte
They done, as they that ben delices.
For all the metes and the spices,
That any Lumbard couthe make,
Ne be so lusty for to take
Ne so ferforth restauratise
I say as for min owne life,
As be the wordes of her mouth.
For as the windes of the south
Ben most of alle debonaire,
So whan her list to speke faire,
The vertue of her goodly speche
Is verrily min hertes leche.
And if it so befall amonge,
That she carole upon a songe,
Whan I it here, I am so fed,
That I am fro my self so led,
As though I were in paradis,
For certes as to min avis,
Whan I here of her vois the steven,
Me thenkth it is a blisse of heven,

And eke in otherwiſe alſo
Ful ofte time it falleth ſo,
Min ere with a good pitaunce
Is fed of reding of romaunce
Of Ydoine and of Amadas,
That whilom were in my cas,
And eke of other many a ſcore,
That loveden longe, er I was bore,
For whan I of her loves rede,
Min ere with the tale I fede
And with the luſt of her hiſtoire.
Somtime I drewe into memoire,
How ſorwe may nought ever laſt,
And ſo cometh hope in ate laſt,
Whan I none other fode knowe.
And that endureth but a throwe,
Right as it were a chery feſte.
But for to compten ate leſt,
As for the while yet it eſeth
And ſomdele of min hert appeſeth,
For what thing to min ere ſpredeth,
Which is pleſaunt, ſomdele it fedeth
With wordes ſuch as he may gete
My luſt in ſtede of other mete.
  Lo thus, my fader, as I you ſay
Of luſt, the which min eye hath ſee
And eke of that min ere hath herde,
Full ofte I have the better ferde.
And tho two bringen in the thridde,
The which hath in min herte amidde

His place take, to array
The lufty fode, whiche affay
I mote, and namelich on nightes,
Whan that me lacketh alle fightes,
And that min hering is awey,
Than is he redy in the wey
My rere fouper for to make,
Of which min hertes fode I take.

Qualiter cogitatus impreffiones leticie ymaginativas cordibus inferit amantum.

This lufty cokes name is hote
Thought, which hath ever his pottes hote
Of love boilend on the fire
With fantafy and with defire,
Of which er this full ofte he fed
Min herte, whan I was a bed.
And than he fet upon my borde
Both every fight, and every worde
Of luft, which I have herd or feen.
But yet is nought my feft all plein,
But all of woldes and of wisfhes,
Therof have I my fulle disfhes,
But as of feling and of tafte,
Yet might I never have o repafte.
And thus as I have faid a-forn,
I licke hony on the thorn,
And as who faith upon the bridel
I chewe, fo that all is idel,
As in effect the fode I have.
But as a man that wolde him fave,
Whan he is fike, by medicine,
Right fo of love the famine

I fonde in all that ever I may
To fede and drive forth the day,
Till I may have the grete feſt,
Which all min hunger might areſt.
  Lo, ſuche ben my luſtes thre,
Of that I thenke, here and ſe,
I take of love my feding
Withoute taſting or feling,
And as the plover doth of aire,
I live and am in good eſpeire,
That for no ſuch delicacy
I trowe I do no gloteny.
And netheles to your avis,
Min holy fader, that ben wis,
I recommaunde min eſtate
Of that I have ben delicate.
  My ſone, I underſtonde wele, Confeſſor.
That thou haſt told here every dele,
And as me thenketh by thy tale,
It ben delites wonder ſmale,
Wherof thou takeſt thy loves fode.
But, ſone, if that thou underſtode,
What is to ben delicious,
Thou woldeſt nought ben curious
Upon the luſt of thin eſtate
To ben to ſore delicate,
Wherof that thou reſon excede,
For in the bokes thou might rede,
If mannes wiſdom ſhall be ſued,
It oughte wel to ben eſcheued

In love als well as other way,
For as thefe haly bokes fay,
Delicie corporis militant adverfus animam.
The bodely delices alle
In every point how fo they falle
Unto the foule done grevaunce.
And for to take in remembraunce
A tale accordaunt unto this,
Which of great underftanding is,
To mannes foule refonable,
I thenke tell and is no fable.

Hic ponit exemplum contra iftos delicatos, et narrat de divite et Lazaro, quorum geftus in evangelio Lucas evidencius defcribit.

Of Criftes word who wol it rede
How that this vice is for to drede
In thevangile it telleth pleine,
Which mote algate be certeine,
For Crift him felf it bereth witneffe.
And though the clerke and the clergeffe
In latin tunge it rede and finge,
Yet for the more knoulechinge
Of trouthe, which is good to wite,
I fhal declare as it is write
In englifh, for thus it began.

Crift faith: There was a riche man,
A mighty lord of great eftate,
And he was eke fo delicate
Of his clothing, that every day
Of purpure and biffe he made him gay
And ete and drank therto his fill
After the luftes of his will
As he, which all ftode in delice
And toke none hede of thilke vice.

And as it ſhulde ſo betide,
A pouer lazer upon a tide
Came to the gate and axed mete.
But there might he nothing gete
His dedely hunger for to ſtaunche,
For he, which had his fulle paunche
Of alle luſtes ate borde
Ne deigneth nought to ſpeke a worde,
Onlich a crumme for to yive,
Wherof the pouer mighte live
Upon the yift of his almeſſe.
Thus lay this pouer in great diſtreſſe
A colde and hungry at the gate,
Fro which he mighte go no gate,
So was he wofully beſene.
And as theſe haly bokes ſain,
The houndes comen fro the halle,
Where that this ſike man was falle,
And as he lay there for to deie,
The woundes of his malady
They licken for to done him eſe.
But he was full of ſuch diſeſe,
That he may nought the deth eſcape.
But as it was that time ſhape,
The ſoule fro the body paſſeth,
And he, whom nothing overpaſſeth,
The highe god up to the heven
Him toke, where he hath ſet him even
In Abrahames barme on high,
Where he the hevens joie ſigh

And had all that he have wolde.
And fell as it befalle ſholde,
This riche man the ſame throwe
With ſodein deth was overthrowe
And forth withouten any went,
Unto the helle ſtraught he went,
The fende into the fire him drough,
Where that he hadde peine inough
Of flame, which that ever brenneth.
And as his eye aboute renneth,
Toward the heven he caſt his loke,
Where that he ſigh and hede toke,
How Lazar ſet was in his ſee
Als fer as ever he might ſee
With Abraham, and than he praide
Unto the patriarch and ſaide:
Send Lazar down fro thilke ſete
And do, that he his finger wete
In water, ſo that he may droppe
Upon my tunge for to ſtoppe
The grete hete, in which I brenne.
But Abraham anſwerde thenne
And ſaide to him in this wiſe:
My ſone, thou the might aviſe
And take into thy remembraunce,
How Lazar hadde great penaunce,
While he was in that other life.
But thou in all thy luſt jolife
The bodely delices ſoughteſt,
Forthy ſo as thou thanne wroughteſt,

Now ſhalt thou take thy rewarde
Of dedely peine here afterwarde
In helle, which ſhall ever laſt.
And this Lazar now ate laſt
This worldes peine is overronne
In heven and hath his life begonne
Of joie, which is endeles.
But that thou praieſt netheles,
That I ſhall Lazar to the ſende
With water on his finger ende
Thine hote tunge for to kele,
Thou ſhalt no ſuche graces fele,
For to that foule place of ſinne,
For ever in which thou ſhalt ben inne,
Cometh none out of this place thider
Ne none of you may comen hider,
Thus be ye parted now a-two.
The rich ayeinward cride tho :
O Abraham, ſithe it ſo is,
That Lazar may nought do me this,
Whiche I have axed in this place,
I wolde pray an other grace.
For I have yet of bretherne five,
That with my fader ben a-live
To-gider dwellend in one hous,
To whom, as thou art gracious,
I praie, that thou woldeſt ſende
Lazar, ſo that he mighte wende
To warne hem, how the worlde is went,
That afterward they be nought ſhent

Of ſuche peines as they deie.
Lo, this I praie and this I crie,
How I may nought my ſelf amende.
The patriarche anone ſuende
To this praier anſwerde : Nay,
And ſaide him, how that every day
His bretheren mighten knowe and here
Of Moiſes on erthe here
And of prophetes other mo,
What hem was beſt. And he ſaith : No,
But if there might a man ariſe
From deth to life in ſuche a wiſe
To tellen hem, how that it were,
He ſaide, than of pure fere
They ſhulden well beware therby.
Quod Abraham : Nay ſikerly,
For if they now will nought obey
To ſuch, as techen hem the wey
And all day preche and all day telle,
How that it ſtant of heven and helle,
They woll nought thanne taken hede,
Though it befelle ſo in dede,
That any dede man were arered
To ben of him no better lered,
Than of an other man alive.
  If thou, my ſone, canſt deſcrive
This tale, as Criſt him ſelf it tolde,
Thou ſhalt have cauſe to beholde
To ſe ſo great an evidence,
Wherof the ſothe experience

Hath ſhewed openlich at eye,
That bodely delicacy
Of him, which yiveth none almeſſe,
Shall after falle in great diſtreſſe.
And that was ſene upon the riche,
For he ne wolde unto his liche
A crumme yiven of his brede,
Than afterward whan he was dede
A droppe of water him was werned.
Thus may a mannes wit be lerned
Of hem, that ſo delites taken,
Whan they with deth ben overtaken,
That erſt was ſwete is thanne ſoure.
But he that is a governour
Of worldes good, if he be wiſe,
Within his herte he ſet no priſe
Of all the worlde and yet he uſeth
The good, that he nothing refuſeth,
As he, which lord is of the thinges,
The ouches and the riche ringes,
The cloth of gold and the perrie
He taketh, and yet delicacie
He leveth, though he wear all this.
The beſte mete that there is
He eteth and drinketh the beſte drinke,
But how that ever he ete or drinke
Delicacie he put awey
As he, which goth the righte wey,
Nought only for to fede and clothe
His body, but his ſoule bothe.

But they that taken other wiſe
Her luſtes, ben none of the wiſe,
And that whilom was ſhewed eke,
If thou theſe olde bokes ſeke.

Hic loquitur de delicacia Neronis, qui corporalibus deliciis magis adherens, ſpiritualia gaudia minus obtinuit.

That man that wolde him well aviſe,
Delicacy is to deſpiſe,
Whan kinde accordeth nought withall,
Wherof enſample in ſpeciall
Of Nero whilom may be tolde,
Whiche ayein kinde manifolde
His luſtes toke, till ate laſt,
That god him wolde all overcaſt,
Of whom the cronique is ſo plein,
Me luſt no more of him to ſain.
And netheles for glotony
Of bodely delicacy
To knowe his ſtomack how it ferde,
Of that no man to-fore herde,
Which he within him ſelf bethought,
A wonder ſubtil thing he wrought.
Thre men upon election
Of age and of complexion
Lich to him ſelf by alle way
He toke towardes him to play,
And ete and dranke as well as he,
Therof was no diverſite.
For every day whan that they ete,
To-fore his owne bord they ſete,
And of ſuch mete as he was ſerved,
All though they had it nought deſerved,

They token ſervice of the ſame.
But afterward all thilke game
Was into wofull erneſt torned.
For whan they were thus ſojorned,
Within a time at after-mete
Nero, which hadde nought foryete
The luſtes of his frele eſtate,
As he, which all was delicate
To knowe thilke experience,
The men let come in his preſence.
And to that one the ſame tide
A courſer, that he ſholde ride
Into the felde, anone he bad,
Wherof this man was wonder glad
And goth to pricke and praunce about.
That other, while that he was out,
He laide upon his bed to ſlepe.
The thridde, which he wolde kepe
Within his chambre faire and ſofte,
He goth now up, now down ful ofte,
Walkend a pace, that he ne ſlepte,
Till he, which on the courſer lepte,
Was comen fro the felde ayein.
Nero than, as the bokes ſain,
Theſe men did done take alle thre
And ſlough hem, for he wolde ſe,
The whoſe ſtomack was beſt defied.
And whan he hath the ſothe tried,
He found that he, which goth the pas,
Defied beſt of alle was,

Which afterward he uſed ay.
And thus what thing unto his pay
Was moſt pleſant, he lefte none.
With every luſt he was begone,
Wherof the body mighte glade,
For he no abſtinence made,
But moſt of alle erthly thinges
Of women unto the likinges
Nero ſet all his hole herte,
For that luſt ſhuld him nought aſterte.
Whan that the thurſt of love him caught,
Where that him liſt he toke a draught,
He ſpareth nouther wife ne maide,
That ſuch another, as men ſaide,
In all this world was never yit.
He was ſo drunke in all his wit
Through ſondry luſtes which he toke,
That ever, while there is a boke
Of Nero men ſhall rede and ſing
Unto the worldes knouleching.
  My gode ſone, as thou haſt herde,
For ever yet it hath ſo ferde,
Delicacy in loves cas
Withoute reſon is and was.
For where that love his herte ſet,
Him thenketh, it might be no bet,
All though it be nought fully mete,
The luſte of love is ever ſwete.
Lo, thus to-gider of felaſhip,
Delicacy and dronkeſhip,

Wherof reſon ſtant out of herre,
Have made full many a wiſe man erre
In loves cauſe moſt of all.
For than how ſo that ever it fall
Wit can no reſon underſtonde,
But let the governaunce ſtonde
To will, which thanne wexeth ſo wilde,
That he can nought him ſelven ſhilde
Fro the perill, but out of fere
The way he ſecheth here and there,
Him reccheth nought upon what ſide,
For ofte time he goth beſide
And doth ſuch thing withoute drede,
Wherof him oughte wel to drede.
But whan that love aſſoteth ſore,
It paſſeth alle mennes lore,
What luſt it is, that he ordeigneth,
There is no mannes might reſtreigneth,
And of god taketh he none hede.
But laweles withoute drede
His purpos for he wolde acheve,
Ayein the points of the beleve
He tempteth heven, erth and helle,
Here afterward as I ſhall telle.

Dum ſtimulatus amor, quicquid jubet orta voluptas, 3
Audet et aggreditur nulla timenda timens,
Omne quod aſtra queunt herbarum ſive poteſtas,
Seu vigor inferni ſingula temptat amans.
Quod nequit ipſe, deo mediante, parare ſiniſtrum,
Demonis hoc magica credulus arte parat.
Sic ſibi non curat ad opus que retia tendit,
Dummodo nudatam prendere poſſet avem.

Hic tractat, qualiter ebrietas et delicacia omnis pudicicie contrarium instigantes inter alia ad carnalis concupiscencie promocionem sortilegio magicam requirunt.

Who dare do thing, which love ne dare?
To love is every lawe unware.
But to the lawes of his hest
The fissh, the fowl, the man, the beste
Of all the worldes kinde louteth,
For love is he, which nothing doubteth
In mannes herte where he sit
He compteth nought toward his wit,
The wo no more than the wele,
No more the hete than the chele,
No more the wete than the drie,
No more to live than to deie,
So that to-fore ne behinde
He seeth no thing, but as the blinde
Withoute insight of his corage
He doth merveiles in his rage
To what thing, that he wol him drawe.
There is no god, there is no lawe
Of whom that he taketh any hede.
But as Bayard the blinde stede,
Till he falle in the dicche a midde,
He goth there no man will him bidde,
He stant so ferforth out of reule,
There is no wit that may him reule.
And thus to tell of him in soth,
Full many a wonder thing he doth,
That were better to be laft,
Among the whiche is wicche craft,
That some men clepen sorcery,
Which for to winne his druery

With many a circumſtaunce he uſeth,
There is no point which he refuſeth.
  The craft, which that Saturnus fonde,
To make prickes in the ſonde,
That geomaunce cleped is,
Ful oft he uſeth it amis,
And of the flood his ydromaunce
And of the fire the piromaunce.
With queſtions echone of tho
He tempteth ofte, and eke alſo
Aeromaunce in jugement
To love he bringeth of his aſſent.
For theſe craftes as I finde
A man may do by way of kinde
Be ſo, it be to good entent.
But he goth all other went,
For rather er he ſhulde faile
With nigromaunce he wolde aſſaile
To make his incantacion
With hote ſubfumigacion
Thilke art, which ſpatula is hote
And uſed is of comun rote
Among paiens, which that craft eke,
Of whiche is auctor Thoſz the Greke,
He wercheth one and one by rowe.
Razel is nought to him unknowe,
The Salomones Candary,
His Ydeac, his Eutony,
The figure and the boke withall
Of Balamuz and of Ghenball,

Nota de autorum necnon et librorum tam naturalis quam execrabilis magice nominibus.

The ſeale and therupon thymage
Of Thebith for his avauntage
He taketh, and ſome what of Gibere,
Which helplich is to this matere.
Babylla to her ſones ſeven,
Which hath renounced to the heven
With Cernes bothe ſquare and rounde,
He traceth ofte upon the grounde,
Makend his invocation.
And for full enformation
The ſcole, which Honorius
Wrote, he purſueth. And lo, thus
Magique he uſeth for to winne
His love and ſpareth for no ſinne.
And over that of his ſoty
Right as he ſecheth ſorcery,
Of hem that ben magiciens,
Right ſo of the naturiens
Upon the ſterres from above
His wey he ſecheth unto love
Als fer as he hem underſtondeth.
In many a ſondry wiſe he fondeth,
He maketh ymage, he maketh ſculpture,
He maketh writing, he maketh figure,
He maketh his calculations,
He maketh his demonſtrations,
His hours of aſtronomy
He kepeth as for that party,
Which longeth to the inſpection
Of love and his affection,

He wolde into the helle feche
The devel him felve to befeche,
If that he wifte for to fpede
To gete of love his lufty mede.
Where that he hath his herte fet,
He bidde never fare bet
Ne wit of other heven more.
My fone, if thou of fuch a lore Confeffor.
Haft ben er this, I rede the leve.
Min holy fader, by your leve Amans
Of all that ye have fpoken here,
Which toucheth unto this matere,
To telle foth right as I wene,
I wot nought o word what ye mene.
I woll nought fay, if that I couth,
That I nolde in my lufty youth
Beneth in helle and eke above
To winne with my ladies love
Done al that ever that I might.
For therof have I none infight,
Where afterward that I become,
So that I wonne and overcome
Her love, which I moft coveite. Confeffor.
My fone, that goth wonder ftreite.
For this I may well telle foth,
There is no man which fo doth
For all the craft that he can cafte,
That he ne bieth it ate lafte.
For often he that will beguile
Is guiled with the fame guile,

And thus the guiler is beguiled,
As I finde in a boke compiled
To this matere an olde hiſtoire,
The which comth now to my memoire
And is of great enſemplary
Ayein the vice of ſorcery,
Wherof none ende may be good.
But how whilom therof it ſtood,
A tale, which is good to knowe,
To the, my ſone, I ſhall beknowe.

Nota contra iſtos ob amoris cauſam ſortilegos, ubi narrat in exemplum, quod cum Ulixes a ſubverſione Troie repatriare navigio voluiſſet, ipſum in inſula Cilly, ubi illa expertiſſima maga nomine Circes regnavit, contigit applicuiſſe, quem ut in ſui amoris concupiſcenciam exardeſceret, Circes omnibus ſuis incantacionibus vincere conabatur. Ulixes tamen magica potencior ipſam in amore ſubegit, ex qua filium nomine Thelegonum genuit, qui poſtea patrem ſuum interfecit, et ſic contra fidei naturam genitus contra generacionis naturam patricidium operatus eſt.

Among hem, which at Troie were,
Ulixes at the ſiege there
Was one by name in ſpeciall,
Of whom yet the memoriall
Abit, for while there is a mouthe
For ever his name ſhall be couthe.
He was a worthy knight and king
And clerk knowend of every thing,
He was a great rethorien,
He was a great magicien,
Of Tullius the rethorique,
Of king Zoraſtes the magique,
Of Tholome thaſtronomy,
Of Plato the philoſophy,
Of Daniel the ſlepy dremes,
Of Neptune eke the water ſtremes,
Of Salomon and the proverbes,
Of Macer all the ſtrength of herbes,
And the phiſique of Ypocras
And lich unto Pithagoras

Of ſurgery he knew the cures.
But ſome what of his aventures,
Which ſhall to my matere accorde,
To the, my ſone, I will recorde.
This king, of which thou haſt herd ſain,
From Troy as he goth home ayein
By ſhip, he found the ſee diverſe
With many a windy ſtorm reverſe.
But he through wiſdom, which he ſhapeth,
Ful many a great peril eſcapeth,
Of whiche I thenke tellen one,
How that malgre the nedel and ſtone
Wind-drive he was all ſodeinly
Upon the ſtrondes of Cilly,
Where that he muſt abide a while.
Twey quenes weren in that ile
Calipſo named and Circes.
And whan they herde, how Ulixes
Is londed there upon the rive,
For him they ſenden alſo blive.
With him ſuch as he wolde he nam
And to the court to hem he cam.
Theſe quenes were as two goddeſſes
Of art magique ſorcereſſes,
That what lord come to that rivage,
They make him love in ſuch a rage
And upon hem aſſote ſo,
That they woll have, er that he go,
All that he hath of worldes good.
Ulixes well this underſtood,

They couthe moch, he couthe more.
They ſhape and caſt ayein him ſore
And wrought many a ſubtil wile,
But yet they might him nought beguile,
But of the men of his navie
They two forſhope a great partie,
May none of hem withſtonde her heſtes,
Some part they ſhopen into beſtes,
Some part they ſhopen into foules,
To beres, tigres, apes, oules
Or elles by ſome other wey,
Ther might nothing hem diſobey,
Such craft they had above kinde.
But that art couthe they nought finde,
Of which Ulixes was deceived,
That he ne hath hem alle weived
And brought hem into ſuch a rote,
That upon him they bothe aſſote.
And through the ſcience of his arte
He toke of hem ſo well his parte,
That he begat Circes with childe,
He kepte him ſobre and made hem wilde,
He ſet him ſelve ſo above,
That with her good and with her love,
Who that therof be leve or loth,
All quite into his ſhip he goth.
Circes to-ſwolle bothe ſides
He left and waiteth on the tides
And ſtraught throughout the ſalte fome
He taketh his cours and comth him home,

Where as he found Penelope,
A better wife there may none be.
And yet there ben inough of good,
But who her goodſhip underſtood
Fro firſt that ſhe wifehode toke,
How many loves ſhe forſoke
And how ſhe bare her all about,
There whiles that her lord was out,
He mighte make a great avaunt
Amonges all the remenaunt,
That ſhe was one of all the beſt.
Well might he ſet his herte in reſt,
This king, whan he her founde in hele.
For as he couthe in wiſdom dele,
So couthe ſhe in womanhede.
And whan ſhe ſigh withouten drede
Her lord upon his owne grounde,
That he was come ſauf and ſounde,
In all this world ne mighte be
A gladder woman than was ſhe.
The fame, which may nought be hid,
Throughout the londe is ſone kid,
Her king is comen home ayein,
There may no man the fulle ſain,
How that they weren alle glad,
So mochel joy of him they made,
The preſents every day be newed,
He was with yiftes all beſnewed,
The people was of him ſo glad,
That though none other man hem bad

Taillage upon hem ſelf they ſette
And as it were of pure dette
They yive her goodes to the king.
This was a glad home welcoming.
Thus hath Ulixes what he wolde,
His wife was ſuch as ſhe be ſholde,
His people was to him ſubgit,
Him lacketh nothing of delite.

Oracius. Omnia ſunt hominum tenui pendencia filo.

But fortune is of ſuch a ſleight,
That whan a man is moſt on height,
She maketh him ratheſt for to falle,
There wot no man what ſhall befalle.
The happes over mannes hede
Ben honge with a tender threde.
That proved was on Ulixes,
For whan he was moſt in his pees,
Fortune gan to make him werre
And ſet his welthe out of herre.
Upon a day as he was mery,
As though there might him no thing dery,
Whan night was come, he goth to bedde
With ſlepe and both his eyen fedde.
And while he ſlept, he met a ſweven,
Him thought he ſigh a ſtatue even,
Which brighter than the ſonne ſhone.
A man it ſemed was it none,
But yet it was as in figure
Moſt lich to mannes creature.
But as of beaute hevenlich
It was moſt to an aungel lich,

And thus betwene aungel and man
Beholden it this king began,
And ſuche a luſt toke of the ſight,
That fain he wolde, if that he might,
The forme of that figure embrace.
And goth him forth toward that place,
Where he ſigh that ymage tho,
And takth it in his armes two
And it embraceth him ayein
And to the king thus gan it ſain:
  Ulixes, underſtond wel this,
The token of our acqueintaunce is
Here afterward to mochel tene
The love that is us betwene,
Of that we now ſuch joie make,
That one of us the deth ſhall take,
Whan time cometh of deſtine,
It may none otherwiſe be.
Ulixes tho began to pray,
That this figure wolde him ſay,
What wight he is, that ſaith him ſo.
This wight upon a ſpere tho
A penſel, which was well begone
Embrouded, ſheweth him anone,
Thre fisſhes all of o colour
In maner as it were a toure
Upon the penſel were wrought.
Ulixes knew this token nought
And praith to wite in ſome partie,
What thinge it mighte ſignifie.

A ſigne it is, the wight anſwerde,
Of an empire, and forth he ferde
All ſodeinly, whan he that ſaid.
Ulixes out of ſlepe abraid,
And that was right ayein the day,
That lenger ſlepen he ne may.
Bernardus. Plures plura ſciunt et ſe ipſos neſciunt.
Men ſain, a man hath knouleching
Save of him ſelf of alle thing.
His owne chaunce no man knoweth,
But as fortune it on him throweth.
Was never yet ſo wiſe a clerk,
Which mighte knowe all goddes werk,
Ne the ſecret, which god hath ſette
Ayein a man, may nought be lette.
Ulixes though that he be wiſe,
With all his wit in his aviſe
The more that he his ſweven accompteth,
The laſſe he wot, what it amounteth.
For all his calculation
He ſeeth no demonſtration
As pleinly for to knowe an ende,
But netheles how ſo it wende,
He drad him of his owne ſone,
That maketh him well the more aſtone
And ſhope therfore anone withall,
So that withinne caſtell wall
Thelemachum his ſone he ſhette
And upon him ſtrong warde he ſette.
The ſothe further he ne knewe,
Till that fortune him overthrewe.

But netheles for ſikerneſſe,
Where that he mighte wit and geſſe
A place ſtrengeſt in his londe,
There let he make of lime and ſonde
A ſtrengthe where he wolde dwelle,
Was never man yet herde telle
Of ſuche an other, as it was.
And for to ſtrength him in that cas
Of all his lond the ſikereſt
Of ſervants and the worthieſt
To kepen him withinne warde
He ſet his body for to warde
And made ſuch an ordenaunce
For love, ne for aqueintaunce,
That were it erely, were it late
They ſhulde let in at the gate
No maner man, what ſo betid,
But if ſo were him ſelf it bid.
But all that might him nought availe,
For whom fortune wol aſſaile,
There may be no ſuch reſiſtence,
Which mighte make a man defence,
All that ſhall be mot fall algate.
This Circes, whiche I ſpake of late,
On whom Ulixes hath begete
A child, though he it have foryete,
Whan time came, as it was wone,
She was deliverd of a ſone,
Which cleped is Thelogonus.
This child whan he was bore thus,

About his moder to full age
That he can refon and langage
In good eftate was drawe forth.
And whan he was fo mochel worth
To ftonden in a mannes ftede,
Circes his mother hath him bede,
That he fhall to his fader go
And told him all to-gider tho,
What man he was, that him begat.
And whan Thelogonus of that
Was ware and hath full knouleching,
How that his fader was a king,
He praith his moder faire this
To go, where that his fader is.
And fhe him graunteth, that he fhall,
And made him redy forth with all.
It was that time fuch ufaunce,
That every man the conoiffaunce
Of his contre bare in his honde,
Whan he went into ftraunge londe.
And thus was every man therfore
Wel knowe, where that he was bore,
For efpiall and miftrowinges
They dide thanne fuche thinges,
That every man might other knowe.
So it befell that ilke throwe
Thelogonus, as in this cas
Of his contre the figne was
Thre fisfhes, which he fhulde bere
Upon the penon of a fpere.

And whan that he was thus arraied
And hath his harneis all assaied,
That he was redy every dele,
His moder bad him fare wele
And said him, that he shulde swithe
His fader grete a thousand sithe.
Thelogonus his moder kist
And toke his leve, and where he wist
His fader was, the waie name,
Till he unto Nachaie came,
Which of that lond the chefe citee
Was cleped, and there axeth he,
Where was the kinge and how he ferde.
And whan that he the sothe herde,
Where that the king Ulixes was,
Alone upon his hors great pas
He rode him forth and in his honde
He bare the signal of his londe
With fisshes thre, as I have tolde,
And thus he went unto that holde,
Where that his owne fader dwelleth.
The cause why he comth, he telleth
Unto the kepers of the gate
And wolde have comen in there at,
But shortly they him saide nay.
And he als faire as ever he may
Besought and tolde hem of this,
How that the king his fader is.
But they with proude wordes great
Began to manace and to threte,

But he go fro the gate faſt
They wolde him take and ſette faſt.
Fro wordes unto ſtrokes thus
They felle, and ſo Thelogonus
Was ſore hurte and well nigh dede,
But with his ſharpe ſperes hede
He maketh defence, how ſo it falle,
And wan the gate upon hem alle
And hath ſlain of the beſte five.
And they aſcriden alſo blive,
Through out the caſtell all about
On every ſide men come out,
Wherof the kinges herte afflight,
And he with all the haſt he might
A ſpere caught and forth he goth
As he, that was nigh wode for wroth.
He ſigh the gates full of blood,
Thelogonus and where he ſtood
He ſigh alſo, but he ne knewe
What man it was, but to him threwe
His ſpere, and he ſterte out a ſide,
But deſtine, which ſhall betide,
Befell that ilke time ſo,
Thelogonus knew nothing tho,
What man it was, that to him caſte,
And while his owne ſpere laſte,
With all the ſigne therupon
He caſt unto the kinge anon
And ſmot him with a dedly wounde.
Ulixes fell anone to grounde,

Tho every man, the king! the king!
Began to cry, and of this thing
Thelogonus which ſigh the cas
On knes he fell and ſaide: Alas,
I have min owne fader ſlain,
Now wolde I deie wonder fain,
Now ſle me who that ever will,
For certes it is right good ſkill.
He crieth, he wepeth, he ſaith therfore:
Alas, that ever was I bore,
That this unhappy deſtine
So wofully comth in by me.
This king, which yet hath life inough,
His herte ayein to him he drough
And to that vois an ere he laide
And underſtood all that he ſaide
And gan to ſpeke and ſaide on high:
Bring me this man. And whan he ſigh
Thelogonus, his thought he ſette
Upon the ſweven, which he mette,
And axeth, that he mighte ſe
His ſpere, on which the fisſhes thre
He ſigh upon the penſel wrought.
Tho wiſt he well, it faileth nought,
And bad him, that he telle ſholde
Fro whenne he came, and what he wolde.
Thelogonus in ſorwe and wo
So as he mighte tolde tho
Unto Ulixes all the cas,
How that Circes his moder was,

And so forth said him every dele,
How that his moder grete him wele,
And in what wise she him sent.
Tho wist Ulixes what it ment
And toke him in his armes softe
And all bledende kist him ofte
And saide: Sone, while I live,
This infortune I the foryive.
After his other sone in hast
He send, and he began him hast
And cam unto his fader tite.
But whan he sigh him in such plite,
He wold have ronne upon that other
Anone and slain his owne brother,
Ne hadde be that Ulixes
Betwene hem made accorde and pees
And to his heir Thelemachus
He bad, that he Thelogonus
With all his power shulde kepe,
Till he were of his woundes depe
All hole, and than he shulde him yive
Lond, where upon he mighte live.
Thelemachus whan he this herde,
Unto his fader he answerde
And saide, he wolde don his wille.
So dwelle they to-gider stille
These brethren, and the fader sterveth.
  Lo, wherof sorcerie serveth.
Through sorcery his lust he wan,
Through sorcery his wo began,

Through ſorcery his love he cheſe,
Through ſorcery his life he leſe.
The child was gete in ſorcery,
The which did all his felony,
Thing which was ayein kinde wrought
Unkindliche it was abought,
The child his owne fader ſlough,
That was unkindeſhip inough.
  Forthy take hede how that it is,
So for to winne love amis,
Which endeth all his joy in wo.
For of this arte I find alſo,
That hath be do for loves ſake,
Wherof thou might enſample take,
A great cronique emperiall,
Which ever into memoriall
Among the men, how ſo it wende,
Shall dwelle to the worldes ende.
  The highe creator of thinges,
Which is the king of alle kinges,
Full many wonder worldes chaunce
Let ſlide under his ſufferaunce.
There wot no man the cauſe why
But he, the which is almighty.
And that was proved whilom thus,
Whan that the king Nectanabus,
Which had Egipte for to lede.
But for he ſigh to-fore the dede
Through magique of his ſorcerie,
Wherof he couth a great partie,

Hic narrat exemplum ſuper eodem, qualiter Nectanabus de Egipto in Macedoniam fugitivus Olimpiadem Philippi regis ibidem tunc abſentis uxorem arte magica decipiens cum ipſa concubuit, magnumque ex ea Alexandrum ſortilegus genuit, qui natus poſtea cum ad erudiendum ſub cuſtodia Nectanabi commendatus fuiſſet, ipſum Nectanabum patrem ſuum ab altitudine cuiuſdam turris in foſſam profundam precipiens

interfecit, et sic sortilegus pro suo sortilegio infortunii sortem sortitus est.

His enemies to him comend,
Fro whom he might him nought defend,
Out of his owne lond he fledde
And in the wise, as he him dredde,
It fell for all his wicchecraft,
So that Egipte him was beraft.
And he desguised fledde away
By ship and held the righte way
To Macedoine, where that he
Arriveth at the chefe citee.
Thre yomen of his chambre there
All only for to serve him were,
The which he trusteth wonder wele,
For they were trewe as any stele.
And hapneth, that they with him ladde
Parte of the beste good he hadde,
They take logginge in the town
After the disposition,
Where as him thoughte best to dwelle.
He axeth than and herde telle,
How that the kinge was out go
Upon a werre he had tho.
But in that citee thanne was
The quene, which Olimpias
Was hote, and with solempnite
The feste of her nativite,
As it befell, was thanne holde.
And for her lust to be beholde
And preised of the people about
She shope her for to riden out

At after-mete all openly.
Anone were alle men redy,
And that was in the month of may.
This lufty quene in good array
Was fet upon a mule white,
To fene it was a great delite
The joie that the citee made.
With fresſhe thinges and with glade
The noble town was all behonged,
And every wight was fore alonged
To fe this lufty lady ride.
There was great merth on alle fide,
Where as ſhe paffeth by the ftrete,
There was ful many a timbre bete
And many a maide carolende.
And thus through out the town pleiende
This quene unto the pleine rode,
Where that ſhe hoved and abode
To fe diverfe games pley,
The lufty folk jouft and tourney.
And fo forth every other man,
Which pleie couth, his pley began
To plefe with this noble quene.
  Nectanabus came to the grene
Amonges other and drough him nigh.
But whan that he this lady figh
And of her beaute hede toke,
He couthe nought witholde his loke
To fe nought elles in the felde,
But ftood and only her behelde.

Of his clothinge and of his gere
He was unliche all other there,
So that it hapneth ate lafte
The quene on him her eye cafte,
And knew that he was ftraunge anone.
But he behelde her ever in one
Withoute blenching of his chere.
She toke good hede of his manere
And wondreth, why he dide fo,
And bad men fhulde for him go.
He came and did her reverence.
And fhe him axeth in filence,
From whenne he cam, and what he wolde.
And he with fobre wordes tolde,
He faith: Madame, a clerk I am
To you and in meffage I cam,
The whiche I may nought tellen here,
But if it liketh you to here,
It mot be faid fo prively,
Where none fhall be, but ye and I.
  Thus for the time he toke his leve.
The day goth forth, till it was eve,
That every man mot leve his werk.
And fhe thought ever upon this clerk,
What thing it is, that he wold mene.
And in this wife abode the quene
And paffeth over thilke night,
Till it was on the morwe light.
She fende for him, and he came,
With him his aftrolabe he name,

Which was of fine gold precious
With points and cercles merveilous.
And eke the hevenly figures
Wrought in a boke full of peintures
He toke this lady for to ſhewe
And tolde of eche of hem by rewe
The cours and the condition.
And ſhe with great affection
Sate ſtill and herde what he wolde.
And thus whan he ſeeth time, he tolde
And feigneth with his wordes wiſe
A tale and ſaith in ſuch a wiſe:
Madame, but a while ago,
Where I was in Egipte tho
And rad in ſcole of this ſcience,
It fell into my conſcience,
That I unto the temple went
And there with all min hole entent,
As I my ſacrifice dede,
One of the goddes hath me bede,
That I you warne prively,
So that ye make you redy,
And that ye be nothing agaſt,
For he ſuch love hath to you caſt,
That ye ſhull bene his owne dere
And he ſhall be your beddeſere,
Till ye conceive and be with childe.
And with that word ſhe wax all milde
And ſomdele red became for ſhame
And axeth him that goddes name,

Which ſo woll done her compaigny.
And he ſaid: Amos of Luby.
And ſhe ſaith: That may I nought leve,
But if I ſe a better preve.
  Madame, quod Nectanabus,
In token that it ſhall be thus
This night for enformation
Ye ſhall have an aviſion,
That Amos ſhall to you appere
To ſhewe and teche in what manere
The thing ſhall afterward befalle.
Ye oughten well aboven alle
To make joy of ſuch a lorde.
For whan ye ben of one accorde,
He ſhall a ſone of you begete,
Which with his ſwerd ſhall win and gete
The wide worlde in length and brede,
All erthly kinges ſhall him drede.
And in ſuch wiſe I you behote
The god of erthe he ſhall be hote.
If this be ſoth, tho quod the quene,
This night, thou ſaieſt, it ſhall be ſene.
And if it falle into my grace,
Of god Amos that I purchace
To take of him ſo great worſhip,
I wol do the ſuch ladiſhip,
Wherof thou ſhalt for evermo
Be riche. And he her thonketh tho
And toke his leve and forth he went.
She wiſte litel, what he ment.

For it was guile and ſorcery
All that ſhe toke for prophecy.
  Nectanabus throughout the day
Whan he cam home, where as he lay,
His chambre by him ſelf betoke
And overtorneth many a boke
And through the craft of artemage
Of wexe he forged an ymage.
He loketh his equacions
And eke the conſtellacions,
He loketh the conjunctions,
He loketh the receptions,
His ſigne, his houre, his aſcendent,
And draweth fortune of his aſſent.
The name of quene Olimpias
In thilke ymage written was
Amiddes in the front above.
And thus to winne his luſt of love
Nectanabus this werk hath dight.
And whan it cam withinne night,
That every wight is fall aſlepe,
He thought he wolde his time kepe
As he, whiche hath his houre apointed.
And thanne firſt he hath anointed
With ſondry herbes that figure
And therupon he gan conjure,
So that through his enchantement
This lady, which was innocent
And wiſte nothing of this guile,
Met, as ſhe ſlepte thilke while,

How fro the heven came a light,
Whiche all her chambre made light.
And as ſhe loketh to and fro,
She ſigh, her thought, a dragon tho,
Whoſe ſcherdes ſhinen as the ſonne,
And hath his ſofte pas begonne
With all the chere that he may
Toward the bed there as ſhe lay,
Till he came to the beddes ſide.
And ſhe lay ſtill and nothing cride,
For he did all his thinges faire
And was courteis and debonaire.
And as he ſtood her faſte by,
His forme he chaungeth ſodeinly,
And the figure of man he nome
To her and into bed he come,
And ſuch thing ther of love he wrought,
Wherof, ſo as her thanne thought,
Through likeneſſe of this god Amos
With child anone her wombe aros,
And ſhe was wonder glad withall.
Nectanabus, which cauſeth all
Of this metrede the ſubſtaunce,
Whan he ſigh time, his nigromaunce
He ſtint and nothing more ſaide
Of his carecte, and ſhe abraide
Out of her ſlepe and leveth wele,
That it is ſoth than every dele
Of that this clerke her hadde tolde,
And was the glader many folde

In hope of ſuche a glad metrede,
Which after ſhall befalle in dede.
She longeth ſore after the day,
That ſhe her ſweven telle may
To this guilour in privete,
Which knewe it alſo well as ſhe.
And netheles on morwe ſone
She left al other thing to done
And for him ſend, and all the cas
She tolde him pleinly as it was
And ſaide, how than well ſhe wiſt,
That ſhe his wordes mighte triſt,
For ſhe founde her aviſion
Right after the condition,
Which he her hadde told to-fore,
And praid him hertely therfore,
That he her holde covenant
So forth of all the remenant,
That ſhe may through his ordenaunce
Towardes god do ſuch pleſaunce,
That ſhe wakend might him kepe
In ſuch wiſe, as ſhe met a ſlepe.
And he that couth of guile inough,
Whan he this herde, for joy he lough
And ſaith: Madame, it ſhall be do.
But this I warne you therto,
This night, whan that he comth to play,
That there be no life in the way
But I, that ſhall at his liking
Ordeine ſo for his coming,

That ye ne ſhull nought of him faile.
For this, madame, I you counſeile,
That ye it kepe ſo prive,
That no wight elles but we thre
Have knouleching, how that it is.
For elles might it fare amis,
If ye did ought, that ſhulde him greve.
And thus he makth her to beleve
And feigneth under guile feith.
But netheles all that he ſaith
She troweth. And ayein the night
She hath within her chambre dight,
Where as this guiler faſte by
Upon this god ſhall prively
Awaite, as he makth her to wene.
And thus this noble gentil quene,
Whan ſhe moſt truſted, was deceived.
The night come, and the chambre is
Nectanabus hath take his place, [weived,
And whan he ſigh the time and ſpace,
Through the deceipt of his magique
He put him out of mannes like
And of a dragon toke the forme,
As he, which wolde him all conforme
To that ſhe ſigh in ſweven er this.
And thus to chambre come he is.
The quene lay a bed and ſigh
And hopeth ever, as he cam nigh,
That he god of Lubie were,
So hath ſhe well the leſſe fere.

But for he wold her more aſſure,
Yet efte he chaungeth his figure
And of a wether the likeneſſe
He toke in ſigne of his nobleſſe
With large hornes for the nones
Of fine gold and riche ſtones.
A corone on his heved he bare
And ſodeinlich, er ſhe was ware,
As he, whiche alle guile can,
His forme he torneth into man
And came to bedde and ſhe lay ſtill,
Where as ſhe ſuffreth all his will
As ſhe, which wende nought miſdo.
But netheles it hapneth ſo,
All though ſhe were in part deceived.
Yet for all that ſhe hath conceived
The worthieſt of alle kithe,
Which ever was to-fore or ſithe
Of conqueſt and chivalerie,
So that through guile and ſorcerie
There was that noble knight begonne,
Which all the worlde hath after wonne.
Thus fell the thing, which falle ſholde,
Nectanabus hath that he wolde,
With guile he hath his love ſped,
With guile he came into the bed,
With guile he goth him out ayein.
He was a ſhrewed chamberlein,
So to beguile a worthy quene,
And that on him was after ſene.

But netheles the thing is do.
This falſe god was ſone go
With his deceipt and helde him cloſe,
Till morwe cam, that he aroſe,
And tho, whan time and leiſer was,
The quene tolde him all the cas
As ſhe, that guile none ſuppoſeth,
And of two points ſhe him oppoſeth.
One was, if that this god no more
Woll come ayein, and overmore,
How ſhe ſhall ſtonden in accorde
With king Philippe her owne lorde,
When he comth home and ſeeth her grone.
Madame, he ſaith, let me alone,
As for the god I undertake,
That whan it liketh you to take
His compaigny at any throwe,
If I a day to-fore it knowe,
He ſhall be with you on the night.
And he is well of ſuch a might
To kepe you from alle blame.
Forthy comforte you, madame,
There ſhall none other cauſe be.
Thus toke he leve and forth goth he.
And tho began he for to muſe,
How he the quene might excuſe
Toward the king of that is falle,
And found a craft amonges alle,
Through which he hath a ſee foule daunted
With his magique and ſo enchaunted,

That he flew forth, whan it was night,
Unto the kinges tente right,
Where that he lay amidde his hoſte.
  And whan he was a-ſlepe moſt,
With that the ſee foule to him brought
An other charme, which he wrought
At home within his chambre ſtill.
The kinge he torneth at his will
And maketh him for to dreme and ſe
The dragon and the privete,
Which was betwene him and the quene.
And over that he made him wene
In ſweven, how that the god Amos,
Whan he up fro the quene aros,
Toke forth a ring, wherin a ſtone
Was ſet and grave therupon
A ſonne, in which, whan he cam nigh,
A leon with a ſwerd he ſigh.
And with that prent, as he ſo mette,
Upon the quenes wombe he ſette
A ſeal, and goth him forth his way,
With that the ſweven went away.
And tho began the king awake
And ſigheth for his wives ſake,
Where as he lay within his tent,
And hath great wonder, what it ment.
With that he haſted him to riſe
Anone and ſent after the wiſe,
Among the whiche there was one,
A clerke, his name is Amphion,

Whan he the kinges ſweven herde,
What it betokneth he anſwerde
And ſaith: As ſikerly as the life
A god hath laien by thy wife
And got a ſone, which ſhall winne
The world and all that is withinne.
As leon is the king of beſtes,
So ſhall the world obey his heſtes,
Which with his ſwerd ſhal al be wonne,
Als fer as ſhineth any ſonne.
  The king was doubtif of this dome,
But netheles whan that he come
Ayein into his owne lond,
His wife with childe great he fond,
He mighte nought him ſelven ſtere,
That he ne made her hevy chere.
But he, which couthe of all ſorwe,
Nectanabus upon the morwe
Through the deceipt of nigromaunce
Toke of a dragon the ſemblaunce,
And where the king ſat in his halle,
Cam in rampend among hem alle
With ſuch a noiſe and ſuch a rore,
That they agaſt were all ſo ſore,
As though they ſhulde deie anone.
And netheles he greveth none,
But goth toward the deis on high.
And whan he cam the quene nigh,
He ſtint his noiſe and in his wiſe
To her he profreth his ſervice

And laith his hede upon her barme,
And ſhe with goodly chere her arme
About his necke ayeinward laide,
And thus the quene with him plaide
In ſight of alle men about.
And ate laſt he gan to lout
And obeiſaunce unto her make,
As he, that wolde his leve take.
And ſodeinly his lothely forme
Into an egle he gan transforme
And fligh and ſet him on a raile,
Wherof the king had great merveile.
For there he pruneth him and piketh,
As doth an hawk, whan him wel liketh,
And after that him ſelf he ſhoke,
Wherof that all the halle quoke,
As it a terremote were.
They ſaiden alle, god was there,
In ſuche a rees and forth he fligh.
   The king, which all this wonder ſigh,
Whan he cam to his chambre alone,
Unto the quene made his mone
And of foryiveneſſe he her praide.
For than he knew well, as he ſaide,
She was with childe with a god.
   Thus was the king withoute rod
Chaſtiſed and the quene excuſed
Of that ſhe hadde ben accuſed.
And for the greater evidence
Yet after that in the preſence

Of king Philip and other mo,
Whan they ride in the feldes tho,
A fesaunt came before her eye,
The whiche anone, as they her sigh
Fleende, let an ey down falle,
And it to-brake to-fore hem alle.
And as they token therof kepe,
They sigh out of the shelle crepe
A litel serpent on the grounde,
Which rampeth all aboute rounde,
And in ayein he woll have wonne,
But for the brenning of the sonne
It mighte nought, and so it deide.
And therupon the clerkes saide :
  As the serpent, when it was out,
Went environ the shelle aboute
And mighte nought torne in ayein,
So shall it fallen in certein.
This child the world shall environe
And above alle the corone
Him shall befall, and in yonge age
He shall desire in his corage,
Whan all the worlde is in his honde
To torne ayein unto the londe,
Where he was bore, and in his wey
Homeward he shall with poison dey.
  The king, whiche al this sigh and herde,
Fro that day forth, how so it ferde,
His jalousie hath all foryete.
But he, whiche hath the child begete,

Neꝺanabus in privite
The time of his nativite
Upon the conſtellation
Awaiteth and relation
Maketh to the quene, how ſhe ſhall do,
And every houre appointeth ſo,
That no minute therof was lore.
So that in due time is bore
This childe, and forthwith therupon
There fellen wonders many one
Of terremote univerſele,
The ſonne toke colour of ſtele
And loſt his light, the windes blewe
And many ſtrengthes overthrewe,
The ſee his propre kinde chaungeth
And all the worlde his forme ſtraungeth,
The thunder with his firy leven
So cruel was upon the heven,
That every erthely creature
Tho thought his life in aventure.
The tempeſt ate laſte ceſeth,
The child is kepte, his age encreſeth,
And Aliſaundre his name is hote,
To whom Caliſtre and Ariſtote
To techen him philoſophy
Entenden and aſtronomy,
With other thinges, which he couth,
Alſo to teche him in his youth
Neꝺanabus toke upon honde.
But every man may underſtonde

Of forcery, how that it wende,
It woll him felve prove at ende
And namely for to beguile
A lady, which withoute guile
Suppofeth trouth all that fhe hereth.
But often he, that evil ftereth,
His fhip is dreint therin amidde.
And in this cas right fo betidde
Nectanabus upon a night,
Whan it was faire and fterre light,
This yonge lord lad upon high
Above a toure, where as he figh
The fterres fuch as he accompteth
And faith, what eche of hem amounteth,
As though he knewe of alle thing.
But yet hath he no knouleching,
What fhal unto him felf befalle.
Whan he hath tolde his wordes alle,
This yonge lord than him oppofeth
And axeth, if that he fuppofeth,
What deth he fhul him felve dey.
He faith: Or fortune is awey
And every fterre hath loft his wone,
Or elles of min owne fone
I fhall be flain, I may nought fle.
Thought Alifaundre in privete:
Herof this olde dotard lieth.
And er that other ought afpieth
All fodeinlich his olde bones
He fhof over the wall at ones

And ſaith him: Lie down there a part,
Wherof now ſerveth all thin art?
Thou knewe all other mennes chaunce
And of thy ſelf haſt ignoraunce,
That thou haſt ſaid amonges alle,
Of thy perſone is nought befalle.
  Nectanabus, which hath his dethe,
Yet while him laſteth life and brethe
To Aliſaundre he ſpake and ſaid,
That he with wrong blame on him laid.
Fro point to point and all the cas
He tolde, how he his ſone was.
Tho he, which ſory was inough,
Out of the dich his fader drough
And tolde his moder, how it ferde
In counſeil, and whan ſhe it herde
And knew the tokens, which he tolde,
She niſte what ſhe ſaie ſholde,
But ſtood abaſhed as for the while
Of this magique and all the guile.
She thought, how that ſhe was deceived,
That ſhe hath of a man conceived
And wende a god it hadde be.
But netheles in ſuch degre
So as ſhe might her honour ſave,
She ſhope the body was begrave.
And thus Nectanabus abought
The ſorcerie, which he wrought,
Though he upon the creatures
Through his carectes and figures

The maiſtry and the power hadde,
His creator to nought him ladde,
Ayein whoſe lawe his craft he uſeth,
Whan he for luſt his god refuſeth
And toke him for the devels craft.
Lo, what profit is him belaft.
That thing, through which he wend have
Firſt him exiled out of londe, [ſtonde,
Which was his own, and from a king
Made him to be an underling,
And ſithen to deceive a quene,
That torneth him to mochel tene,
Through luſt of love he gat him hate,
That ende couth he nought abate
His olde ſleightes, which he caſt,
Yonge Aliſaundre him overcaſt.
His fader, which him miſbegat,
He ſlough, a great miſhap was that.
But for o mis an other mis
Was yolde, and ſo full ofte it is.
Nectanabus his craft miſwent,
So it misfell him, er he went.
I not what helpeth that clergy,
Which maketh a man to do foly,
And namelich of nigromaunce,
Which ſtont upon the miſcreaunce.

Nota, qualiter rex Zoraſtes ſtatim, cum ab utero matris ſue naſceretur, gaudio magno riſit, in quo pronoſticum doloris ſubſequen-

And for to ſe more evidence
Zoraſtes, which thexperience
Of art magique firſt forth drough,
Anone as he was bore he lough,

Which token was of wo ſuinge,
For of his owne controvinge
He found magique and taught it forth,
But all that was him litel worth.
For of Surrie a worthy king
Him ſlewe and that was his ending.
But yet through him this craft is uſed,
And he through all the world accuſed,
For it ſhall never well acheve,
That ſtont nought right with the beleve.
But lich to wolle is evil ſponne,
Who leſeth him ſelf hath litel wonne,
An ende proveth every thing.
  Saul, which was of Jewes king,
Up peine of deth forbad this arte,
And yet he toke therof his parte.
The Phitoniſſe in Samary
Yaf him counſeil by ſorcery,
Which after fell to mochel ſorwe,
For he was ſlain upon the morwe.
To conne mochel thing it helpeth,
But of to moche no man yelpeth.
So for to loke on every ſide,
Magique may nought well betide.
  Forthy my ſone, I woll the rede,
That thou of theſe enſamples drede,
That for no luſt of erthly love
Thou ſeche ſo to come above,
Wherof as in the worldes wonder
Thou ſhalt for ever be put under.

tis ſignum figurabatur. Nam et ipſe deteſtabilis artis magice primus fuit inventor, quem poſtea rex Surrie dira morte trucidavit, et ſic opus operarium conſumpſit.

Nota. De Saule et Phitoniſſa.

Confeſſor.

Amans. My gode fader, graunt mercy.
For ever I ſhall beware therby
Of love what me ſo befalle
Such ſorcery aboven alle.
Fro this day forth I ſhall eſcheue,
That ſo ne woll I nought purſue
My luſt of love for to ſeche.
But this I wolde you beſeche
Beſide that me ſtant of love,
As I you herde ſpeke above,
How Aliſaundre was betaught
Of Ariſtotle and ſo well taught
Of all that to a king belongeth,
Wherof my herte ſore longeth
To wite what it wolde mene.
For by reſon I wolde wene,
But if I herde of thinges ſtraunge,
Yet for a time it ſhulde chaunge
My peine and liſſe me ſomdele.
Confeſſor. My gode ſone, thou ſaieſt wele.
For wiſdom, how that ever it ſtonde,
To him that can it underſtonde
Doth great profit in ſondry wiſe,
But touchend of ſo high a priſe,
Which is nought unto Venus knowe,
I may it nought my ſelve knowe,
Which of her court am all forth drawe
And can no thing but of her lawe.
But netheles to knowe more
As wel as thou me longeth ſore.

And for it helpeth to comune,
All be they nought to me comune,
The ſcoles of philoſophy
Yet thenk I for to ſpecify
In boke as it is comprehended,
Wherof thou mighteſt ben amended.
For though I be nought all cunning
Upon the forme of this writing,
Some part therof yet I have herde,
In this matere how it hath ferde.

Explicit liber ſextus.

Incipit Liber Septimus.

i. *Omnibus in cauſis ſapiens doctrina ſalutem*
Conſequitur, nec habet quis niſi doctus opem.
Naturam ſuperat doctrina, viro quod et ortus
Ingenii docilis non dedit, ipſa dabit.
Non ita diſcretus hominum per climata regnat,
Quin magis ut ſapiat, indiget ipſe ſchole.

Quia omnis doctrina bona humano regimini ſalutem confert, in hoc ſeptimo libro ad inſtanciam amantis languidi intendit Genius illam, ex qua philoſophi et aſtrologi philoſophie doctrinam regem Alexandrum imbuerunt, ſecundum aliquid declarare. Dividit enim philoſophiam in tres partes, quarum prima theorica, ſecunda rhetorica, tercia practica nuncupata eſt, de quarum condicionibus ſubſequenter per ſingula tractabit.

I GENIUS the preſt of love,
My ſone, as thou haſt praid above,
That I the ſcole ſhall declare
Of Ariſtotle and eke the fare
Of Aliſaundre, how he was taught,
I am ſomdele therof deſtraught.
For it is nought the matere
Of love, why we ſitten here
To ſhrive ſo as Venus badde,
But netheles for it is gladde,
So as thou ſaiſt for thin appriſe
To here of ſuche thinges wiſe,
Wherof thou might thy time liſſe,
So as I can, I ſhall the wiſſe.

For wiſdom is at every throwe
Above all other thing to knowe
In loves cauſe and elles where.
Forthy my ſone, unto thin ere,
Though it be nought in the regiſtre
Of Venus, yet of that Caliſtre
And Ariſtotle whilom write
To Aliſaundre, thou ſhalt wite.
But for the lores ben diverſe
I thenke firſt to the reherce
The nature of philoſophy,
Which Ariſtotle of his clergy
Wiſe and experte in the ſciences,
Declared thilke intelligences,
As of the points in principall,
Wherof the firſt in ſpeciall
Is theorique, which is grounded
On him, which al the worlde hath founded,
Which comprehended al the lore.
And for to loken overmore
Next of ſciences the ſecounde
Is rhetorique, whoſe facounde
Above all other is eloquent.
To telle a tale in jugement
So well can no man ſpeke as he.
The laſte ſcience of the thre
It is practique, whoſe office
The vertu trieth fro the vice
And techeth upon gode thewes
To fle the compaigny of ſhrewes,

Which ſtant in dipoſicion
Of mannes fre election.
Practique enformeth eke the reule,
How that a worthy king ſhall reule
His realme, both in werre and pees.
Lo, thus danz Ariſtoteles
Theſe thre ſciences hath devided
And the nature alſo decided,
Wherof that eche of hem ſhall ſerve.
The firſte, which is the conſerve
And keper of the remenaunt
As that, which is moſt ſuffiſaunt
And chefe of the philoſophy,
If I therof ſhall ſpeciphy,
So as the philoſophre tolde,
Now herke and kepe that thou it holde.

2. *Prima creatorem dat ſcire ſcientia ſummum,*
Qui capit, agnoſcit, ſufficit illud ei.
Plura viros quandoque juvat neſcire, ſed illud,
Quod vidit expediens ſobrius ille ſapit.

Hic tractat de prima parte philoſophie, que theorica dicitur, cuius natura triplici dotata eſt ſciencia, ſcilicet theologia, phiſica et mathematica, ſed primo illam partem theologice declarabit.

Of theorique principall
The philoſophre in ſpeciall
The propretes hath determined,
As thilke which is enlumined
Of wiſdom and of high prudence
Above all other in his ſcience
And ſtant departed upon thre.
The firſt of which in his degre
Is cleped in philoſophy
The ſcience of theology,

That other named is phisique,
The thridde is said mathematique.
Theology is that science,
Which unto man yiveth evidence
Of thing, which is nought bodely,
Wherof men knowe redely
The high almighty trinite,
Which is o god in unite
Withouten ende and beginning
And creator of alle thing,
Of heven, of erthe and of helle,
Wherof as olde bokes telle
The philosophre in his reson
Wrote upon this conclusion.
And of his writing in a clause
He clepeth god the firste cause,
Which of him self is thilke good,
Withoute whom nothing is good,
Of which that every creature
Hath his being and his nature.
After the being of the thinges
There ben thre formes of beinges.
Thing, which began and ende shall,
That thing is cleped temporall.
There is also by other way
Thing, which began and shall nought dey
As soules, that ben spirituell,
Her being is perpetuell.
But there is one above the sonne,
Whose time never was begonne

Nota, quod triplex dicitur essencia. Prima temporanea, que incipit et desinit, secunda perpetua, que incipit et non desinit, tercia sempiterna, que nec incipit nec desinit.

And endeles ſhall ever be,
That is the god, whoſe mageſte
All other thinges ſhall governe,
And his being is ſempiterne.
The god, to whom that all honour
Belongeth, he is creatour.
And other ben his creatures,
He commaundeth the natures,
That they to him obeien alle.
Withouten him, what ſo befalle,
Her might is none, and he may all.
The god was ever and ever ſhall,
And they begonne of his aſſente.
The times alle be preſent
To god, and to hem alle unknowe,
But what him liketh, that they knowe.
Thus both an aungel and a man,
The which of all, that god began,
Be cheſe, obeien goddes might,
And he ſtont endeles up right.
To this ſcience ben prive
The clerkes of divinite,
The which unto the people prechen
The feith of haly chirche and techen,
Which in one cas upon beleve
Stant more than they conne preve
By wey of argument ſenſible.
But netheles it is credible
And doth a man great mede have
To him that thenketh him ſelf to ſave.

Theology in ſuch a wiſe
Of high ſcience and appriſe
Above all other ſtant unlike
And is the firſt of theorique.

Nota de ſecunda parte theorice, que phiſica dicitur.

Phiſique is after the ſeconde,
Through which the philoſophre hath fonde
To techen ſondry knoulechinges
Upon the bodeliche thinges
Of man, of beſte, of herbe, of ſtone,
Of fisſhe, of foule, of everichone,
That ben of bodely ſubſtaunce
The nature and the ſubſtaunce.
Through this ſcience it is full ſought,
Which vaileth and which vaileth nought.

Nota de tercia parte theorice, que mathematica dicitur, cuius condicio quatuor in ſe continet intelligencias, ſcilicet arithmeticam, muſicam, geometriam et aſtronomiam, ſed primo de arithmetice natura dicere intendit.

The thridde point of theorique,
Which cleped is mathematique,
Devided is in ſondry wiſe
And ſtant upon divers appriſe.
The ferſt of whiche is arſmetique,
And the ſecond is ſaid muſique,
The thridde is eke geometrie,
Alſo the forth aſtronomie.
Of arſmetique the matere
Is that of which a man may lere,
What algoriſme in nombre amounteth,
Whan that the wiſe man accompteth
After the formal proprete
Of algoriſmes a, be, ce.
By which multiplication
Is made and diminution

Of ſommes by thexperience
Of this art and of this ſcience.

Nota de muſica, que ſecunda pars artis mathematice dicitur.

The ſeconde of mathematique,
Whiche is the ſcience of muſique,
That techeth upon harmonie
A man to make melodie
By vois and ſoune of inſtrument
Through notes of accordement,
The whiche men pronounce alofte,
Now ſharpe notes and now ſofte
Now highe notes and now lowe,
As by the gamme a man may knowe,
Which techeth the prolacion
Of note and the condition.

Nota de tercia ſpecie artis mathematice, quam geometriam vocant.

Mathematique of his ſcience
Hath yet the thridde intelligence
Full of wiſdom and of clergie
And cleped is geometrie,
Through which a man hath the ſleight
Of length, of brede, of depth, of height
To knowe the proporcion
By verray calculacion
Of this ſcience. And in this wiſe
Theſe olde philoſophres wiſe
Of all this worldes erthe rounde,
How large, how thicke was the grounde,
Contrived in thexperience,
The cercle and the circumference
Of every thing unto the heven
They ſetten point and meſure even.

Mathematique above the erth
Of high ſcience above the ferth,
Which ſpeketh upon aſtronomie
And techeth of the ſterres high,
Beginning upward fro the mone.
But firſt, as it was for to done
This Ariſtotle in other thing
Unto this worthy yonge king
The kinde of every element,
Which ſtant under the firmament,
How it is made and in what wiſe
Fro point to point he gan deviſe.

Quatuor omnipotens elementa creavit origo, 3.
Quatuor et venti partibus ora dabat.
Noſtraque quadruplici complectio ſorte creatur,
Corpore ſicque ſuo ſtat variatus homo.

Hic interim tractat de creacione quatuor elementorum, ſcilicet terre, aque, aeris et ignis nec non et de eorum naturis, nam et ſingulis proprietates ſingule attribuuntur.

To-fore the creation
Of any worldes ſtation,
Of heven, of erthe, or eke of helle
So as theſe olde bokes telle,
As ſoune to-fore the ſonge is ſet,
And yet they ben to-gider knet,
Right ſo the highe purveaunce
Tho had under his ordenaunce
A great ſubſtaunce, a great matere,
Of which he wolde in his manere
Theſe other thinges make and forme.
For yet withouten any forme
Was that matere univerſall,
Which hight Ylem in ſpeciall.

Of Ylem as I am enformed
Thefe elements ben made and formed,
Of Ylem elements they hote
After the fcole of Ariftote,
Of which if more I fhall reherce,
Four elements there ben diverfe.

Nota de terra, quod eft primum elementum.

The firft of hem men erthe call,
Which is the loweft of hem all,
And in his forme is fhape rounde
Subftanciall, ftrong, fad and founde
As that, which made is fuffifaunt
To bere up all the remenaunt.
For as the point in a compas
Stant even amiddes, right fo was
This erthe fet and fhall abide,
That it may fwerve to no fide

Philofophus. Unumquodque naturaliter appetit fuum centrum.

And hath his centre after the lawe
Of kinde, and to that centre drawe
Defireth every worldes thing,
If there ne were no letting.

Nota de aqua, quod eft fecundum elementum.

Above the erth kepeth his bounde
The water, which is the fecounde
Of elements, and all without
It environneth therthe about.
But as it fheweth nought forthy
The fubtil water mightily,
Though it be of him felve fofte,
The ftrength of therthe paffeth ofte.
For right as veines ben of blood
In man, right fo the water flood

Therth of his cours maketh ful of veines
Als well the hilles as the pleines.
And that a man may ſeen at eye,
For wher the hilles ben moſt high,
There may men wel ſtremes finde.
So preveth it by way of kinde,
The water higher than the londe.
And over this now underſtonde

Nota de aere, quod eſt tercium elementum.

Air is the thridde of elementes,
Of whoſe kinde his aſpirementes
Taketh every livisſh creature,
The which ſhall upon erth endure.
For as the fisſh if it be drie
Mote in defalte of water deie,
Right ſo withoute air on live
No man, ne beſte, mighte thrive,
The which is made of flesſh and bone,
There is out take of alle none.

Nota, quod aer in tribus periferiis dividitur.

This air in periferies thre
Devided is of ſuch degre,
Beneth is one and one amidde,
To which above is the thridde.
And upon the deviſions
There ben divers oppreſſions
Of moiſt and eke of drie alſo,
Which of the ſonne bothe two
Ben drawe and haled upon high
And maken cloudes in the ſky,
And ſhewed is at mannes ſight,
Wherof by day and eke by night

After the times of the yere
Among us upon erthe here
In ſondry wiſe thinges falle.

Nota de prima aeris periferia.

The firſt periferie of alle
Engendreth miſt and overmore
The dewes and the froſtes hore
After thilke interſtition,
In which they take impreſſion.

Nota de ſecunda aeris periferia.

Fro the ſecond, as bokes ſain,
The moiſt droppes of the rein
Deſcenden into middel erthe
And tempreth it to ſede and erthe
And doth to ſpringe gras and floure.
And ofte alſo the grete ſhoure
Out of ſuch place it may be take,
That it the forme ſhall forſake
Of reine and into ſnow be torned,
And eke it may be ſo ſojorned
In ſondry places up alofte,
That into hail it torneth ofte.

Nota de tercia aeris periferia.

The thridde of thair after the lawe
Through ſuch matere as is up drawe
Of drie thing, as it is ofte,
Among the cloudes upon lofte,
And is ſo cloſe, it may nought out.
Than is it chaſed ſore about,
Till it to fire and leit be falle,
And than it breketh the cloudes alle,
The which of ſo great noiſe craken,
That they the ferefull thunder maken.

The thunder-ſtroke ſmit, er it leite,
And yet men ſene the fire and leite,
The thunder-ſtroke er that men here.
So may it well be proved here
In thing, which ſhewed is fro ferre,
A mannes eye is there nerre
Than is the ſound to mannes ere.
And netheles it is great fere
Both of the ſtroke and of the fire,
Of which is no recoverire
In place where that they deſcende,
But if god wolde his grace ſende.

Nota, qualiter ignes, quos noctanter in aere diſcurrere videmus ſecundum varias apparencie formas varia geſtant nomina, quorum primus Aſſub, ſecundus Capra ſaliens, tercius Eges et quartus Daali in libris philoſophorum nuncupatus eſt.

  And for to ſpeken over this
In this parte of thair it is,
That men full ofte ſene by night
The fire in ſondry forme alight.
Somtime the fire-drake it ſemeth,
And ſo the lewde people it demeth.
Somtime it ſemeth as it were
A ſterre, which that glideth there.
But it is nouther of the two,
The philoſophre telleth ſo
And ſaith, that of impreſſions
Through divers exalations
Upon the cauſe and the matere
Men ſene diverſe forme appere
Of fire, the which hath ſondry name.
Aſſub, he ſaith, is thilke ſame,
The which in ſondry place is found,
Whan it is falle down to ground,

So as the fire it hath aneled,
Lich unto ſlime, which is congeled.
Of exalacion I finde
Fire kinled of the ſame kinde,
But it is of another forme,
Wherof, if that I ſhall conforme
The figure unto that it is,
Theſe olde clerkes tellen this,
That it is lich a gote ſkippend,
And for that it is ſuch ſemend,
It is hatte *Capra ſaliens.*
And eke theſe aſtronomiens
An other fire alſo by night,
Which ſheweth him to mannes ſight,
They clepen *Eges,* the which brenneth
Like to the currant fire, that renneth
Upon a corde, as thou haſt ſene,
Whan it with poudre is ſo beſene
Of ſulphre and other thinges mo.
There is another fire alſo,
Which ſemeth to a mannes eye
By nightes time, as though there fligh
A dragon brennend in the ſky,
And that is cleped proprely
Daali, wherof men ſay full ofte :
Lo, where the firy drake alofte
Fleeth up in thair, and ſo they demen.
But why the fires ſuche ſemen
Of ſondry forme to beholde,
The wiſe philoſophre tolde,

So as to-fore it hath bene herde.
Lo thus, my ſone, it hath ferde
Of air the due proprete
In ſondry wiſe thou might ſe,
And how under the firmament
It is eke the thridde element,
Whiche environeth bothe two
The water and the land alſo.
And for to tellen over this
Of elements, which the forthe is,
That is the fire in his degre
Whiche environeth thother thre
And is withoute moiſt all drie.
But liſt now, what ſaith the clergie.
For upon hem, that I have ſaide,
The creator hath ſet and laide
The kinde and the complexion
Of alle mennes nacion.
Four elements ſondry there be,
Lich unto which of that degre
Among the men there bene alſo
Complexions foure and no mo,
Wherof the philoſophre treteth,
That he nothing behinde leteth
And ſaith, how that they ben diverſe,
So as I ſhall to the reherce.
He, which natureth every kinde,
The mighty god, ſo as I finde,
Of man, which is his creature,
Hath ſo devided the nature,

Confeſſor.

Nota de igne, quod eſt quartum elementum.

Nota hic, qualiter ſecundum naturam quatuor elementorum quatuor in humano corpore complexiones, ſcilicet malencolia,

fleuma, ſanguis et colera naturaliter conſtituuntur, unde primo de malencolia dicendum eſt.

That none till other well accordeth.
And by the cauſe it ſo diſcordeth
The life, which feleth the ſikneſſe,
May ſtond upon no ſikerneſſe.
Of therthe, which is colde and dry,
The kinde of man malencoly
Is cleped, and that is the firſte,
The moſt ungoodlich and the werſte.
For unto loves werk on night
Him lacketh bothe will and might.
No wonder is in luſty place,
Of love though he leſe grace.
What man hath that complexion
Full of ymagination,
Of dredes and of wrathfull thought
He fret him ſelven all to nought.

De complexione fleumatis.

The water, which is moiſt and colde,
Maketh fleume, which is manifolde,
Foryetel, ſlow and wery ſone
Of every thing, whiche is to done.
He is of kinde ſuffiſaunt
To holde love his covenaunt,
But that him lacketh appetite,
Which longeth unto ſuch delite.

De complexione ſanguinis.

What man that taketh this kind of thair,
He ſhall be light, he ſhall be fair.
For his complexion is blood,
Of alle there is none ſo good,
For he hath bothe will and might
To pleſe and paie love his right,

Where as he hath love undertake,
Wronge is, if that he forſake.
The firſt of his condicion
Appropreth the complexion,
Whoſe propretes ben drie and hote,
Which in a man is coler hote.
It maketh a man ben enginous
And ſwifte of fote and eke irous.
Of conteke and fool haſtifneſſe
He hath a right great beſineſſe
To thenke on love and litel may,
Though he be hote well a day,
On night whan that he woll aſſay,
He may full evil his dette pay.

De complexione colere.

After the kinde of thelement
Thus ſtant a mannes kinde went
As touchend his complexion
Upon ſondry diviſion
Of dry, of moiſt, of chele, of hete,
And eche of hem his owne ſete
Appropred hath within a man.
And firſt to telle as I began
The ſplen is to malencoly
Aſſigned for herbergery.

Nota, qualiter quatuor complexiones quatuor in homine habitaciones diviſim poſſident.

Splen domus malencolie.

The moiſte fleume with the colde
Hath in the lunges for his holde
Ordeined him a propre ſtede
To dwelle there as he is bede.

Pulmo domus fleumatis.

To the ſanguine complexion
Nature of his inſpection

Epar domus ſanguinis.

A propre hous hath in the liver
For his dwellinge made deliver.

Fel domus colere.

The drie coler with his hete
By wey of kinde his propre ſete
Hath in the galle, where he dwelleth,
So as the philoſophre telleth.

Nota de ſtomacho, qui una cum aliis cordi ſpecialius deſervit.

Now over this is for to wite,
As it is in phiſique write
Of liver, of lunge, of galle, of ſplen,
They all unto the herte ben
Servaunts, and eche in his office
Entendeth to don him ſervice,
As he, which is chefe lord above.
The liver maketh him for to love,
The lunge yiveth him wey of ſpeche,
The galle ſerveth to do wreche,
The ſplen doth him to laugh and play,
Whan all unclenneſſe is away.
Lo, thus hath eche of hem his dede
To ſuſteignen hem and fede.
In time of recreation
Nature hath in creation
The ſtomack for a comun coke
Ordeined ſo, as ſaith the boke.
The ſtomack coke is for the hall
And boileth mete for hem all
To make hem mighty for to ſerve
The herte, that he ſhall nought ſterve.
For as a king in his empire
Above all other is lorde and ſire,

So is the herte principall,
To whom reſon in ſpeciall
Is yove as for the governaunce.
　And thus nature his purveaunce
Hath made for man to liven here.
But god, which hath the ſoule dere,
Hath formed it in other wiſe,
That can no man pleinly deviſe.
But as the clerkes us enforme,
That lich to god it hath a forme,
Through which figure and which likeneſſe
The ſoule hath many an high nobleſſe
Appropred to his owne kinde.
But oft her wittes ben made blinde
Al onelich of this ilke pointe,
That her abiding is conjointe
Forth with the body for to dwelle.
That one deſireth toward helle,
That other upward to the heven,
So ſhall they never ſtonde in even,
But if the fleſh be overcome
And that the ſoule have holy nome
The governaunce, and that is ſelde,
While that the fleſh him may bewelde.
All erthely thing, which god began,
Was only made to ſerve man,
But he the ſoul all onely made
Him ſelven for to ſerve and glade.
All other beſtes that men finde
They ſerven unto her owne kinde.

Hic loquitur ulterius de diviſione terre, que poſt diluvium tribus filiis Noe in tres partes, ſcilicet Aſiam, Affricam et Europam dividebatur.

But to reſon the ſoule ſerveth,
Wherof the man his thank deſerveth
And get him with his workes good
The perdurable lives food.
Of what matere it ſhall be tolde
A tale liketh many folde
The better, if that it be ſpoke pleine,
Thus thenke I for to torne ayeine
And tellen plenerly therfore
Of therthe, wherof now to-fore
I ſpake, and of the water eke,
So as theſe olde bokes ſpeke
And ſette properly the bounde
After the forme of mappemounde,
Through which the ground by purparties
Departed is in thre parties,
That is Aſie, Aufrique, Europe,
The which under the heven cope,
As fer as ſtreccheth any ground,
Begripeth all this erthe round,
But after that the highe wreche
The water weies let out ſeche
And overgo the hilles high,
Which every kinde made deie,
That upon middel erthe ſtood
Out take Noe and his blood,
His ſones and his doughters thre
They were ſauf and ſo was he.
Her names, who that rede right,
Sem, Cham, Japhet the brethern hight,

And whanne thilke almighty honde
Withdrough the water fro the londe
And all the rage was away,
And erthe was the mannes way,
The ſones thre, of which I tolde,
Right after that hem ſelve wolde
This world departe they begonne.
  Aſia, which lay to the ſonne — De Aſia.
Upon the marche of orient,
Was graunted by commune aſſent
To Sem, which was the ſone eldeſt,
For that partie was the beſt
And double as moch as other two.
And was that time bounded ſo,
Wher as the flood, which men Nile calleth,
Departeth fro his cours and falleth
Into the ſee Alexandrine,
There taketh Aſie firſt ſeſine
Toward the weſt, and over this
Of Canahim, where the flood is
Into the grete ſee rennend,
Fro that into the worldes end
Eſtwarde Aſie it is algates,
Till that men comen to the gates
Of paradis, and there ho.
And ſhortly for to ſpeke it ſo
Of orient in generall
Within his bounde Aſie hath all.
  And than upon that other ſide — De Affrica et Europa.
Weſtwarde, as it fell thilke tide,

The brother, which was hote Cham,
Unto his parte Aufrique nam.
Japhet Europe tho toke he,
Thus parten they the worlde on thre.
But yet there ben of londes fele
In occident as for the chele,
In oriente as for the hete,
Which of the people be forlete
As lond deſerte, that is unable,
For it may nought ben habitable.

Nota de mari, quod magnum oceanum dicitur.

The water eke hath ſondry bounde
After the lond, where it is founde,
And taketh his name of thilke londes,
Where that it renneth on the ſtrondes.
But thilke ſee, which hath no wane,
Is cleped the great oceane,
Out of the which ariſe and come
The highe flodes all and ſome.
Is none ſo litel welle ſpring,
Which there ne taketh his beginning,
And lich a man that lacketh breth
By wey of kinde, ſo it geth
Out of the ſee and in ayein
The water, as the bokes ſain.

Nota hic ſecundum philoſophum de quinto elemento, quod omnia ſub celo creata infra ſuum ambitum continet, cui nomen orbis ſpecialiter appropriatum eſt.

Of elements the propretes
How that they ſtonden by degres,
As I have told, now might thou here,
My gode ſone, all the matere
Of erthe, of water, aire and fire.
And for thou ſaiſt, that thy deſire

Is for to witen overmore
The forme of Ariſtotles lore,
He ſaith in his entendement,
That yet there is an element
Above the foure, and is the fifte
Set of the highe goddes yifte,
The which that *orbis* cleped is.
And therupon he telleth this,
That as the ſhelle hole and ſounde
Encloſeth all aboute rounde
What thing within an ey belongeth,
Right ſo this *orbis* underfongeth
Theſe elementes everychone,
Which I have ſpoke of one and one.
But over this now take good hede,
My ſone, for I wol procede
To ſpeke upon mathematique,
Which grounded is on theorique.
The ſcience of aſtronomy
I thenke for to ſpecify,
Withoute which to telle pleine
All other ſcience is in veine
Toward the ſcole of erthly thinges.
For as an egle with his winges
Fleeth above alle that men finde,
So doth this ſcience in his kinde.

Lege planetarum magis inferiora reguntur 4.
Iſta, ſed interdum regula fallit opus.
Vir, mediante deo, ſapiens dominabitur aſtris,
Fata nec immerito quod novitatis agunt.

Hic loquitur de artis mathematice quarta ſpecie, que aſtronomia nuncupatur, cui eciam aſtrologia ſocia connumeratur, ſed primo de ſeptem planetis, que inter aſtra potenciores exiſtunt, incipiendo a luna ſeorſum tractare intendit.

Benethe upon this erthe here
Of alle thinges the matere,
As tellen us they, that ben lerned,
Of thing above it ſtont governed,
That is to ſain of the planetes
The cheles bothe and eke the hetes.
The chaunces of the worlde alſo,
That we fortune clepen ſo
Among the mennes nacion,
All is through conſtellacion,
Wherof that ſome man hath the wele,
And ſome men have diſeſes fele
In love as well as other thinges.
The ſtate of realmes and of kinges
In time of pees, in time of werre
It is conceived of the ſterre.
And thus ſaith the naturien,
Whiche is an aſtronomien.
But the divine ſaith other wiſe,
That if men were good and wiſe
And pleſant unto the godhede,
They ſhulden nought the ſterres drede.
For o man, if him well befalle,
Is more worth than ben they alle
Towardes him, that weldeth all.
But yet the lawe originall,
Which he hath ſet in the natures,
Mot worchen in the creatures,
That therof may be none obſtacle,
But if it ſtonde upon miracle

Through praier of ſome haly man.
And forthy ſo as I began
To ſpeke upon aſtronomy,
As it is write in the clergy,
To telle how the planetes fare,
Some parte I thenke to declare,
My ſone, unto thin audience.
  Aſtronomy is the ſcience
Of wiſdom and of high conning,
Which maketh a man have knouleching
Of ſterres in the fermament,
Figure, cercle and movement
Of eche of hem in ſondry place,
And what betwene hem is of ſpace,
How ſo they move or ſtonde faſt,
All this it telleth to the laſt.
Aſſembled with aſtronomy
Is eke that ilke aſtrology,
The which in jugements accompteth
Theffect, what every ſterre amounteth.
And how they cauſen many a wonder
To the climats, that ſtond hem under.
And for to telle it more pleine
Theſe olde philoſophres ſaine,
That *orbis*, which I ſpake of er,
Is that, which fro therthe afer
Beholde, and firmament it calle,
In which the ſterres ſtonden alle,
Among the which in ſpeciall
Planetes ſeven principall

There ben, that mannes ſighte demeth
By thorizont, as to us ſemeth.
And alſo there ben ſignes twelve,
Which have her cercles by hem ſelve
Compaſſed in the zodiaque,
In which they have her places take,
And as they ſtonden in degre,
Her cercles more or laſſe be
Made after the proportion
Of therthe, whoſe condicion
Is ſet, to be the foundament
To ſuſteigne up the firmament.
And by this ſkill a man may knowe,
The more that they ſtonden lowe
The more ben the cercles laſſe,
That cauſeth why that ſome paſſe
Her due cours to-fore an other.
But now, my leve dere brother,
As thou deſireſt for to wite
What I finde in the bokes write,
To telle of the planetes ſeven
How that they ſtonde upon the heven,
And in what point that they ben in,
Take hede, for I woll begin,
So as the philoſophre taught
To Aliſaundre and it betaught,
Wherof that he was fully taught
Of wiſdom, which was him betaught.

Nota hic de prima planeta, que aliis inferior luna dicitur.

Beneth all other ſtant the mone,
The which hath with the ſee to done

Of flodes high and ebbes lowe,
Upon his chaunge it ſhall be knowe.
And every fisſh, which hath a ſhelle,
Mote in his governaunce dwelle
To wexe and wane in his degre,
As by the mone a man may ſe,
And all that ſtant upon the grounde
Of his moiſture it mot be founde.
All other ſterres, as men finde,
Ben ſhinend of her owne kinde
Out take only the mone light,
Which is nought of him ſelve bright,
But as he taketh it of the ſonne.
And yet he hath nought all full wonne
His light, that he nis ſomdele derke.
But what the let is of that werke
In almageſt it telleth this.
The mones cercle ſo lowe is,
Wherof the ſonne out of his ſtage
Ne ſeth him nought with full viſage,
For he is with the ground beſhaded,
So that the mone is ſomdele faded
And may nought fully ſhine clere.
But what man under his powere
Is bore, he ſhall his place chaunge
And ſeche many londes ſtraunge.
And as of this condicion
The mones diſpoſicion
Upon the londe of Alemaigne
Is ſet and eke upon Britaigne,

Which now is cleped Engelonde,
For they travaile in every londe.

De ſecunda planeta, que Mercurius dicitur.

Of the planets the ſeconde
Above the mone hath take his bonde
Mercurie, and his nature is this,
That under him who that bore is,
In boke he ſhall be ſtudious
And in writinge curious
And ſlowe and luſtles to travaile
In thing, whiche elles might availe.
He loveth eſe, he loveth reſt,
So is he nought the worthieſt.
But with ſomdele beſineſſe
His hert is ſet upon richeſſe.
And as in this condicion
Theffect and diſpoſicion
Of this planete and of his chaunce
Is moſt in Borgone and in Fraunce.

De tercia planeta, que Venus dicitur.

Next to Mercurie as woll befalle
Stant that planete, which men calle
Venus, whoſe conſtellacion
Governeth all the nacion
Of lovers, where they ſpede or none,
Of which I trowe thou be one.
But whiderward thin happes wende,
Shall this planete ſhewe at ende,
As it hath do to many mo,
To ſome wel, to ſome wo.
And netheles of this planete
The moſt party is ſofte and ſwete.

For who that therof taketh his berth
He ſhall deſire joy and merth,
Gentil, curteis and debonaire
To ſpeke his wordes ſofte and faire,
Such ſhall he be by wey of kinde.
And over all where he may finde
Pleſaunce of love, his herte boweth
With all his might and ther he woweth.
He is ſo ferforth amorous,
He not what thing is vicious.
Touchende love for that lawe
There may no maner man withdrawe,
The which venerien is bore
By wey of kinde, and therfore
Venus of love the goddeſſe
Is cleped, but of wantoneſſe
The climate of her lechery
Is moſt comune in Lumbardy.

Nota de ſole, qui medio planetarum reſidens aſtrorum principatum obtinet.

Next unto this planete of love
The brighte ſonne ſtant above,
Which is the hinderer of the night
And furtherer of the daies light,
As he, which is the worldes eye,
Through whom the luſty compaignie
Of foules by the morwe ſinge,
The freſhe floures ſprede and ſpringe,
The highe tre the ground beſhadeth
And every mannes herte gladdeth.
And for it is the hede planete,
How that he ſitteth in his ſete,

Of what richeſſe, of what nobley
Theſe bokes, telle and thus they ſay.

Nota de curru ſolis necnon de vario eiuſdem apparatu.

Of golde gliſtrend ſpoke and whele
The ſonne his carte hath faire and wele,
In whiche he ſitte, and is coroned
With brighte ſtones environed,
Of which if that I ſpeke ſhall
There be to-fore in ſpeciall
Set in the front of his corone
Thre ſtones, whiche no perſone
Hath upon erthe, and the firſt is
By name cleped licuchis.
That other two be cleped thus
Aſtrices and ceramius
In his corone, alſo behinde,
By olde bokes as I finde,
There ben of worthy ſtones thre
Set ech of hem in his degre,
Wherof a criſtall is that one,
Which that corone is ſet upon.
The ſeconde is an adamant.
The thridde is noble and avenaunt,
Which cleped is ydriades,
And over this yet netheles
Upon the ſides of the werke,
After the writing of the clerke,
There ſitten five ſtones mo,
The ſmaragdine is one of tho,
Jaſpis and elitropius
And vendides and jacinctus.

Lo, thus the corone is beſet,
Wherof it ſhineth well the bet,
And in ſuch wiſe his light to ſprede
Sit with his diademe on hede
The ſonne ſhinend in his carte.
And for to lede him ſwithe and ſmarte
After the brighte daies lawe
There ben ordeined for to drawe
Four hors his chare and him withall,
Wherof the names telle I ſhall.
Eritheus the firſt is hote,
The which is red and ſhineth hote,
The ſecond Acteos the bright,
Lampes the thridde courſer hight,
And Philogeus is the ferth,
That bringen light unto this erth
And gone ſo ſwifte upon the heven,
In foure and twenty houres even
The carte with the brighte ſonne
They drawe, ſo that over ronne
They have under the cercles high
All middel erthe in ſuche an hie.
   And thus the ſonne is over all
The chefe planet imperiall
Above him and beneth him thre,
And thus betwene hem regneth he,
As he that hath the middel place
Among the ſeven, and of his face
Be glad all erthly creatures
And taken after the natures

Her eſe and recreacion.
And in his conſtellacion
Who that is bore in ſpeciall,
Of good will and of liberall
He ſhall be founde in alle place
And alſo ſtonde in mochel grace
Toward the lordes for to ſerve
And great profite and thank deſerve.
And over that it cauſeth yit
A man to be ſubtil of wit,
To worch in golde and to be wiſe
In every thing, which is of priſe.
But for to ſpeken in what coſt
Of all this erth he regneth moſt
As for wiſdom it is in Grece,
Where is appropred thilke ſpiece.

Nota de quinta planeta, que Mars dicitur.

Mars the planet bataillous
Next to the ſonne glorious
Above ſtant and doth merveiles
Upon the fortune of batailes.
The conquerours by daies olde
Were unto this planete holde.
But who that his nativite
Hath take upon the proprete
Of Martes diſpoſicion
By wey of conſtellacion,
He ſhall be fiers and fool haſtiſe
And deſirous of werre and ſtriſe.
But for to tellen redely
In what climate moſt communly

That this planete hath his effecte,
Said is, that he hath his aſpecte
Upon the haly londe ſo caſt,
That there is no pees ſtedefaſt.
  Above Mars upon the heven
The ſixte planete of the ſeven
Stant Jupiter the delicate,
Which cauſeth pees and no debate.
For he is cleped the planete,
Which of his kinde ſofte and ſwete
Attempreth all that to him longeth.
And whom this planete underfongeth
To ſtonde upon his regiment,
He ſhall be meke and pacient
And fortunate to marchandy
And luſty to delicacy
In every thing, which he ſhall do.
This Jupiter is cauſe alſo
Of the ſcience of lighte werkes,
And in this wiſe tellen clerkes
He is the planete of delices.
But in Egipte of his offices
He regneth moſt in ſpeciall,
For there be luſtes over all
Of all that to this life befalleth.
For there no ſtormy weder falleth,
Which mighte greve man or beſte,
And eke the londe is ſo honeſt,
That it is plenteous and pleine,
There is no idel ground in veine.

Nota de ſexta planeta, que Jupiter dicitur.

And upon ſuch felicite
Stant Jupiter in his degre.

De ſeptima planeta, que reliquis celſior Saturnus dictus eſt.

The higheſt and aboven alle
Stant that planete, which men calle
Saturnus, whoſe complexion
Is colde, and his condicion
Cauſeth malice and cruelte
To him, the whoſe nativite
Is ſet under his governaunce.
For all his werkes ben grevaunce
And enemy to mannes hele,
In what degre that he ſhall dele.
His climate is in orient,
Where that he is moſt violent.
Of the planetes by and by,
How that they ſtonde upon the ſky,
Fro point to point as thou might here
Was Aliſaundre made to lere.
But over this touchend his lore
Of thing, that they him taughte more
Upon the ſcoles of clergy,
Now herken the philoſophy.

Poſtquam dictum eſt de ſeptem planetis, quibus ſingule ſeptimane dies ſingulariter attitulantur, dicendum eſt jam de duodecim ſignis, per que duodecim menſes anni variis temporibus effectus varios aſſequuntur.

He which departeth day fro night,
That one derke and that other bright,
Of ſeven daies made a weke,
A month of foure wekes eke,
He hath ordeined in his lawe
Of monthes twelve and eke forthdrawe
He hath alſo the longe yere.
And as he ſet of his powere

Accordaunt to the daies ſeven
Planetes ſeven upon the heven,
As thou to-fore haſt herd deviſe,
To ſpeke right in ſuch a wiſe
To every monthe by him ſelve
Upon the heven, of ſignes twelve
He hath after his ordinall
Aſſigned one in ſpeciall,
Wherof ſo as I ſhall rehercen
The tides of the yere diverſen.
But pleinly for to make it knowe,
How that the ſignes ſit a rowe,
Eche after other by degre
In ſubſtaunce and in proprete
The zodiaque comprehendeth
Within his cercle and it appendeth.

Quo deus in primo produxit adeſſe creata.

Nota hic de primo ſigno, quod Aries dicitur, cui menſis ſpecialiter Marcii appropriatus eſt.

The firſte of which netheles
By name is cleped Aries,
Which lich a wether of ſtature
Reſembled is in his figure.
And as it ſaith in almageſte
Of ſterres twelve upon this beſte
Ben ſet, wherof in his degre
The wombe hath two, the heved hath thre,
The taile hath ſeven, and in this wiſe,
As thou might here me deviſe,
Stant Aries, which hote and drie
Is of him ſelf and in partie

He is the receipt and the hous
Of mighty Mars the batailous.
And overmore eke as I finde
The creator of alle kinde
Upon this ſigne firſt began
The world, whan that he made man,
And of this conſtellacion
The verray operacion
Availeth, if a man therinne
The purpoſe of his werk beginne,
For than he hath of proprete
Good ſpede and great felicite.
  The twelve monthes of the yere
Attitled under the powere
Of theſe twelve ſignes ſtonde,
Wherof that thou ſhalt underſtonde
This Aries out of the twelve
Hath Marche attitled for him ſelve,
Whan every brid ſhall cheſe his make,
And every nedder, and every ſnake
And every reptile, which may move,
His might aſſaieth for to prove
To crepen out ayein the ſonne,
Whan *ver* his ſeſon hath begonne.

Quo prius occultas invenit herba vias.

Secundum ſignum dicitur Taurus, cuius menſis eſt Aprilis.

  Taurus the ſeconde after this
Of ſignes, which figured is
Unto a bulle, drie and colde
And as it is in bokes tolde

He is the hous appurtenaunt
To Venus somdele descordaunt.
This bulle is eke with sterres set,
Through which he hath his hornes knet
Unto the taile of Aries,
So is he nought there sterreles.
Upon his brest eke eightetene
He hath, and eke as it is sene
Upon his taile stonde other two.
His month assigned eke also
Is Averil, which of his shoures
Ministreth way unto the floures.

Quo volucrum cantus gaudet de floribus ortis.

The thridde signe is Gemini,
Which is figured redely
Lich to two twinnes of man kinde,
That naked stonde. And as I finde,
They ben with sterres wel bego,
The heved hath parte of thilke two,
That shine upon the bulles taile,
So ben they both of o paraile.
But on the wombe of Gemini
Ben five sterres nought forthy.
And eke upon the fete be twey,
So as these olde bokes say,
That wise Tholomeus wrote.
His propre monthe wel I wote
Assigned is the lusty May,
Whan every brid upon his lay

Tercium signum dicitur Gemini, cuius mensis Maius est.

Among the grene leves ſingeth,
And love of his pointure ſtingeth
After the lawes of nature
The youthe of every creature.

Quo falcat pratis pabula tonſor equis.

Quartum ſignum Cancer dicitur, cuius menſis Junius eſt.

Cancer after the reule and ſpace
Of ſignes halt the forthe place.
Like to the crabbe he hath ſemblaunce
And hath unto his retinaunce
Sixtene ſterres, wherof ten,
So as theſe olde wiſe men
Deſcrive, he bereth on him to-fore
And in the middle two before
And four he hath upon his ende,
Thus goth he ſterred in his kende.
And of him ſelf is moiſt and colde
And is the propre hous and holde,
Which apperteineth to the mone
And doth what longeth him to done.
The month of Juin unto this ſigne
Thou ſhalte after the reule aſſigne.

Quo magis ad terras expandit Lucifer ignis.

Quintum ſignum Leo dicitur, cuius menſis Julius eſt.

The fifte ſigne is Leo hote,
Whos kinde is ſhape drie and hote,
In whom the ſonne hath herbergage.
And the ſemblaunce of his ymage
Is a leon, which in baillie
Of ſterres hath his purpartie,
The foure, which as Cancer hath
Upon his ende Leo tath.

Upon his heved and thanne neſte
He hath eke foure upon his breſte,
And one upon his tail behinde,
In olde bokes as we finde.
His propre month is Juil by name,
In which men pleien many a game.

Quo vacuata prius pubes replet horrea meſſis.

Sextum ſignum Virgo dicitur, cuius menſis Auguſtus eſt.

After Leo Virgo the nexte
Of ſignes cleped is the ſexte,
Wherof the figure is a maide,
And as the philoſophre ſaide,
She is the welth and the riſing,
The luſt, the joy and the liking
Unto Mercury. And ſeth to ſay
She is with ſterres well beſeie,
Wherof Leo hath lent her one,
Which ſit on high her heved upon.
Her wombe hath five, her fete alſo
Have other five, and ever mo
Touchend as of complexion
By kindly diſpoſition
Of drie and cold this maiden is.
And for to tellen over this
Her month thou ſhalte underſtonde,
Whan every felde hath corne in honde
And many a man his backe hath plied,
Unto this ſigne is Augſt applied.

Vinea quo Bachum preſſa liquore colit.

Septimum ſignum Libra dicitur, cuius menſis September eſt.

After Virgo to reknen even
Libra ſit in the nombre of ſeven,

Which hath figure and reſemblaunce
Unto a man, which a balaunce
Bereth in his honde as for to weie,
In boke and as it may be ſeie.
Diverſe ſterres to him longeth,
Wherof on heved he underfongeth
Firſt thre and eke his wombe hath two,
And down beneth eight other mo.
This ſigne is hote and moiſte both,
The which thinges be nought loth
Unto Venus, ſo that alofte
She reſteth in his hous full ofte,
And eke Saturnus often hied
Is in this ſigne and magnified.
His propre month is ſaid Septembre,
Which yiveth men cauſe to remembre,
If any ſore be left behinde
Of thing, which greve may to kinde.

Floribus excluſis yemps qui janitor extat.

Octavum ſignum Scorpio dicitur, cuius menſis October eſt.

Among the ſignes upon height
The ſigne, whiche is nombred eight,
Is Scorpio, which as felon
Figured is a Scorpion.
But for all that yet netheleſſe
Is Scorpio nought ſterreleſſe.
For Libra graunteth him his ende
Of eighte ſterres, where he wende,
The which upon his heved aſſiſed
He bereth, and eke there ben deviſed

Upon his wombe ſterres thre
And eight upon his taile hath he.
Which of his kinde is moiſt and colde
And unbehovely manyfolde.
He harmeth Venus and empeireth,
But Mars unto his hous repeireth,
But ware whan they to-gider dwellen.
His propre monthe is, as men tellen,
Octobre, which bringeth the kalende
Of winter, that cometh next ſuende.

Quo muſtum bibulo linquit ſua nomina vino.

Nonum ſignum Sagittarius dicitur, cuius menſis November eſt.

The ninth ſigne in Novembre alſo,
Which folweth after Scorpio,
Is cleped Sagittarius,
The whos figure is marked thus.
A monſtre with a bowe on honde,
On whom that ſondry ſterres ſtonde,
Thilke eight of whiche I ſpake to-fore,
The which upon the tail ben lore
Of Scorpio the heved all faire
Be ſpreden of the Sagittaire,
And eight of other ſtonden even
Upon his wombe, and other ſeven
There ſtonden upon his tail behinde,
And he is hote and drie of kinde.
To Jupiter his hous is fre.
But to Mercurie in his degre,
For they be nought of one aſſent,
He worcheth great empeirement.

This ſigne hath of his proprete
A monthe, whiche of deute
After the ſeſon that befalleth
The ploughe oxe in winter ſtalleth.
And fire into the halle he bringeth
And thilke drinke, of which men ſingeth,
He torneth muſt into the wine,
Than is the larder of the ſwine.
That is Novembre which I mene,
Whan that the leef hath loſt his grene.

Ipſe diem nano noctemque giganti figurat.

Decimum ſignum Capricornus dicitur, cuius menſis December eſt.

The tenthe ſigne drie and colde,
The which is Capricornus tolde,
Unto a gote hath reſemblaunce.
For whoſe love and whoſe aqueintaunce
Within his houſe to ſojorne
It liketh well unto Satorne.
But to the mone it liketh nought,
For no profit is there wrought.
This ſigne as of his proprete
Upon his heved hath ſterres thre
And eke upon his wombe two
And twey upon his taile alſo.
Decembre after the yeres forme,
So as the bokes us enforme,
With daies ſhorte and nightes longe
This ilke ſigne hath underfonge.

Quo Janus vultum duplum convertit in annum.

Undecimum ſignum Aquarius dicitur, cuius menſis Januarius eſt.

Of tho that ſitte upon the heven
Of ſignes in the nombre elleven

Aquarius hath take his place
And ſtant well in Satornes grace,
Which dwelleth in his herbergage.
But to the ſonne he doth oultrage.
This ſigne is verraily reſembled
Lich to a man, which halte aſſembled
In either honde a water ſpout,
Wherof the ſtremes rennen out.
He is of kinde moiſt and hote,
And he that of the ſterres wote
Saith, that he hath of ſterres two
Upon his heved, and bene of tho,
That Capricorn hath on his ende.
And as the bokes maken minde,
That Tholomeus made him ſelve,
He hath eke on his wombe twelve,
And twey upon his ende ſtonde.
Thou ſhalte alſo this underſtonde,
The froſty colde Janevere,
Whan comen is the newe yere,
That Janus with double face
In his chare hath take his place
And loketh upon bothe ſides
Some dele toward the winter tides,
Some dele toward the yere ſuende,
That is the monthe belongende
Unto this ſigne, and of his dole
He yiveth the firſte primerole.

Quo pluvie torrens riparum concitat amnes.

Duodecimum ſignum Piſcis dicitur, cuius menſis Februarius eſt.

The twelfthe, which is laſt of alle
Of ſignes, Piſcis men it calle,
The which, as telleth the ſcripture,
Bereth of two fisſhes the figure.
So is he colde and moiſt of kinde,
And eke with ſterres as I finde
Beſet in ſondry wiſe, as thus
Two of his ende Aquarius
Hath lent unto his heved, and two
This ſigne hath of his owne alſo
Upon his wombe, and over this
Upon his ende alſo there is
A nombre of twenty ſterres bright,
Which is to ſene a wonder ſight.
Toward this ſigne into his hous
Comth Jupiter the glorious,
And Venus eke with him accordeth
To dwellen, as the boke recordeth.
The month unto this ſigne ordeined
Is Februar, which is bereined.
And with londflodes in his rage
At fordes letteth the paſſage.
Now haſt thou herd the proprete
Of ſignes, but in his degre
Albumazare yet over this
Saith, ſo as therthe parted is
In foure, right ſo ben deviſed
The ſignes twelve and ſtonde aſſiſed,
That eche of hem in his partie
Hath his climate to juſtifie,

Wherof the firſte regiment
Toward the parte of orient
From Antioche and that contre
Governed is of ſignes thre,
That is Cancer, Virgo, Leo.
And towarde occident alſo
From Armeny, as I am lerned,
Of Capricorne it ſtant governed,
Of Piſcis and Aquarius.
And after hem I finde thus
Southward fro Aliſaundre forth
Tho ſignes, whiche moſt ben worth
In governaunce of that doaire,
Libra they ben and Sagittaire
With Scorpio, which is conjoint
With hem to ſtonde upon that point
Of Conſtantinople the cite,
So as the bokes tellen me.
The laſt of this diviſion
Stant untoward Septemtrion,
Where as by wey of purveiaunce
Hath Aries the governaunce
Forth with Taurus and Gemini.
Thus ben the ſignes proprely
Devided, as it is reherced,
Wherof the londes ben diverſed.
  Lo thus, my ſone, as thou might here, Confeſſor.
Was Aliſaundre made to lere
Of hem, that weren for his lore.
But now to loken overmore

Of other ſterres how they fare,
I thenke hereafter to declare,
So as king Aliſaundre in youth
Of him that ſuche ſignes couth
Enformed was to-fore his eye
By night upon the ſterres ſigh.

Hic tractat ſuper doctrina Nectanabi dum ipſe juvenem Alexandrum inſtruxit, de illis precipue quindecim ſtellis una cum earum lapidibus et herbis, que ad artis magice naturalis operacionem ſpecialius conveniunt.

Upon ſondry creacion
Stant ſondry operacion.
Some worcheth this, ſome worcheth that,
The fire is hote in his eſtate
And brenneth what he may atteigne,
The water may the fire reſtreigne,
The which is colde and moiſt alſo.
Of other thinge it fareth right ſo
Upon this erthe among us here.
And for to ſpeke in this manere
Upon the heven as men may finde
The ſterres ben of ſondry kinde
And worchen many ſondry thinges
To us, that bene her underlinges.
Among the whiche forth withall
Nectanabus in ſpeciall,
Which was an aſtronomien
And eke a great magicien
And undertake hath thilke empriſe
To Aliſaundre in his appriſe
As of magique naturele
To knowe, enformeth him ſomdele
Of certein ſterres what they mene,
Of which he ſaith there ben fiftene.

And ſondrily to everichone
A gras belongeth and a ſtone,
Wherof men worchen many a wonder
To ſette thing bothe up and under.
To telle right as he began
The firſt ſterre Aldeboran,
The clereſt and the moſt of alle,
By righte name men it calle,
Which liche is of condition
To Mars and of complexion
To Venus and hath therupon
Carbunculum his propre ſtone.
His herbe is anabulla named,
Which is of great vertue proclamed.

Prima ſtella vocatur Aldeboran, cuius lapis carbunculus, et herba anabulla eſt.

The ſeconde is nought vertules
Clota, or elles Pliades
It hatte and of the mones kinde
He is. And alſo this I finde,
He taketh of Mars complexion,
And lich to ſuch condition
His ſtone appropred is criſtall,
And eke his herbe in ſpeciall
The vertuous fenel it is.

Secunda ſtella vocatur Clota ſeu Pliades, cuius lapis criſtallum, et herba feniculus eſt.

The thridde, which comth after this,
Is hote Algol the clere rede,
Whiche of Satorne as I may rede
His kinde taketh and eke of Jove
Complexion to his behove.
His propre ſtone is diamaunt,
Which is to him moſt accordaunt.

Tercia ſtella vocatur Algol, cuius lapis diamans, et herba eleborum nigrum eſt.

His herbe, which is him betake,
Is hote eleborum the blacke.

Quarta ſtella vocatur Alhaiot, cuius lapis ſaphirus, et herba marrubium eſt.

So as it falleth upon lot
The fourthe ſterre is Alhaiot,
Which in the wiſe as I ſaide er
Of Satorne and of Jupiter
Hath take his kinde, and therupon
The ſaphir is his propre ſtone,
Marrubium his herbe alſo,
The which accorden bothe two.

Quinta ſtella vocatur Canis major, cuius lapis berillus, et herba ſavina eſt.

And Canis major in his like
The fifte ſterre is of magique,
The whoſe kinde is venerien,
As ſaith this aſtronomien.
His propre ſtone is ſaid berille,
But for to worche and to fulfille
Thing, which to this ſcience falleth,
There is an herbe, which men calleth
Saveine, and that behoveth nede
To him, that woll his purpos ſpede.

Sexta ſtella vocatur Canis minor, cuius lapis achatis, et herba primula eſt.

The ſixte ſuende after this
By name Canis minor is.
The which ſterre is Mercuriall
By wey of kinde, and forth withall
As it is writen in the carte
Complexion he taketh of Marte.
His ſtone and herbe as ſaith the ſcole
Ben achates and primerole.

Septima ſtella vocatur Arial, cuius lapis gorgonza, et herba celidonia eſt.

The ſeventh ſterre in ſpeciall
Of this ſcience is Ariall,

Which ſondry nature underfongeth.
The ſtone, which propre unto him longeth,
Gorgonza proprely it hight.
His herbe alſo, which he ſhall right,
Upon the worching as I mene
Is celidoine freſhe and grene.
  Sterre Ala corvi upon height
Hath take his place in nombre of eight,
Which of his kinde mot performe
The will of Marte and of Satorne,
To whom lapacia the gret
Is herbe, but of no beyete.
His ſtone is honochinus hote,
Through which men worchen great riote.

Octava ſtella vocatur Ala corvi, cuius lapis honochinus, et herba lapacia eſt.

  The ninthe ſterre faire and wele
By name is hote Alaezele,
Which taketh his propre kinde thus
Bothe of Mercurie and of Venus.
His ſtone is the grene emeraude,
To whom is yoven many a laude.
Saulge is his herbe appurtenaunt
Aboven all the remenaunt.

Nona ſtella vocatur Alaezel, cuius lapis ſmaragdus, et herba ſalgea eſt.

  The tenthe ſterre is Almareth,
Which upon life and upon deth
Through kinde of Jupiter and Marte
He doth what longeth to his parte.
His ſtone is jaſpe and of plantaine
He hath his herbe ſoveraine.

Decima ſtella vocatur Almareth, cuius lapis jaſpis, et herba plantago eſt.

  The ſterre eleventh is Venenas,
The whoſe nature is, as it was,

Undecima ſtella vocatur Venenas, cuius lapis ada-

mas, et herba cicorea eſt.

Take of Venus and of the mone
In thing, which he hath for to done.
Of adamaunt is that perrie,
In whiche he worcheth his maiſtrie.
Thilke herbe alſo, which him befalleth,
Cicorea the boke him calleth.

Duodecima ſtella vocatur Alpheta, cuius lapis topazion, et herba roſa marina eſt.

Alpheta in the nombre ſit
And is the twelfte ſterre yit
Of Scorpio, which is governed,
And taketh his kinde as I am lerned
And hath his vertue in the ſtone,
Which cleped is topazion.
His herbe propre is roſmarine,
Which ſhapen is for his covine.

Terciadecima ſtella vocatur Cor ſcorpionis, cuius lapis ſardis, et herba aſtrologia eſt.

Of theſe ſterres, which I mene,
Cor ſcorpionis is thrittene,
The whos nature Mart and Jove
Have yoven unto his behove.
His herbe is aſtrology,
Which folweth his aſtronomy.
The ſtone, which this ſterre alloweth,
Is ſardis, which unto him boweth.

Quartadecima ſtella vocatur Botercadent, cuius lapis criſolitus, et herba ſatureia eſt.

The ſterre, which ſtant next the laſt,
Nature of him this name caſt
And clepen him Botercadent,
Which of his kind obedient
Is to Mercurie and to Venus.
His ſtone is ſaid criſolitus.
His herbe is cleped ſatureie,
So as theſe olde bokes ſaie.

But now the laſte ſterre of alle
The taile of Scorpio men calle,
Which to Mercurie and to Satorne
By wey of kinde mot retorne
After the preparation
Of due conſtellation.
The calcidoine unto him longeth,
Which for his ſtone he underfongeth.
Of majoran his herbe is grounded.
Thus have I ſaid how they ben founded
Of every ſterre in ſpeciall,
Which hath his herbe and ſtone withall,
As Hermes in his bokes olde
Witneſſe bereth, of that I tolde.

Quintadecima ſtella vocatur Cauda ſcorpionis, cuius lapis calcedonia, et herba majorana eſt.

The ſcience of aſtronomy,
Which principall is of clergy
To deme betwene wo and wele
In thinges that bene naturele,
They had a great travaile on honde,
That made it firſt ben underſtonde.
And they alſo, which overmore
Her ſtudy ſet upon this lore,
They weren gracious and wiſe
And worthy for to bere a priſe.
And whom it liketh for to wite
Of hem that this ſcience write,

Nota hic de auctoribus illis, qui ad aſtronomie ſcienciam pre ceteris ſtudioſius intendentes libros ſuper hoc diſtinctis nominibus compoſuerunt.

One of the firſte, which it wrote
After Noe, it was Nembrote
To his diſciple Ychonithon
And made a boke forth therupon,

The which Megaſter cleped was.
An other auctor in this cas
Is Arachel, the which men note,
His boke is Abbateneigh hote.
Danz Tholome is nought the leſt,
Which maketh the boke of Almageſt.
And Alfraganus doth the ſame,
Whoſe boke is Chartamuz by name.
Gebuz and Alpetragus eke
Of planiſperie, which men ſeke,
The bokes made. And over this
Full many a worthy clerk there is,
That writen upon this clergy
The bokes of alcemetry,
Planemetry and eke alſo,
Which as belongeth bothe two,
So as they be naturiens
Unto theſe aſtronomiens.
Men ſain that Abraham was one,
But whether that he wrote or none
That finde I nought. And Moiſes
Eke was an other. But Hermes
Above all other in this ſcience
He had a great experience.
Through him was many a ſterre aſſiſed,
Whoſe bokes yet ben auctoriſed.
I may nought knowen alle tho,
That writen in the time tho
Of this ſcience, but I finde
Of jugement by way of kinde

That in o point they all accorden
Of ſterres, whiche they recorden,
That men may ſen upon the heven.
There ben a thouſand ſterres even
And two and twenty to the ſight,
Whiche aren of hem ſelf ſo bright,
That men may demen what they be,
The nature and the properte.
  Now haſt thou herd, in ſuche a wiſe
Theſe noble philoſophres wiſe
Enformeden this yonge king
And made him have a knouleching
Of thing, which firſt to the partie
Belongeth of philoſophie,
Which theorique cleped is,
As thou to-fore haſt herde er this.
But now to ſpeke of the ſeconde,
Whiche Ariſtotle hath alſo founde
And techeth how to ſpeke faire,
Whiche is a thing full neceſſaire
To counterpeiſe the balaunce,
Where lacketh other ſuffiſaunce.

Compoſiti pulcra ſermones verba placere 5
Principio poterunt veraque fine placent.
Herba, lapis, ſermo, tria ſunt virtute repleta,
Vis tamen ex verbi pondere pulcra facit.

  Above all erthly creatures
The highe maker of natures
The word to man hath yove alone,
So that the ſpeche of his perſone

Hic tractat de ſecunda parte philoſophie, cuius nomen rhetorica facundos efficit. Loquitur eciam de eiuſdem duabus

ſpeciebus, ſcilicet grammatica et logica, quarum doctrina rhetor ſua verba perornat.

Or for to leſe, or for to winne
The hertes thought, which is withinne,
May ſhewe, what it wolde mene.
And that is no where elles ſene
Of kinde with none other beſte.
So ſhulde he be the more honeſt,
To whom god yaf ſo worthy a yifte,
And loke well that he ne ſhifte
His wordes to none wicked uſe,
For word the techer of vertuſe
Is cleped in philoſophy.
Wherof thouchende this party
Is rhetorique the ſcience
Appropred to the reverence
Of wordes, that ben reſonable.
And for this art ſhall be vailable
With goodly wordes for to like
It hath gramaire, it hath logique,
That ſerven both unto the ſpeche.
Gramaire firſt hath for to teche
To ſpeke upon congruite.
Logique hath eke in his degre
Betwene the trouthe and the falſhode
The pleine wordes for to ſhode,
So that nothing ſhall go beſide,
That he the right ne ſhall decide,
Wherof full many a great debate
Reformed is to good eſtate
And pees ſuſteigned up alofte
With eſy wordes and with ſofte,

Where ſtrengthe ſhulde let it falle.
The philoſophre amonges alle
Forthy commendeth this ſcience,
Which hath the reule of eloquence.
In ſtone and gras vertue there is,
But yet the bokes tellen this,
That worde above all erthly thinges
Is vertuous in his doinges,
Where ſo it be to evil or good.
For if the wordes ſemen good
And be well ſpoke at mannes ere,
Whan that there is no trouthe there,
They done full oft full great deceipt.
For whan the word to the conceipt
Deſcordeth in ſo double a wiſe,
Such rhetorique is to deſpiſe
In every place and for to drede.
  For of Ulixes thus I rede,
As in the boke of Troy is founde,
His eloquence and his facounde
Of goodly wordes, which he tolde,
Hath made, that Anthenor him ſolde
The town, whiche he with treſon wan.
Worde hath beguiled many a man,
With word the wilde beſte is daunted,
With word the ſerpent is enchaunted,
Of wordes among the men of armes
Ben woundes heled with the charmes,
Where lacketh other medicine,
Worde hath under his diſcipline

Of ſorcerie the careͨtes.
The wordes ben of ſondry ſeͨtes,
Of evil and eke of good alſo.
The wordes maken frende of fo,
And ſo of frende, and pees of werre,
And werre of pees, and out of herre
The word the worldes cauſe entriketh
And reconcileth who on him liketh.
The worde under the cope of heven
Set every thing or odde or even.
With word the highe god is pleſed,
With word the wordes ben appeſed.
The ſofte word the loude ſtilleth,
Where lacketh good the word fulfilleth
To make amendes for the wronge.
Whan wordes medlen with the ſonge,
It doth pleſaunce well the more.
But for to loke upon the lore,
How Tullius his rhetorique
Componeth, there a man may pike,
How that he ſhall his wordes ſet.
How he ſhall loſe, how he ſhall knet,
And in what wiſe he ſhall pronounce
His tale pleine without frounce,
Wherof enſample if thou wilt ſeche,
Take hede and rede whilom the ſpeche.

Nota de eloquencia Julii in cauſa Catiline contra Sillanum et alios tunc urbem Romanam continentes.

Of Julius and Cicero,
Which conſul was of Rome tho,
Of Caton eke, and Cillene
Behold the wordes hem betwene,

Whan the treſon of Cateline
Diſcovered was and the covine
Of hem, that were of his aſſent,
Was knowe and ſpoke in parlement
And axed howe and in what wiſe
Men ſholden done him to juiſe.
Cillenus firſt his tale tolde
To trouth and as he was beholde
The comun profit for to ſave,
He ſaide how treſon ſhulde have
A cruel dethe. And thus they ſpeke,
The conſul both and Caton eke,
And ſaiden, that for ſuche a wronge
There may no peine be to ſtronge.
But Julius with wordes wiſe
His tale tolde all other wiſe,
As he, which wolde her dethe reſpite,
And foundeth howe he might excite
The juges through his eloquence
Fro deth to torne the ſentence
And ſet her hertes to pite.
Now tolden they, now tolde he,
They ſpeken pleine after the lawe,
But he the wordes of his ſawe
Coloureth in an other wey
Spekend. And thus betwene the twey
To trete upon this jugement
Made eche of hem his argument.
Wherof the tales for to here
There may a man the ſcole lere

Of rhetorique the eloquence,
Whiche is the ſeconde of ſcience
Touchende to philoſophie,
Wherof a man ſhall juſtifie
His wordes in diſputeſon
And knette upon concluſion
His argument in ſuche a forme,
Which may the pleine trouthe enforme
And the ſubtil cautele abate,
Whiche every true man ſhall debate.

6. *Practica quemque ſtatum pars tercia philoſophie*
Ad regimen recte ducit in orbe vie,
Sed quanto major rex eſt, tanto magis ipſum
Ex ſcola concernit, qua ſua regna regit.

Hic tractat de tercia parte philoſophie, que practica vocatur, cuius ſpecies ſunt tres, ſcilicet ethica, economia, et politia, quarum doctrina regia mageſtas in ſuo regimine ad honoris magnificenciam per ſingula dirigitur.

The firſte, whiche is theorique,
And the ſeconde rhetorique
Sciences of philoſophy,
I have hem tolde as in party,
So as the philoſophre it tolde
To Aliſaundre. And now I wolde
Tell of the thridde, what it is,
The which practique cleped is.
Practique ſtant upon thre thinges
Toward the governaunce of kinges.
Wherof the firſte ethique is named,
The whoſe ſcience ſtant proclamed
To teche of vertue thilke reule,
How that a king him ſelf ſhall reule
Of his moral condition
With worthy diſpoſition,

Of good living in his perſone,
Which is the chefe of his corone.
It maketh a kinge alſo to lerne,
Howe he his body ſhall governe,
Howe he ſhall wake, how he ſhall ſlepe,
How that he ſhall his hele kepe
In mete, in drinke, in clothing eke.
There is no wiſdom for to ſeke
As for the reule of his perſone,
The which that this ſcience all one
Ne techeth as by wey of kinde,
That there is nothing left behinde.
  That other point, which to practique
Belongeth, is economique,
Which techeth thilke honeſte,
Through which a king in his degre
His wife and child ſhal reule and guie
So forth withall the compaignie,
Which in his houſhold ſhall abide,
And his eſtate on every ſide
In ſuch manere for to lede,
That he his houſhold ne miſlede.
  Practique hath yet the thridde appriſe,
Which techeth how and in what wiſe
Through his purveide ordenaunce
A king ſhall ſet in governaunce
His realme, and that is policie,
Which longeth unto regalie
In time of werre, in time of pees
To worſhip and to good encrees

Of clerke, of knight and of marchaunt,
And ſo forth all the remenaunt
Of all the comun people about
Withinne burgh and eke without
Of hem that ben artificers,
Whiche uſen craftes and meſtiers,
Whoſe art is cleped mechanique,
And though they ben nought alle like,
Yet netheles how ſo it falle,
O lawe mot governe hem alle,
Or that they leſe, or that they winne
After the ſtate that they ben inne.
Lo, thus this worthy yonge king
Was fully taught of every thing,
Which mighte yive entendement,
Of good reule and good regiment,
To ſuche a worthy prince as he.
But of verray neceſſite
The philoſophre him hath betake
Five points, which he hath undertake
To kepe and holde in obſervaunce
As for the worthy governaunce,
Which longeth to his regalie
After the reule of policie.

7. *Moribus ornatus regit hic, qui regna moderna*
Cercius expectat ſceptra futura poli.
Et quia veredica virtus ſupereminet omnes,
Regis ab ore boni fabula nulla ſonat.

Hic ſecundum policiam tractare intendit precipue ſu-

To every man belongeth lore,
But to no man belongeth more

Than to a king, which hath to lede
The people for his kinghede.
He may hem bothe ſave and ſpille,
And for it ſtant upon his wille,
It ſit him well to ben aviſed
And the vertues, which are aſſiſed
Unto a kinges regiment,
To take in his entendement,
Wherof to tellen as they ſtonde
Hereafterward now woll I fonde.
Among the vertues one is cheſe
And that is trouthe, which is leſe
To god and eke to man alſo.
And for it hath ben ever ſo,
Taught Ariſtotle as he well couth
To Aliſaundre, how in his youth
He ſhulde of trouthe thilke grace
With all his hole herte embrace,
So that his word be trewe and pleine
Toward the world and ſo certeine,
That in him be no double ſpeche.
For if men ſhulde trouthe ſeche
And found it nought within a king,
It were an unſittende thing.
The worde is token of that within.
There ſhall a worthy king begin
To kepe his tunge and to be trewe,
So ſhall his price ben ever newe.
Aviſe him every man to-fore
And be well ware, er he be ſwore.

per quinque regularum articulis, que ad principis regimen obſervande ſpecialius exiſtunt, quarum prima veritas nuncupatur, per quam veredicus ſit ſermo regis ad omnes.

For afterwarde it is to late,
If that he wolde his word debate.
For as a king in ſpeciall
Above all other is principall
Of his power, ſo ſhulde he be
Moſt vertuous in his degre.
And that may well be ſignified
By his corone and ſpecified.
  The gold betokneth excellence,
That men ſhuld done him reverence
As to her lege ſoveraine.
The ſtones, as the bokes ſaine,
Commended ben in treble wiſe.
Firſt they ben hard and thilke aſſiſe
Betokeneth in a king conſtaunce,
So that there ſhall no variaunce
Be found in his condicion.
And alſo by deſcription
The vertue, whiche is in the ſtones,
A verray ſigne is for the nones
Of that a king ſhall ben honeſt
And holde trewely his beheſt
Of thing, which longeth to kinghede.
The brighte colour, as I rede,
Which is in the ſtones ſhinend,
Is in figure betokenend
The cronique of this worldes fame,
Which ſtant upon his gode name.
The cercle, which is rounde aboute,
Is token of all the londe aboute,

Which ſtant under his gerarchie,
That he it ſhall well kepe and guie.
And for that trouthe how ſo it falle
Is the vertue ſoveraine of alle,
That longeth unto regiment,
A tale, which is evident
Of trouthe in commendacion,
Toward thin enformacion,
My ſone, herafter thou ſhalt here
Of a cronique in this matere.
  As the cronique it doth reherce,
A ſoldan whilom was of Perſe,
Which Daires hight, and Ytaſpis
His fader was. And ſothe it is,
That through wiſdom and high prudence
More than for any reverence
Of his lignage as by deſcent
The regne of thilke empire he hent.
And as he was him ſelfe wiſe,
The wiſe men he held in priſe
And ſought hem out on every ſide,
That toward him they ſhulde abide.
Among the whiche thre there were,
That moſt ſervice unto him bere
As they, which in his chambre lighen
And all his counceil herd and ſighen.
Her names ben of ſtraunge note,
Harpaghes was the firſte hote,
And Manachaz was the ſecounde,
Zorobabel, as it is founde

Hic narrat, qualiter Darius filius Ytaſpis ſoldanus Perſie a tribus ſuis cubiculáribus, quorum nomina Harpaghes, Manachaz et Zorobabel dicta ſunt, nomina queſtionis ſingillatim interrogavit, utrum rex aut mulier aut vinum majoris fortitudinis vim obtineret, ipſis vero varia opinione reſpondentibus, Zorobabel ultimus aſſerit, quod mulier ſui amoris complacencia tam regis quam vini potenciam excellit, addidit inſuper finali concluſione dicens, quod veritas ſuper omnia vincit. Cuius reſponſio ceteris laudabilior acceptabatur.

In the cronique, was the thridde.
This ſoldan what ſo him betidde
To hem be triſte moſt of alle,
Wherof the caſe is ſo befalle.
This lord, which hath conceiptes depe,
Upon a night whan he hath ſlepe,
As he, which hath his wit diſpoſed,
Touchend a point hem hath oppoſed.
The kinges queſtion was this,
Of thinges thre which ſtrongeſt is,
The wine, the woman or the king,
And that they ſhulde upon this thing
Of her anſwere aviſed be,
He yaf hem fully daies thre
And hath behote hem by his feith,
That who the beſte reſon ſaith,
He ſhall receive a worthy mede.
Upon this thing they token hede
And ſtoden in diſputeſon,
That by divers opinion
Of arguments that they have holde
Harpaghes firſt his tale tolde
And ſaid, how that the ſtrength of kinges
Is mightieſt of alle thinges.
For king hath power over man,
And man is he, which reſon can,
As he, which is of his nature
The moſt noble creature
Of alle tho that god hath wrought.
And by that ſkill it ſemeth nought,

He ſaith, that any erthly thing
May be ſo mighty as a king.
A king may ſpille, a king may ſave,
A king may make of lorde a knave
And of a knave a lord alſo,
The power of a king ſtant ſo,
That he the lawes overpaſſeth.
What he woll make laſſe, he laſſeth,
What he woll make more, he moreth.
And as a gentil faucon ſoreth,
He fleeth, that no man him reclameth.
But he alone all other tameth,
And ſtant him ſelf of lawe fre.
Lo, thus a kinges might, ſaith he,
So as his reſon can argue,
Is ſtrengeſt and of moſt value.
But Manachaz ſaith other wiſe,
That wine is of the more empriſe,
And that he ſheweth by this way.
The wine full ofte taketh away
The reſon fro the mannes herte,
The wine can make a creple ſterte
And a deliver man unwelde,
It maketh a blind man to behelde
And a bright eyed ſeme derke,
It maketh a lewde man a clerke,
And fro the clerkes the clergy
It taketh awey and cowardy
It torneth into hardieſſe,
Of avarice it maketh largeſſe.

The wine maketh eke the good blood,
In which the ſoule, which is good,
Hath choſen her a reſting place,
While that the life her woll embrace.
And by this ſkille Manachaz,
Anſwerd hath upon this cas
And ſaith, that wine by wey of kind
Is thing, which may the hertes bind
Well more than the regalie.
Zorobabel for his partie
Said as him thoughte for the beſt,
That women ben the mightieſt.
The kinge and the vinour alſo
Of women comen bothe two.
And eke he ſaid, how that manhede
Through ſtrengthe unto the womanhede
Of love where he woll or none
Obeie ſhall, and therupon
To ſhewe of women the maiſtrie
A tale whiche he ſigh with eye
As for enſample he tolde this.

Nota hic de vigore amoris, qui inter Cyrum regem Perſarum et Apemen Beſazis filiam ipſius regis concubinam ſpectante tota curia experiebatur.

How Apemen, of Beſazis
Which doughter was, in the paleis
Sittend upon his highe deis,
Whan he was hotteſt in his ire
Toward the great of his empire,
Cyrus the king tiraunt ſhe toke.
And only with her goodly loke
She made him debonaire and meke
And by the chin and by the cheke

She luggeth him right as her lift,
That now fhe japeth, and now fhe kift
And doth with him what ever her liketh.
Whan that fhe loureth, than he fiketh,
And whan fhe gladeth, he is glad.
And thus this king was overlad
With here, which his lemman was.
  Among the men is no folas,
If that there be no woman there,
For but if that the woman were,
This worldes joie were awey.
Through hem men finden out the wey
To knighthode and to worldes fame,
They make a man to drede fhame
And honour for to defired.
Through the beaute of hem is fired
The dart, of which Cupide throweth,
Wherof the jolif peine groweth,
Which al the worlde hath under fote.
A woman is the mannes bote,
His life, his deth, his wo, his wele.
And this thing may be fhewed wele,
How that women ben good and kinde,
For in enfample thus I finde.
  Whan that the duke Admetus lay
Sike in his bed, that every day
Men waiten, whan he fhulde dey,
Alceft his wife goth for to prey
With facrifice unto Minerve,
As fhe, which wolde thank deferve,

Nota de fidelitate conjugis, qualiter Alcefta uxor Admeti, ut maritum fuum vivificaret, feipfam morti fpontanee fubegit.

To wite anſwere of the goddeſſe,
How that her lorde of his ſikeneſſe,
Wherof he was ſo wo beſeine,
Recover might his hele ayeine.
Lo, thus ſhe cride and thus ſhe praide,
Till ate laſt a vois her ſaide,
That if ſhe wolde for his ſake
The maladie ſuffre and take
And deie her ſelf, he ſhulde live.
Of this anſwere Alceſt hath yive
Unto Minerve great thonking,
So that her dethe and his living
She cheſe with all her hole entent,
And thus accorded home ſhe went.
Into the chambre whan ſhe came,
Her houſbonde anone ſhe name
In bothe her armes and him kiſt,
And ſpake unto him what her liſt.
And therupon within a throwe
The good wife was overthrowe
And deied, and he was hole in haſte.
So may a man by reſon taſte,
How next after the god above
The trouth of women and the love,
In whom that alle grace is founde,
Is mightieſt upon this grounde
And moſt behovely manyfolde.
   Lo, thus Zorobabel hath tolde
The tale of his opinion.
But for finall concluſion,

What ſtrengeſt is of erthly thinges
The wine, the women or the kinges,
He ſaith, that trouthe above hem alle
Is mightieſt, how ever it falle.
The trouthe how ſo it ever come
May for nothing ben overcome.
It may well ſuffre for a throwe,
But ate laſt it ſhall be knowe.
The proverbe is, who that is trewe,
Him ſhall his while never rewe.
For how ſo that the cauſe wende,
The trouthe is ſhameles ate ende.
But what thing that is troutheles
It may nought well be ſhameles,
And ſhame hindereth every wight.
So proveth it, there is no might
Withoute trouthe in no degre.
And thus for trouthe of his decre
Zorobabel was moſt commended,
Wherof the queſtion was ended,
And he received hath his mede
For trouthe, which to mannes nede
Is moſt behovelich over all.
Forthy was trouthe in ſpeciall
The firſte point in obſervaunce
Betake unto the governaunce
Of Aliſaundre, as it is ſaide,
For therupon the ground is laide
Of every kinges regiment
As thing, which moſt convenient

Is for to ſet a king in even
Bothe in his worlde and eke in heven.

8. *Abſit avaricia, ne tangat regia corda,*
Cuius enim ſpoliis excoriatur humus.
Fama colit largum volitans per ſecula regem,
Dona tamen licitis ſunt moderanda modis.

Hic tractat de regie mageſtatis ſecunda policia, quam Ariſtoteles largitatem vocat, cuius virtute non ſolum propulſata avaricia regis nomen magnificum extollitur, ſed et ſui ſubditi diviciarum habundancia jocundiores efficiuntur.

Next after trouthe the ſecounde
In policie as it is founde,
Which ſerveth to the worldes fame
In worſhip of a kinges name,
Largeſſe it is, whoſe privilege
There may non avarice abrege.
The worldes good was firſt comune,
But afterward upon fortune
Was thilke comun profit ceſſed.
For whan the people ſtood encreſſed
And the lignages woxen great,
Anone for ſingular beyete
Drough every man to his partie,
Wherof come in the firſt envie
With great debate and werres ſtronge
And laſt among the men ſo longe,
Till no man wiſte who was who
Ne which was frende, ne which was ſo.
Till ate laſte in every londe
Within hem ſelf the people fonde,
That it was good to make a king,
Which might appeſen all this thing
And yive right to the lignages
In parting of her heritages

And eke of all her other good.
And thus above hem alle ſtood
The king upon his regaly,
As he, which hath to juſtify
The worldes good fro covetiſe.
So ſit it well in alle wiſe
A king betwene the more and leſſe
To ſette his herte upon largeſſe
Toward him ſelf and eke alſo
Towarde his people. And if nought ſo,
That is to ſain, if that he be
Toward him ſelfe large and fre
And of his people take and pille,
Largeſſe by no wey of ſkille
It may be ſaid, but avarice,
Which in a kinge is a great vice.
  A king behoveth eke to fle
The vice of prodegalite,
That he meſure in his expence
So kepe, that of indigence
He may be ſauf. For who that nedeth,
In all his werk the wors he ſpedeth.
As Ariſtotle upon Chaldee
Enſample of great auctorite
Unto king Aliſaundre taught
Of thilke folk, that were unſaught
Toward her king for his pillage.
Wherof he bad in his corage,
That he unto thre points entende,
Where that he wolde his good deſpende.

Nota ſuper hoc, quod Ariſtoteles ad Alexandrum exemplificavit de exactionibus regis Chaldeorum.

First shulde he loke, how that it stood,
That all were of his owne good
The yiftes, which he wolde yive,
So might he wel the better live.
And eke he must taken hede,
If there be cause of any nede,
Which oughte for to be defended,
Er that his goodes ben despended.
He mote eke as it is befalle
Amonges other thinges alle
Se the desertes of his men,
And after that they ben of ken
And of estate and of merite
He shall hem largelich aquite,
Or for the werre, or for the pees,
That none honour fall in decrees,
Which mighte torne into diffame.
But that he kepe his gode name,
So that he be nought holde unkinde.
For in cronique a tale I finde,
Which speketh somdele of this matere,
Herafterward as thou shalte here.

Hic secundum gesta Julii exemplum ponit, qualiter rex suorum militum, quos probos agnoverit, indigenciam largitatis sue beneficiis relevare tenetur.

In Rome to pursue his right,
There was a worthy pouer knight,
Which came alone for to sain
His cause, when the court was plein,
Where Julius was in presence.
And for him lacketh of despense,
There was with him none advocate
To make plee for his estate.

But though him lacke for to plede,
Him lacketh nothing of manhede.
He wiſte well his purſe was pouer,
But yet he thought his right recouer,
And openly pouerte aleide
To themperour, and thus he ſaide:
  O Julius, lord of the lawe,
Behold, my counſeil is withdrawe
For lacke of gold to thine office
After the lawe of juſtice.
Help, that I hadde counſeil here
Upon the trouthe of my matere.
  And Julius with that anone
Aſſigned him a worthy one.
But he him ſelf no word ne ſpake.
This knight was wroth and found a lake
In themperour, and ſaide thus:
  O thou, unkinde Julius,
Whan thou in thy bataile were
Up in Aufrique, and I was there,
My might for thy reſcouſſe I did
And put no man in my ſtede.
Thou woſt what woundes there I had,
But here I finde the ſo bad,
That the ne liſt to ſpeke o worde
Thine owne mouth nor of thin horde
To yive a florein me to helpe.
How ſhulde I thanne me beyelpe
Fro this day forth of thy largeſſe,
Whan ſuch a great unkindeneſſe

Is found in ſuche a lorde as thou?
This Julius knew well inough,
That all was ſoth, which he him tolde.
And for he wolde nought ben holde
Unkind, he toke his cauſe on honde,
And as it were of goddes ſonde,
He yaf him good inough to ſpende
For ever unto his lives ende.
  And thus ſhuld every worthy king
Take of his knightes knouleching,
Whan that he ſigh they hadden nede,
For every ſervice axeth mede.
But other, which have nought deſerved
Through vertue, but of japes ſerved,
A king ſhall nought deſerve grace,
Though he be large in ſuche a place.

Hic ponit exemplum de rege Antigono, qualiter dona regia ſecundum majus et minus equa diſcrecione moderanda ſunt.

  It ſit well every king to have
Diſcretion, whan men him crave,
So that he may his yifte wite,
Wherof I finde a tale write,
How Cinichus a pouere knight
A ſomme, which was over might,
Praied of his king Antigonus.
The kinge anſwerde to him thus
And ſaid, how ſuch a yifte paſſeth
His pouer eſtate. And than he laſſeth
And axeth but a litel peny,
If that the king wold yive him any.
  The king anſwerd, it was to ſmall
For him, which was a lord reall,

To yive a man ſo litel thinge,
It were unworſhip in a kinge.
By this enſample a king may lere,
That for to yive is in manere,
For if a king his treſor laſſeth
Without honour and thankeles paſſeth,
Whan he him ſelf woll ſo beguile,
I not who ſhall compleigne his while,
Ne who by right him ſhall releve.
But netheles this I beleve
To helpe with his owne londe
Belongeth every man his honde
To ſet upon neceſſite.
And eke his kinges realte
Mote every lege man comforte
With good and body to ſupporte,
Whan they ſe cauſe reſonable.
For who that is nought entendable
To holde upright his kinges name,
Him oughte for to be to blame.
Of policie and over more
To ſpeke in this matere more,
So as the philoſophre tolde,
A king after the reule is holde
To modifie and to adreſſe
His yiftes upon ſuch largeſſe,
That he meſure nought excede.
For if a king fall into nede,
It cauſeth ofte ſondry thinges,
Whiche are ungoodly to the kinges.

Nota hic, quod regius ſtatus a ſuis fidelibus omni favore ſupportandus eſt.

Nota hic ſecundum Ariſtotelem, qualiter principum prodigalitas paupertatem inducit communem.

Seneca. Sic aliis benefacito, ut tibi non noceas.

What man will nought him ſelf meſure,
Men ſeen ful ofte, that meſure
Him hath forſake. And ſo doth he,
That uſeth prodegalite,
Which is the moder of pouerte,
Wherof the londes ben deſerte.
And namely whan thilke vice
About a king ſtant in office
And hath witholde of his party
The covetouſe flatery,
Which many a worthy king deceiveth,
Er he the fallace apperceiveth
Of hem, that ſerven to the gloſe.
For they that connen pleſe and gloſe,
Ben as men tellen the norices
Unto the foſtring of the vices,
Wherof full ofte netheles
A king is blamed gilteles.

Nota, qualiter in principum curiis adulatores triplici gravitate offendunt.

A philoſophre, as thou ſhalt here,
Spake to a king of this matere
And ſaid him well, how that flatrours
Coupable were of thre errours.

Primum contra deum.

One was toward the goddes high,
That weren wroth of that they ſigh,
The miſchefe, which befalle ſholde,
Of that the falſe flatrour tolde

Secundo contra principem.

Toward the king. Another was,
Whan they by ſleight and by fallas
Of feigned wordes make him wene,
That black is white, and blew is grene

Touchend of his condicion.
For whan he doth extorcion
With many an other vice mo,
Men ſhall nought finden one of tho
To grucche or ſpeke there ayein,
But holden up his oile and ſain:
That all is well what ever he doth.
And thus of fals they maken ſoth,
So that her kinges eye is blent
And wot nought how the worlde is went.
The thridde errour is harm commune, Tercio contra populum.
With which the people mot commune
Of wronges, that they bringen inne.
And thus they werchen treble ſinne,
That ben flatrours about a king.
There mighte be no worſe thing
About a kinges regaly,
Than is the vice of flatery.
And netheles it hath ben uſed,
That it was never yet refuſed
As for to ſpeke in court reall.
For there it is moſt ſpeciall
And may nought longe be forbore.
But whan this vice of hem is bore,
That ſholden the vertues forth bringe,
And trouthe is torned to leſinge,
It is, as who ſaith ayein kinde,
Wherof an old enſample I finde.
Among theſe other tales wiſe
Of philoſophres in this wiſe

Hic contra vanitates adulantum loquitur et narrat, quod cum

Ariſtippus de Cartagine philoſophus ſcole ſtudium relinquens ſui principis obſequio in magnis adulacionibus pre ceteris carior aſſiſtebat, accidit, ut ipſe quodam die Diogenem philoſophum nuper ſocium ſuum virum tam amoribus quam ſciencia probatiſſimum herbas ad olera ſua collectas lavantem ex caſu ad ripam invenit, cui ait: O Diogenes, vere ſi tu ſicut ego principi tuo placere ſcires, herbas aut colligere aut lavare tibi minime indigeret. Cui alter reſpondit: O Ariſtippe, certe, et ſi tu ſicut et ego olera tua colligere et lavare ſcires, principem tuum ob inanis glorie cupiditatem blandiri nullatenus deberes.

I rede, how whilom two there were
And to the ſcole for to lere
Unto Athenes fro Cartage
Her frendes, whan they were of age,
Hem ſende. And there they ſtoden longe,
Till they ſuch lore have underfonge,
That in her time they ſurmounte
All other men, that to accompte
Of hem was tho the grete fame.
The firſt of hem his righte name
Was Diogenes thanne hote,
In whom was founde no riote.
His felaw Ariſtippus hight,
Which mochel couthe and mochel might.
But ate laſte ſoth to ſain
They bothe tornen home ayein
Unto Cartage and ſcole lete.
This Diogenes no beyete
Of worldes good or laſſe or more
Ne ſoughte for his longe lore,
But toke him only for to dwelle
At home. And as the bokes telle,
His houſe was nigh to a rivere
Beſide a brigge, as thou ſhalt here.
There dwelleth he and taketh his reſt,
So as it thought him for the beſt,
To ſtudie in his philoſophie,
As he, which wolde ſo defie
The worldes pompe on every ſide.
But Ariſtippe his boke aſide

Hath laid, and to the court he wente,
Where many a wile and many a wente
With flatery and wordes ſofte
He caſte and hath compaſſed ofte,
How he his prince mighte pleſe.
And in this wiſe he gate him eſe
Of veine honour and worldes good,
The londes reule upon him ſtood.
The king of him was wonder glad,
And all was do, what thinge he bad,
Bothe in the courte and eke without
With flatery be brought about
His purpos of the worldes werke,
Which was ayein the ſtate of clerke,
So that philoſophy he lefte
And to richeſſe him ſelf uplefte.
Lo, thus had Ariſtippe his will.
But Diogenes dwelte ſtill
At home and loked on his boke.
He ſoughte nought the worldes croke
For veine honour ne for richeſſe,
But all his hertes beſineſſe
He ſette to be vertuous.
And thus within his owne hous
He liveth to the ſuffiſaunce
Of his having. And fell perchaunce,
This Diogene upon a day,
And that was in the month of may,
Whan that theſe herbes ben holſome,
He walketh for to gader ſome

In his gardin, of which his joutes
He thoughte have, and thus aboutes
Whan he hath gadred what him liketh,
He ſet him thanne downe and piketh
And wisſhe his herbes in the flood,
Upon the which his gardin ſtood
Nigh to the brigge, as I tolde ere.
And hapneth while he ſitteth there,
Cam Ariſtippus by the ſtrete
With many hors and routes grete
And ſtraught unto the brigge he rode,
Where that he hoved and abode,
For as he caſt his eye nigh,
His felaw Diogene he ſigh,
And what he dede he ſigh alſo,
Wherof he ſaide to him ſo:
O Diogene, god the ſpede.
It were certes litel nede
To ſitten here and wortes pike,
If thou thy prince coutheſt like
So as I can in my degre.
O Ariſtippe, ayein quod he,
If that thou coutheſt ſo as I
Thy wortes pike truely,
It were als litel nede or laſſe,
That thou ſo worldly wol compaſſe
With flaterie for to ſerve,
Wherof thou thenkeſt to deſerve
Thy princes thank and to purchace,
How thou might ſtonden in his grace

For getting of a litel good.
If thou wolt take into thy mood
Reſon, thou might by reſon deme,
That ſo thy prince for to queme
Is nought to reſon accordaunt,
But it is greatly deſcordaunt
Unto the ſcoles of Athene.
  Lo, thus anſwerde Diogene
Ayein the clerkes flaterie.
But yet men ſene theſſamplerie
Of Ariſtippe is well received,
And thilke of Diogene is weived.
Office in court and gold in coffre
Is now, men ſain, the philoſophre,
Which hath the worſhip in the halle.
But flaterie paſſeth alle,
In chambre whom the court avaunceth.
For upon thilke lot it chaunceth
To be beloved now a day.
  [I not if it be ye or nay,*
How Dante the poete anſwerde
To a flatrour, the tale I herde.
Upon a ſtrife betwene hem two
He ſaid him, there ben many mo
Of thy ſervauntes than of min.
For the poete of his covine
Hath none, that woll him cloth and fede,
But a flatrour may reule and lede

Nota exemplum cuiuſdam poete de Italia, qui Dantes vocabatur.

* Only in Berthelette's editions.

A king with all his londe about.
So ftant the wife man in doubt
Of hem, that to foly drawe.
For fuch is now the comun lawe]
But as the comune vois it telleth,
Where now that flaterie dwelleth
In every londe under the fonne,
There is full many a thing begonne,
Which were better to be lefte,
That hath be fhewed now and efte.
But if a prince him wolde reule
Of the Romains after the reule
In thilke time as it was ufed,
This vice fhulde be refufed,
Wherof the princes ben affoted.
But where the pleine trouth is noted,
There may a prince wel conceive,
That he fhall nought him felf deceive
Of that he hereth wordes pleine,
For him ther nought by refon pleigne
That warned is, er hem be wo.
And that was fully proved tho,
Whan Rome was the worldes chefe,
The fothfaier tho was lefe,
Which wolde nought the trouthe fpare,
But with his wordes plaine and bare
To themperour his fothes tolde,
As in cronique it is witholde,
Here afterwarde as thou fhalt here
Accordend unto this matere.

To fe this olde enfemplarie,
That whilom was no flaterie
Toward the princes, wel I finde,
Wherof fo as it comth to minde,
My fone, a tale unto thin ere,
While that the worthy princes were
At Rome, I thenke for to telle.
For whan the chaunces fo befelle,
That any emperour as tho
Victoire had upon his fo
And fo forth came to Rome ayein,
Of treble honour he was certain,
Wherof that he was magnified.
The firft, as it is fpecified,
Was, whan he cam at thilke tide,
The chare, in which he fhulde ride,
Four white ftedes fholde drawe.
Of Jupiter by thilke lawe
The cote he fhulde were alfo.
His prifoners eke fholden go
Endlong the chare on either honde.
And all the noble of the londe
To-fore and after with him come
Ridend and broughten him to Rome
In token of his chivalrie,
And for none other flaterie.
And that was fhewed forth with all.
Where he fat in his chare reall,
Befide him was a ribald fet,
Which had his wordes fo befet

Hic narrat fuper eodem, qualiter nuper Romanorum imperator cum ipfe triumphator in hoftes a bello Rome rediret, tres fibi laudes in fignum fui triumphi precipue debebantur. Primo quatuor equi albiffimi currum in quo fedebat veherent, fecundo tunica Jovis pro tunc indueretur, tercio fui captivi prope currum ad utrumque latus catenati deambularent. Set ne tanti honoris adulacio eius animum in fuperbiam extolleret, quidam fcurra linguofus juxta ipfum in curru fedebat, qui quafi continuatis vocibus improperando ei dixit: Notheos, hoc eft nofce te ipfum, quod fi hodie fortuna tibi profpera fuerit, cras forte verfa rota mutabilis adverfabitur.

To themperour in all his gloire
He ſaid: Take into memoire,
For all this pompe and all this pride
Let no juſtice gon aſide,
But know thy ſelf, what ſo befalle.
For men ſeen ofte time falle
Thing, which men wende ſiker ſtonde.
Though thou victoire have on honde,
Fortune may nought ſtonde alwey.
The whele perchaunce another day
May torne, and thou might overthrowe,
There laſteth no thing but a throwe.
  With theſe wordes and with mo
This ribald, which ſat with him tho,
To themperour his tale tolde.
And overmore what ever he wolde
Or were it evil or were it good
So plainly as the trouthe ſtood,
He ſpareth nought but ſpeketh it out.
And ſo might every man about
The day of that ſolempnite
His tale tellen as wele as he
To themperour all openly.
And all was this the cauſe, why
That while he ſtood in his nobleſſe,
He ſhulde his vanite repreſſe
With ſuche wordes as he herde.

Hic eciam contra adulacionem ſcribit, quod primo die quo nuper imperator intronizatus extitit la-

Lo now, how thilke time it ferde
Toward ſo high a worthy lorde.
For this I finde eke of recorde,

Which the cronique hath auctorized,
What emperour was entronized
The firfte day of his corone,
Where he was in his real throne
And helde his feft in the paleis
Sittend upon his highe deis
With all the luft that may be gete,
Whan he was gladeft at his mete,
And every minftrell hadde pleide,
And every difour hadde faide
What moft was plefant to his ere,
Than ate lafte comen there
His mafons, for they fholden crave,
Where that he wolde be begrave,
And of what ftone his fepulture
They fholden make, and what fculpture
He wolde ordeigne therupon.
Tho was there flaterie none
The worthy princes to bejape,
The thing was otherwife fhape
With good counfeile and otherwife.
They were hem felven thanne wife
And underftoden well and knewen,
Whan fuche fofte windes blewen
Of flatery into her ere,
They fetten nought her hertes there.
But whan they herde wordes feigned,
The pleine trouth it hath defdeigned
Of hem that weren fo difcrete.
So toke the flaterer no beyete

tomi fui ab ipfo conftanter peterent, de quali lapide fue fepulture tumulum fabricarent, ut fic futuram mortem commemorans vanitates huius feculi tranfitorias facilius reprimeret.

Of him, that was his prince tho.
And for to proven it is ſo,
A tale, which befell in dede,
In a cronique of Rome I rede.

Hic inter alia geſta Ceſaris narrat unum exemplum precipue contra illos, qui cum in aſpectu principis aliis ſapienciores apparere vellent, quandoque tamen ſimulate ſapiencie talia committunt, per que ceteris ſtulciores in fine comprobantur.

Ceſar upon his reall throne,
Where that he ſat in his perſone
And was higheſt in all his pris,
A man, which wolde make him wiſe,
Fell down knelend in his preſence
And did him ſuch a reverence,
As though the highe god it were.
Men hadden great merveile there
Of the worſhip, which he dede.
This man aros fro thilke ſtede
And forth with all the ſame tide
He goth him up and by his ſide
He ſet him down as pere and pere
And ſaide: If thou that ſitteſt here
Art god, which alle thinges might,
Than have I do worſhip aright
As to the god, and other wiſe,
If thou be nought of thilke aſſiſe,
But art a man, ſuche as am I,
Than may I ſit the faſte by,
For we be bothe of o kinde.

Ceſar anſwerde and ſaide: O blinde,
Thou art a fol, it is well ſene
Upon thy ſelf. For if thou wene
I be a god, thou doſt amis
To ſit, where thou ſeeſt god is.

And if I be a man alſo,
Thou haſt a great folie do,
Whan thou to ſuch one, as ſhall deie,
The worſhip of thy god awey
Haſt yiven ſo unworthily.
Thus may I prove redely,
Thou art nought wiſe. And they that herde,
How wiſely that the king anſwerde,
It was to hem a newe lore,
Wherof they dradden him the more.
And broughten nothing to his ere,
But if it trouthe and reſon were.
So ben there many in ſuch a wiſe,
That feignen wordes to be wiſe
And all is verray flatery
To him, which can it well aſpy.
The kinde flatrour can nought love
But for to bring him ſelf above.
For how that ever his maiſter fare,
So that him ſelf ſtonde out of care
Him reccheth nought. And thus ful ofte
Deceived ben with wordes ſofte
The kinges, that ben innocent.
Wherof as for chaſtiement
The wiſe philoſophre ſaide:
What king that ſo his treſure laide
Upon ſuch folke, he hath the leſſe,
And yet ne doth he no largeſſe,
But harmeth with his owne honde
Him ſelf and eke his owne londe.

Nota, qualiter iſti circa principem adulatores pocius a curia expelli quam ad regie mageſtatis munera acceptari policia ſuadente deberent.

And that by many a ſondry wey,
Wherof if that a man ſhall ſey
As for to ſpeke in generall,
Where ſuch thing falleth over all,
That any king him ſelf miſreule,
The philoſophre upon his reule
In ſpeciall a cauſe ſet,
Whiche is and ever hath be the let
In governaunce about a king
Upon the miſchefe of the thing.
And that, he ſaith, is flatery,
Wherof to-fore as in party,
What vice it is, I have declared.
For who that hath his wit bewared
Upon a flatrour to beleve,
Whan that he weneth beſt acheve
His gode world, it is moſt fro.
And for to proven it is ſo
Enſamples there ben many one,
Of whiche if thou wolt knowen one,
It is behovely for to here,
What whilom fell in this matere.

Hic loquitur ulterius de conſilio adulantum, quorum fabulis principis aures organizate veritatis auditum capere nequeunt, et narrat exemplum de rege Achab, quod pro eo, quod ipſe prophecias fidelis Michee recuſavit blandiciisque adulantis Zedechie adheſit, rex Syrie Benedab in

Among the kinges in the bible
I finde a tale and is credible
Of him, that whilom Achab hight,
Which had all Iſrael to right.
But who that couthe gloſe ſofte
And flater, ſuch he ſet alofte
In great eſtate and made hem riche.
But they that ſpeken wordes liche

To trouthe and wolde it nought forbere
For hem was none eſtate to bere,
The courte of ſuche toke none hede.
Till ate laſt upon a nede,
That Benedab kinge of Surie,
Of Iſrael a great partie,
Which Ramoth Galaad was hote,
Hath ſeſed. And of that riote
He toke counſeile in ſondry wiſe,
But nought of hem that weren wiſe.
And netheles upon this cas
To ſtrengthen him, for Joſephas,
Which than was kinge of Judee,
He ſende for to come, as he,
Which through frendſhip and alliaunce
Was next to him of aqueintaunce.
For Joram ſone of Joſaphath
Achabbes doughter wedded hath,
Which highte faire Godelie.
And thus cam into Samary
King Joſaphat, and he found there
The king Achab. And when they were
To-gider ſpekend of this thing,
This Joſaphat ſaith to the king,
How that he wolde gladly here
Some true prophet in this matere,
That he his counſeil mighte yive
To what point it ſhall be drive.
And in that time ſo befell,
There was ſuch one in Iſrael,

campo bellator ipſum divino judicio devictum interfecit.

Which ſet him all to flatery,
And he was cleped Sedechy.
And after him Achab hath ſent.
And he at his commaundement
To-fore him cam, and by a ſleight
He hath upon his heved on height
Two large hornes ſet of bras,
As he, whiche all a flatrour was,
And goth rampend as a leon
And caſt his horne up and down
And bad men ben of good eſpeire,
For as the hornes percen thaire,
He ſaith, withouten reſiſtence,
So wiſt he well of his ſcience,
That Benedab is diſcomfite.
Whan Sedechy upon this plite
Hath told this tale unto his lorde,
Anone they were of his accorde
Prophetes falſe many mo
To bere up oile, and alle tho
Affermen that, which he hath tolde,
Wherof the king Achab was bolde
And yaf hem yiftes all aboute.
But Joſaphat was in great doubte
And held fantoſme all that he herde,
Praiend Achab how ſo it ferde,
If there were any other man,
The which of prophecie can,
To here him ſpeke er that they gone.
Quod Achab thanne: There is one,

A brothel, which Micheas hight.
But he ne comth nought in my ſight,
For he hath long in priſon laien,
Him liked never yet to ſaien
A goodly word to my pleſaunce.
And netheles at thine inſtaunce
He ſhall come out, and than he may
Say, as he ſaide many a day.
For yet he ſaide never wele.
Tho Joſaphat began ſome dele
To gladen him in hope of trouthe,
And bad withouten any ſlouthe,
That men him ſhulde fette anone.
And they that weren for him gone,
Whan that they comen where he was,
They tolden unto Micheas
The manere, how that Sedechy
Declared hath his prophecy.
And therupon they pray him faire,
That he woll ſaie no contraire,
Wherof the king may be deſpleſed,
For ſo ſhall every man be eſed.
And he may helpe him ſelf alſo.
Micheas upon trouthe tho
His herte ſet and to hem ſaith
All that belonge to his feith,
And of none other feigned thing,
That woll he tell unto the king,
Als fer as god hath yive him grace.
Thus came this prophete into place,

Where he the kinges wille herde.
And he therto anone anſwerde
And ſaide unto him in this wiſe:
My lege lord, for my ſervice,
Which trewe hath ſtonden ever yit,
Thou haſt me with priſon aquite.
But for all that I ſhall nought gloſe
Of trouthe als far as I ſuppoſe.
And as touchend of thy bataile
Thou ſhalt nought of the ſothe faile.
For if it like the to here,
As I am taught in that matere,
Thou might it underſtonde ſone.
But what is afterward to done
Aviſe the, for this I ſigh,
I was to-fore the throne on high,
Where all the world me thoughte ſtode,
And there I herde and underſtode
The vois of god with wordes clere
Axend and ſaide in this manere:
In what thing may I beſt beguile
The king Achab? And for a while
Upon this point they ſpeken faſt.
Tho ſaid a ſpirit ate laſt:
I undertake this empriſe.
And god him axeth in what wiſe.
I ſhall, quod he, deceive and lie
With flaterende prophecie
In ſuche mouthes, as he leveth.
And he, which alle thing acheveth,

Bad him go forth and do right ſo.
And over this I ſigh alſo
The noble people of Iſrael
Diſpers, as ſhepe upon an hill
Without a keper unarraied.
And as they wente about aſtraied,
I herde a vois unto hem ſain:
Goth home into your hous ayein,
Till I for you have better ordeigned.
Quod Sedechie: Thou haſt feigned
This tale in angring of the king.
And in a wrathe upon this thing
He ſmote Micheen upon the cheke.
The king him hath rebuked eke,
And every man upon him cride.
Thus was he ſhent on every ſide
Ayein and into priſon ladde,
For ſo the kinge him ſelve badde.
The trouthe mighte nought ben herde.
But afterward as it hath ferde,
The dede proveth his entent,
Achab to the bataile went,
Where Benedab for all his ſhelde
Him ſlough, ſo that upon the felde
His people goth about aſtray.
But god, which alle thinges may,
So doth, that they no miſchefe have.
Her king was dede, and they ben ſave
And home ayein in goddes pees
They wente, and all was founde les,

That Sedechy hath ſaid to-fore.
So ſit it wel a king therfore
To loven hem, that trouthe mene.
For ate laſt it will be ſene,
That flatery is nothing worth.
  But now to my matere forth
As for to ſpeken overmore
After the philoſophres lore,
The thridde point of policy
I thenke for to ſpecify.

9. *Propter tranſgreſſos leges ſtatuuntur in orbe,*
Ut vivant juſti regis honore viri.
Lex ſine juſticia populum ſub principis umbra
Deviat, ut rectum nemo videbit iter.

Hic tractat de tercia principum legis policia, que juſticia nominata eſt, cuius condicio legibus incorrupta unicuique quod ſuum eſt equo pondere diſtribuit.

  What is a lond, where men be none?
What ben the men, which are allone
Without a kinges governaunce?
What is a king in his legeaunce,
Where that there is no lawe in londe?
What is to take lawe on honde,
But if the juges weren trewe?
Theſe olde worldes with the newe
Who that woll take in evidence,
There may he ſe thexperience,
What thing it is to kepe lawe,
Through which the wronges be withdrawe
And rightwiſneſſe ſtant commended,
Wherof the regnes ben amended.
For where the lawe may comune,
The lordes forth with the comune

Eche hath his propre duete.
And eke the kinges realte
Of bothe his worſhip underfongeth,
To his eſtate as it belongeth,
Whiche of his highe worthineſſe
Hath to governe rightwiſneſſe,
As he, which ſhall the lawe guide.
And netheles upon ſome ſide
His power ſtant above the lawe
To yive both and to withdrawe
The forfet of a mannes life.
But thinges, which are exceſſiſe
Ayein the lawe, he ſhal nought do
For love, ne for hate alſo.
The mightes of a king be gret.
But yet a worthy king ſhall let
Of wrong to done, all that he might,
For he, which ſhall the people right,
It ſit wel to his regaly,
That he him ſelf firſt juſtify
Towardes god in his degre.
For his eſtate is elles fre
Toward all other in his perſone,
Sauf only to the god alone,
Which woll him ſelf a king chaſtiſe,
Where that none other may ſuffiſe.
So were it good to taken hede,
That firſt a king his owne dede
Betwene the vertue and the vice
Redreſſe, and than of his juſtice

Imperatoriam mageſtatem non ſolum armis, ſed eciam legibus oportet eſſe armatam.

So ſet in even the balaunce
Towardes other in governaunce,
That to the pouer and to the riche
His lawes mighten ſtonden liche,
He ſhall excepte no perſone.
But for he may nought all him one
In ſondry places do juſtice,
He ſhall of his real office
With wiſe conſideration
Ordeigne his deputation
Of ſuche juges, as ben lerned,
So that his people be governed
By hem, that true ben and wiſe.
For if the lawe of covetiſe
Be ſet upon a juges honde,
Wo is the people of thilke londe,
For wrong may nought him ſelven hide.
But elles on that other ſide,
If lawe ſtonde with the right,
The people is glad and ſtant upright,
Where as the lawe is reſonable,
The comun people ſtant mevable,
And if the lawe torne amis,
The people alſo miſtorned is.

Nota hic de juſticia Maximini imperatoris, qui cum alicuius provincie cuſtodem ſibi conſtituere volebat, primo de ſui nominis fama proclamacione facta ipſius condicionem diligencius inveſtigabat.

And in enſample of this matere
Of Maximin a man may here,
Of Rome which was emperour,
That whan he made a governour
By wey of ſubſtitucion
Of province or of region,

He wolde firſt enquire his name
And lete it openly proclame,
What man he were or evil or good.
And upon that his name ſtood
Enclined to vertue or to vice,
So wolde he ſet him in office,
Or elles put him all awey.
Thus held the lawe his righte wey,
Which found no let of covetiſe.
The world ſtood than upon the wiſe,
As by enſample thou might rede
And holde it in thy minde I rede.
  In a cronique I finde thus,
How that Gaius Fabricius,
Which whilom was conſul of Rome,
By whom the lawes yede and come,
Whan the Sampnites to him brought
A ſomme of gold and him beſought
To don hem favour in the lawe,
Toward the gold he gan him drawe,
Wherof in alle mennes loke
Apart up in his honde he toke,
Which to his mouth in alle haſte
He put it for to ſmelle and taſte
And to his eye and to his ere,
But he ne found no comfort there.
And than he gan it to deſpiſe
And tolde unto hem in this wiſe:
  I not what is with gold to thrive,
Whan none of all my wittes five

Hic ponit exemplum de judicibus incorruptis, et narrat, qualiter Gaius Fabricius nuper Rome conſul aurum a Sampnitibus ſibi oblatum renuit dicens, quod nobilius eſt aurum poſſidentes dominio ſubjugare, quam ex auri cupiditate dominii libertatem amittere.

Find ſavour ne delite therinne.
So is it but a nice ſinne
Of gold to ben to covetous.
But he is riche and glorious,
Which hath in his ſubjection
Tho men, which in poſſeſſion
Ben riche of gold, and by this ſkill
For he may all day whan he will
Or be hem leſe or be hem lothe
Juſtice done upon hem bothe.
   Lo, thus he ſaid. And with that worde
He threw to-fore hem on the borde
The gold out of his honde anone,
And ſaid hem, that he wolde none.
So that he kept his liberte
To do juſtice and equite,
Withoute lucre of ſuch richeſſe.
There ben now fewe of ſuche I geſſe.
For it was thilke times uſed,
That every juge was refuſed,
Which was nought frend to comun right,
But they that wolden ſtonde upright
For trouthe only to do juſtice
Preferred were in thilke office
To deme and juge comun lawe,
Which now men ſain is all withdrawe.
   To ſette a lawe and kepe it nought
There is no comune profit ſought.
But above alle netheles
The lawe, which is made for pees,

Is good to kepe for the beſte,
For that ſet alle men in reſte.
The rightful emperour Conrade
To kepe pees ſuch lawe made,
That none withinne the cite
In deſtorbaunce of unite
Durſt ones meven a matere.
For in his time as thou might here,
What point that was for lawe ſet
It ſhulde for no good be let
To what perſone that it were.
And this brought in the comun fere,
Why every man the lawe dradde,
For there was none, which favour hadde.

Hic narrat de juſticia nuper Conradi imperatoris, cuius tempore alicuius reverencia perſone aliqua ſeu precum intervencione quacunque vel auri redempcione legum ſtatuta commutari ſeu redimi nullatenus potuerunt.

So as theſe olde bokes ſain,
I finde write, how a Romain,
Which conſul was of the pretoire,
Whoſe name was Carmidotoire,
He ſet a lawe for the pees,
That none but he be wepenles
Shall come into the counſeil hous,
And elles as malicious
He ſhal ben of the lawe dede.
To that ſtatute, and to that rede
Accorden alle, it ſhall be ſo,
For certein cauſe, which was tho.
Now liſt, what fell therafter ſone.
This conſul hadde for to done
And was into the feldes ride.
And they him hadde longe abide,

Nota exemplum de conſtancia judicis, ubi narrat de Carmidotiro Rome nuper conſule, qui cum ſui ſtatuti legem neſcius offendiſſet Romanique ſuper hoc penam ſibi remittere voluiſſent, ipſe propria manu, ubi nullus alius in ipſum vindex fuit, ſui criminis vindictam executus eſt.

That lordes of the counſeil were,
And for him ſende, and he cam there
With ſwerd begert and hath foryete,
Till he was in the counſeil ſete.
Was none of hem that made ſpeche,
Till he him ſelf it wolde ſeche,
And founde out the default him ſelve.
And than he ſaide unto the twelve,
Which of the ſenate weren wiſe:
I have deſerved the juiſe
In haſte that it were do.
And they him ſaiden alle no,
For well they wiſt it was no vice,
Whan he ne thoughte no malice
But onlich of a litel ſlouth.
And thus they leften as for routh
To do juſtice upon his gilte,
For that he ſhulde nought be ſpilte.
And whan he ſigh the maner how
They wolde him ſave, he made a vow
With manful herte and thus he ſaide,
That Rome ſhulde never abraide
His heires, whan he were of dawe,
That her aunceſtre brake the lawe.
Forthy er that they weren ware,
Forthwith the ſame ſwerde he bare
The ſtatute of his lawe kepte,
So that all Rome his dethe bewepte.

Nota, quod falſi judices mortis pena puniendi ſunt. Narrat

In other place alſo I rede,
Where that a juge his owne dede

He wol nought venge of lawe broke,
The king it hath him ſelven wroke.
The grete king, which Cambiſes
Was hote, a juge laweles
He found, and into remembraunce
He did upon him ſuch vengeaunce.
Out of his ſkin he was beſlain
All quick, and in that wiſe ſlain,
So that his ſkin was ſhape all mete
And nailed on the ſame ſete,
Where that his ſone ſhulde ſitte,
Aviſe him if he wolde flitte
The lawe for the covetiſe,
There ſigh he redy his juiſe.
  Thus in defalte of other juge
The king mote otherwhile juge
To holden up the righte lawe.
And for to ſpeke of tholde dawe
To take enſample of that was tho,
I finde a tale write alſo,
How that a worthy prince is holde
The lawes of his londe to holde,
Firſt for the highe goddes ſake
And eke for that him is betake
The people for to guide and lede,
Which is the charge of his kinghede.
  In a cronique I rede thus
Of the rightfull Ligurgius,
Which of Athenes prince was,
How he the lawe in every cas,

enim, qualiter Cambiſes rex Perſarum quendam judicem corruptum excoriari vivum fecit eiuſque pelle cathedram judicialem operiri conſtituit, ita quod filius ſuus ſuper patris pellem poſtea pro tribunali ſeſſurus judicii equitatem evidencius memoraretur.

Hic ponit exemplum de principibus illis, qui non ſolum legem ſtatuentes illam conſervant, ſed ut commune bonum adaugeant, propriam faculta-

tem diminuunt. Et narrat, quod cum Athenis princips subditos suos in omni prosperitatis habundancia divites et unanimes congruis legibus stare fecisset volens, ad utilitatem reipublice leges illas firmius observari peregre proficisci se finxit, sed prius juramentum solempne a legiis suis sub hac forma exegit, quod ipsi usque in reditum suum leges suas nullatenus infringerent, quibus juratis peregrinationem suam in exilium absque reditu perpetuo delegavit.

Wherof he shulde his people reule,
Hath set upon so good a reule,
In all this world that cite none
Of lawe was so well begone
Forthwith the trouthe of governaunce,
There was among hem no distaunce,
But every man hath his encrees.
There was withoute werre pees,
Without envie love stood,
Richesse upon the comune good
And nought upon the singuler
Ordeined was, and the power
Of hem, that weren in estate,
Was sauf, wherof upon debate
There stood nothing, so that in reste
Might every man his herte reste.
  And whan this noble rightfull king,
Sigh how it ferde of all this thing,
Wherof the people stood in ese,
He, which for ever wolde plese
The highe god, whose thank he sought,
A wonder thing than he bethought
And shope, if that it mighte be,
How that his lawe in the cite
Might afterward for ever laste.
And therupon his wit he caste,
What thing him were best to feigne,
That he his purpose might atteigne.
A parlement and thus he set,
His wisdom where that he beset

In audience of great and ſmale,
And in this wiſe he tolde his tale:
  God wote, and ſo ye woten alle,
Here afterward how ſo it falle,
Yet into now my will hath be
To do juſtice and equite
In forthring of comun profite,
Such hath ben ever my delite.
But of o thing I am beknowe,
The which my will is that ye knowe.
The lawe, which I toke on honde,
Was all to-gider of goddes ſonde
And no thinge of min owne wit,
So mote it nede endure yit
And ſhall do lenger, if ye will,
For I wol telle you the ſkill.
The god Mercurius and no man
He hath me taught all that I can
Of ſuche lawes as I made,
Wherof that ye ben alle glad.
It was the god and nothing I,
Which did all this, and now forthy
He hath commaunded of his grace,
That I ſhall come into a place,
Which is forein out in an ile,
Where I mot tarie for a while
With him to ſpeke and he hath bede.
For as he ſaith, in thilke ſtede
He ſhall me ſuche thinges telle,
That ever while the world ſhal dwelle

Athenes ſhall the better fare.
But firſt er that I thider fare,
For that I wolde that my lawe
Amonges you ne be withdrawe,
There whiles that I ſhall be oute,
Forthy to ſetten out of doubte
Both you and me, thus wol I pray,
That ye me wolde aſſure and ſay
With ſuch an othe, as ye woll take,
That eche of you ſhall undertake
My lawes for to kepe and holde.
They ſaiden alle, that they wolde.
And there upon they ſwore here othe,
That fro that time that he goth,
Till he to hem be come ayeine,
They ſhuld his lawes well and pleine
In every point kepe and fulfill.
Thus hath Ligurgius his will,
And toke his leve and forth he went.
But liſt now well to what entent
Of rightwiſneſſe he did ſo.
For after that he was ago,
He ſhope him never to be founde,
So that Athenes, which was bounde,
Never after ſhulde be releſed,
Ne thilke gode lawe ceſed,
Which was for comun profit ſet.
And in this wiſe he hath it knet,
He, which the commun profite ſought,
The king his owne eſtate ne rought.

To do profite to the comune
He toke of exile the fortune
And lefte of prince thilke office
Only for love and for juſtice,
Through which he thought, if that he might,
For ever after his deth to right
The cite, which was him betake,
Wherof men ought enſample take
The gode lawes to avaunce
With hem, which under governaunce
The lawes have for to kepe.
For who that wolde take kepe
Of hem that firſte lawes founde,
Als fer as laſteth any bounde
Of londe, her names yet ben knowe.
And if it like the to knowe
Some of her names, how they ſtonde,
Now herke, and thou ſhalt underſtonde.
  Of every bienfait the merite
The god him ſelf it woll aquite.
And eke full ofte it falleth ſo,
The worlde it woll aquite alſo,
But that may nought ben even liche.
The god he yiveth the heven riche,
The world yifth only but a name,
Which ſtant upon the gode fame
Of hem, that done the gode dede.
And in this wiſe double mede
Receiven they, that done well here,
Wherof if that the liſt to here

Hic ad eorum laudem, qui juſticie cauſa leges prius ſtatuerunt, aliquorum nomina ſpecialiuscommemorat.

After the fame as it is blowe,
There might thou well the fothe knowe,
How thilke honeft befineffe
Of hem, that firft for rightwifneffe
Among the men the lawes made,
May never upon this erthe fade.
For ever while there is a tunge,
Her name fhall be rede and funge
And holde in the cronique write,
So that the men it fholden wite
To fpeke good, as they well oughten,
Of hem, that firft the lawes foughten
In forthring of the worldes pees.
Unto the Hebrews was Moifes
The firft, and to thegipciens
Mercurius, and to Trojens
Firft was Numa Pompilius,
To Athenes Ligurgius
Yave firft the lawe, and to Gregois,
Foroneus hath thilke vois,
And Romulus to the Romains
For fuche men, that ben vilains,
The lawe in fuch a wife ordeigneth,
That what man to the lawe pleigneth,
Be fo the juge ftond upright,
He fhall be ferved of his right.
And fo ferforth it is befalle,
That lawe is come among us alle,
God leve it mote well bene holde,
As every king therto is holde.

For thing, whiche is of kinges ſet,
With kinges ought it nought be let.
What king of lawe taketh no kepe,
By lawe he may no regne kepe.
Do lawe away, what is a king?
Where is the right of any thing,
If that there be no lawe in londe?
This ought a king well underſtonde,
As he, which is to lawe ſwore,
That if the lawe be forbore
Withouten execucion,
It maketh a lond torne up ſo down,
Which is unto the king a ſclaundre.
Forthy unto king Aliſaundre
The wiſe philoſophre bad,
That he him ſelve firſt be lad
Of lawe, and forth than over all
To do juſtice in generall,
That all the wide lond aboute
The juſtice of his lawe doubte,
And thanne ſhall he ſtonde in reſt.
For therto lawe is one the beſt
Above all other erthly thing
To make a lege drede his king.
  But how a king ſhall gete him love
Toward the highe god above
And eke among the men in erthe
This nexte point, which is the ferthe
Of Ariſtotles lore, it techeth,
Wherof who that the ſcole ſecheth

What policie that it is
The boke reherceth after this.

10. *Nil racionis habens, ubi velle tyrannica regna*
Stringit amor populi, tranſiet exul ibi.
Sed pietas, regnum que conſervabit in evum,
Non tantum populo, ſed placet illa deo.

Hic tractat de quarta principum regiminis policia, que pietas dicta eſt, per quam principes erga populum miſericordes effecti miſericordiam altiſſimi gracius conſequuntur.

It nedeth nought that I delate
The pris, which preiſed is algate
And hath bene ever and ever ſhall,
Wherof to ſpeke in ſpeciall
It is the vertue of pite,
Through which the highe mageſte
Was ſtered, whan his ſone alight
And in pite the world to right
Toke of the maide fleſh and blood.
Pite was cauſe of thilke good,
Wherof that we ben alle ſave.
Well ought a man pite to have
And the vertue to ſet in priſe,
Whan he him ſelf, whiche is all wiſe,
Hath ſhewed, why it ſhall be preiſed.
Pite may nought be counterpeiſed
Of tirannie with no peiſe.
For pite maketh a king curteiſe
Both in his worde and in his dede.
It ſit well every lege drede
His king and to his heſt obey.
And right ſo by the ſame wey
It ſit a king to be pitous
Toward his people and gracious

Upon the reule of governaunce,
So that he worche no vengeaunce,
Which may be cleped cruelte.
Juſtice, which doth equite,
Is dredful, for he no man ſpareth.
But in the lond, where pite fareth,
The king may never faile of love,
For pite through the grace above
So as the philoſophre affermeth,
His regne in good eſtate confermeth.
[Thapoſtel James in this wiſe*
Saith, what man ſhulde do juiſe
And hath not pite forth with all,
The dome of him, which demeth all,
He may him ſelf ful ſore drede,
That him ſhall lacke upon the nede
To finde pite, whan he wolde.
For who that pite woll beholde,
It is a point of Criſtes lore.
And for to loken overmore
It is behovely, as we finde,
To reſon and to lawe of kinde.
Caſſiodore in his apriſe telleth:
The regne is ſauf, where pite dwelleth.
And Tullius his tale avoweth
And ſaith: What king to pite boweth
And with pite ſtont overcome,
He hath that ſhilde of grace nome,

* Only in Berthelette's editions.

Which the kinges yiveth victoire.
Of Alisaundre in his histoire
I rede, how he a worthy knight
Of sodein wrath and not of right
Forjuged hath, and he appelleth.
And with that word the king quareleth
And saith: None is above me.
That wote I wel my lorde, quod he,
Fro thy lordship appele I nought,
But fro thy wrath in all my thought
To thy pite stant min appele.
The king, which understode him wele,
Of pure pite yave him grace.
And eke I rede in other place]

Constantinus imperator ait, vere se deum esse comprobat, qui servum pietatis se facit.

Thus saide whilom Constantine:
What emperour that is encline
To pite for to be servaunt,
Of all the worldes remenaunt
He is worthy to ben a lord.

Trajanus ait, quod ipse subditos suos solite pietatis favore magis quam auctoritatis rigore regere eorumque benevolenciam pocius quam timorem penes se attractare proponebat.

In olde bokes of recorde
Thus finde I write of ensamplaire,
Trajan the worthy debonaire,
By whom that Rome stood governed,
Upon a time, as he was lerned,
Of that he was to familier,
He saide unto that counceller,
That for to ben an emperour
His wil was nought for vein honour
Ne yet for reddour of justice,
But if he might in his office

His lordes and his people plese.
Him thought it were a greater ese
With love her hertes to him drawe,
Than with the drede of any lawe.
For whan a thing is do for doubte,
Ful ofte it cometh the wors aboute.
But where a kinge is pietous,
He is the more gracious,
That mochel thrift him shall betide,
Which elles shulde torne aside.

[To do pite, support, and grace*
The philosophre upon a place
In his writing of daies olde
A tale of great ensample tolde
Unto the king of Macedoine,
How betwene Kaire and Babeloine,
Whan comen is the somer hete,
It hapneth two men for to mete,
As they shulde entren in a pas,
Where that the wildernesse was.
And as they wenten forth spekende
Under the large wodes ende,
That o man axeth of that other:
What man art thou, my leve brother?
Which is thy creaunce and thy feith?
I am paien, that other saith,
And by the lawe, which I use,
I shall nought in my feith refuse

Qualiter Judeus pedester cum pagano equitante itineravit per desertum et ipsum de fide sua interrogavit.

* Only in MS. Stafford, and in the printed editions.

To loven alle men aliche,
The pouer both and eke the riche.
Whan they ben glad I ſhall be glad,
And ſory whan they ben beſtad.
So ſhall I live in unite
With every man in his degre.
For right as to my ſelf I wolde,
Right ſo toward al other I ſholde
Be gracious and debonaire.
Thus have I told the ſoft and faire
My feith, my lawe, and my creaunce.
And if the liſt for aqueintaunce,
Now tell, what maner man thou art?
And he anſwerde upon his part:
I am a Jewe, and by my lawe
I ſhall to no man be felawe
To kepe him trouth in word ne dede,
But if he be withoute drede
A verray Jew right as am I.
For elles I may trewely
Bereve him bothe life and good.
The paien herde and underſtood
And thought it was a wonder lawe.
And thus upon her ſondry ſawe
Talkende bothe forth they went.
The day was hote, the ſonne brent,
The paien rode upon an aſſe,
And of his catell more and laſſe
With him a riche truſſe he ladde.
The Jew, which all untrouthe hadde

And went upon his feet beſide,
Bethought him how he mighte ride,
And with his wordes ſligh and wiſe
Unto the paien in this wiſe
He ſaid : O, now it ſhall be ſene,
What thing it is, thou woldeſt mene.
For if thy lawe be certain,
As thou haſt tolde, I dare well ſain,
Thou wolt beholde my deſtreſſe,
Which am ſo full of werineſſe,
That I ne may unethe go,
And let me ride a mile or two.
So that I may my body eſe.
  The paien wold him nought diſpleſe
Of that he ſpake, but in pite
It liſt him for to knowe and ſe
The pleinte, which that other made.
And for he wolde his herte glade,
He light and made him nothing ſtraunge,
Thus was there made a newe chaunge.
The paien goth, the Jewe alofte
Was ſet upon his aſſe ſofte.
So gone they forth carpende faſte
On this and that, till ate laſte
The paien mighte go no more
And praide unto the Jew therfore
To ſuffre him ride a litel while.
The Jew, which thought him to beguile,
Anone rode forth the grete pas
And to the paien in this cas

He ſaide: Thou haſt do thy right,
Of that thou haddeſt me behight
To do ſuccour upon my nede,
And that accordeth to the dede,
As thou art to the lawe holde.
And in ſuch wiſe, as I the tolde,
I thenke alſo for my partie
Upon the lawe of Jewerie
To worche and do my duete.
Thin aſſe ſhall go forth with me
With all thy good, which I have ſeſed,
And that I wot thou art diſeſed,
I am right glad and nought miſpaid.
And whan he hath theſe wordes ſaid,
In alle haſte he rode away.
  This paien wot none other way,
But on the grounde he kneleth even,
His handes up unto the heven,
And ſaid: O highe ſothfaſtneſſe,
That loveſt alle rightwiſneſſe,
Unto thy dome, lorde, I appele,
Beholde and deme my querele
With humble herte I the beſeche,
The mercy bothe and eke the wreche
I ſet all in thy jugement.
And thus upon his marrement
This paien hath made his preiere.
And than he roſe with drery chere
And goth him forth, and in his gate
He caſt his eye about algate,

The Jewe if that he mighte ſe.
But for a time it may nought be,
Till ate laſt ayein the night,
So as god wolde he went aright
As he, which held the highe wey.
And than he ſigh in a valley,
Where that the Jewe liggend was,
All bloody dede upon the gras,
Which ſtraungled was of a leon.
And as he loked up and down,
He found his aſſe faſte by
Forth with his harneis redely
All hole and ſound as he it lefte,
Whan that the Jewe it him berefte.
Wherof he thonked god knelende.
  Lo, thus a man may knowe at ende,
How the pitous pite deſerveth.
For what man that to pite ſerveth,
As Ariſtotle it bereth witneſſe,
God ſhall his fomen ſo repreſſe,
That they ſhall ay ſtond under fote.
Pite men ſain is thilke rote,
Wherof the vertues ſpringen alle.
What infortune that befalle
In any lond, lack of pite,
Is cauſe of thilke adverſite.
And that alday may ſhewe at eye,
Who that the world diſcretely ſigh.
Good is that every man therfore
Take hede of that is ſaid to-fore.

For of this tale and other inowe
Theſe noble princes whilom drowe
Her evidence and her appriſe,
As men may finde in many a wiſe,
Who that theſe olde bokes rede.
And though they ben in erthe dede,
Her gode name may nought deie
For pite, which they wold obey
To do the dedes of mercy.
And who this tale redely
Remembre, as Ariſtotle it tolde,
He may the will of god beholde
Upon the point as it was ended,
Wherof that pite ſtood commended,
Whiche is to charite felawe,
As they that kepen both o lawe.]

Nota hic de principis pietate erga populum, ubi narrat, quod cum Codrus rex Athenarum contra Dorences bellum gerere deberet, conſulto prius Apolline reſponſum accepit, quod unum de duobus videlicet aut ſeipſum in prelio interfici et populum ſuum ſalvare, aut populum interfici et ſe ſalvum fieri eligere oporteret. Super quo rex pietate motus plebiſque ſue magis quam proprii corporis ſalutem affectans, mortem ſibi preelegit et ſic bellum aggrediens pro vita multorum ſolus interiit.

Of pite for to ſpeke pleine,
Which is with mercy well beſeine,
Full ofte he woll him ſelve peine
To kepe an other fro the peine.
For charite the moder is
Of pite, which nothing amis
Can ſuffre, if he it may amende.
It ſit to every man livende
To be pitous, but none ſo wele
As to a king, which on the whele
Fortune hath ſet aboven all.
For in a king, if ſo befalle,
That his pite be ferme and ſtable,
To all the londe it is vailable

Only through grace of his perſone.
For the pite of him alone
May all the large roialme ſave.
So ſit it wel a king to have
Pite. For this Valeire tolde
And ſaid, how that by daies olde
Codrus, which was in his degree
King of Athenes the citee,
A werre he had ayein Dorence.
And for to take his evidence,
What ſhall befalle of the bataile,
He thought he wolde him firſt counſeile
With Apollo, in whom he triſte,
Through whoſe anſwere thus he wiſte
Of two points, that he mighte cheſe,
Or that he wolde his body leſe
And in bataile him ſelve deie,
Or elles the ſeconde wey
To ſeen his people diſcomfite.
But he, which pite hath parfite
Upon the point of his beleve,
The people thoughte to releve
And cheſe him ſelve to be dede.
Where is now ſuch another hede,
Which wolde for the limmes die?
And netheles in ſome partie
It ought a kinges herte ſtere,
That he his lege men forbere.
And eke toward his enemies
Full ofte he may deſerve priſe

To take of pite remembraunce,
Where that he mighte do vengeaunce.
For whan a king hath the victoire
And than he drawe into memoire
To do pite in ſtede of wreche,
He may nought fail of thilke ſpeche,
Wherof ariſt the worldes fame,
To yive a prince a worthy name.

Hic ponit exemplum de victorioſi principis pietate erga adverſarios ſuos, et narrat, quod cum Pompeius Romanorum imperator regem Armenie adverſarium ſuum in bello victum cepiſſet captumque vinculis alligatum Rome tenuiſſet, tyrannidis iracundie ſtimulos poſtponens, pietatis manſuetudinem operatus eſt. Dixit enim, quod nobilius eſt regem facere quam deponere, ſuper quo dictum regem abſque ulla redempcione non ſolum a vinculis abſolvit, ſed ad ſui regni culmen gratuita voluntate coronatum reſtituit.

I rede, how whilom that Pompey,
To whom that Rome muſt obey,
A werre had in jeopartie
Ayein the king of Armenie,
Which of long time him hadde greved.
But ate laſt it was acheved,
That he this king diſcomfit hadde
And forth with him to Rome ladde
As priſoner, where many a day
In ſory plite and pouer he lay,
The corone on his hede depoſed,
Withinne walles faſt encloſed.
And with full great humilite
He ſuffreth his adverſite.
Pompeie ſigh his pacience
And toke pite with conſcience,
So that upon his highe deis
To-fore all Rome in his paleis,
As he, that wolde upon him rewe,
Let yive him his corone newe
And his eſtate all full and pleine
Reſtoreth of his regne ayein

And ſaid, it was more goodly thing
To make than undone a king
To him, which power had of bothe.
Thus they, that weren bothe wrothe,
Accorden hem to finall pees.
And yet juſtice nethelees
Was kept and in nothing offended,
Wherof Pompey is yet commended.
There may no king him ſelf excuſe,
But if juſtice he kepe and uſe,
Which for to eſcheue cruelte
He mote attempre with pite.
Of cruelte the felony
Engendred is of tiranny,
Ayein the whoſe condition
God is him ſelf the champion,
Whoſe ſtrengthe may no man withſtonde.
For ever yet it hath ſo ſtonde,
That god a tiraunt over ladde.
But where pite the reine ladde,
There mighte no fortune laſt,
Which was grevous. But ate laſt
The god him ſelf it hath redreſſed.
Pite is thilke vertue bleſſed,
Which never let his maiſter falle.
But cruelte though it ſo falle,
That it may regne for a throwe,
God woll it ſhall ben over throwe,
Wherof enſamples ben inough
Of hem, that thilke merel drowe.

Hic loquitur contra illos, qui tyrannica poteſtate principatum obtinentes iniquitatis ſue malicia gloriantur, et narrat in exemplum, qualiter Leoncius tyrannus pium Juſtinianum non ſolum a ſolio imperatorie mageſtatis fraudulenter expulſit, ſed ut ipſe inhabilis ad regnum in aſpectu plebis efficiretur, naſo et labris abſciſis, ipſum tyrannice mutilavit. Deus tamen, qui ſuper omnia pius eſt, Tiberio ſuperveniente una cum adjutorio Terbellis Bulgarie regis, Juſtinianum interfecto Leoncio ad imperium reſtitui miſericorditer procuravit.

Of cruelte I rede thus,
Whan the tirant Leoncius
Was to thempire of Rome arrived,
Fro which he hath with ſtrengthe prived
The pietous Juſtinian,
As he, which was a cruel man,
His naſe of and his lippes both
He kut, for he wolde him loth
Unto the people and make unable.
But he, which all is merciable,
The highe god ordeineth ſo,
That he within a time alſo,
Whan he was ſtrongeſt in his ire,
Was ſhoven out of his empire.
Tiberius the power hadde
And Rome after his will he ladde,
And for Leonce in ſuche a wiſe
Ordeineth, that he toke juiſe
Of naſe and lippes bothe two,
For that he did another ſo,
Which more worthy was than he.
Lo, which a fall hath cruelte,
And pite was ſet up ayein.
For after that the bokes ſain,
Terbellis king of Bulgarie
With helpe of his chivalrie
Juſtinian hath unpriſoned
And to thempire ayein coroned.

Hic loquitur ulterius de crudelitate Siculi tyranni necnon et de

In a cronique I finde alſo
Of Siculus, which was eke ſo

A cruel king like the tempeſt,
The whom no pite might areſt.
He was the firſt, as bokes ſay,
Upon the ſee, which found galey
And let hem make for the werre,
As he, which all was out of herre
Fro pite and miſericorde,
For therto couthe he nought accorde.
But whom he mighte ſlain, he ſlough,
And therof was he glad inough.
He had of counſeil many one,
Among the whiche there was one,
By name which Berillus hight.
And he bethought him, how he might
Unto the tirant do liking.
And of his own ymagining
Let forge and make a bulle of bras,
And on the ſide caſt there was
A dore, where a man may inne,
Whan he his peine ſhall beginne
Through fire, which that men put under.
And all this did he for a wonder,
That whan a man for peine cride,
The bull of bras, which gapeth wide,
It ſhulde ſeme, as though it were
A bellewing in a mannes ere
And nought the crieng of a man.
But he, which alle ſleightes can,
The devil, that lith in helle faſt,
Him that it caſt hath overcaſt,

Berillo eiuſdem conſiliario, qui ad tormentum populi quendam taurum eneum tyrannica conjectura fabricari conſtituit, in quo tamen ipſe prior proprio crimine illud exigente uſque ad ſui interitus expiracionem judicialiter torquebatur.

That for a trespas, which he dede,
He was put in the same stede.
And was him self the first of alle,
Which was into that peine falle,
That he for other men ordeigneth.
There was no man that him compleigneth.
Of tyranny and cruelte
By this ensample a king may se
Him selfe and eke his counseil bothe,
How they ben to mankinde lothe
And to the god abhominable.
Ensamples that ben concordable
I finde of other princes mo,
As thou shalt here of time ago.

Nota hic de Dionisio tyranno, qui mire crudelitatis severitate eciam hospites suos ad devorandum equis suis tribuit, cui Hercules tandem superveniens victum impium in impietate sua pari morte conclusit.

The grete tirant Dionise,
Which mannes life set of no prise,
Unto his hors full ofte he yafe
The men in stede of corne and chafe.
So that the hors of thilke stood
Devoureden the mannes blood,
Till fortune ate laste came,
That Hercules him overcame,
And he right in the same wise
Of this tirant toke the juise.
As he till other men hath do,
The same deth he deied also,
That no pite him hath socoured,
Till he was of his hors devoured.

Nota hic de consimili Lichaontis tyrannia, qui carnes

Of Lichaon also I finde,
How he ayein the lawe of kinde

His hoſtes ſlough and into mete
He made her bodies to ben ete
With other men within his hous.
But Jupiter the glorious,
Which was commeved of this thing,
Vengeaunce upon this cruel king
So toke, that he fro mannes forme
Into a wolfe him let transforme.
And thus the cruelte was kid,
Which of long time he hath hid.
A wolfe he was than openly,
The whoſe nature prively
He had in his condicion.
And unto this concluſion,
That tiranny is to deſpiſe,
I finde enſample in ſondry wiſe
And namelich of hem full ofte,
The whom fortune hath ſet alofte
Upon the werres for to winne.
But how ſo that the wrong beginne
Of tiranny it may nought laſte,
But ſuche as they done ate laſte
To other men, ſuche on hem falleth.
For ayein ſuche pite calleth
Vengeaunce to the god above.
For who that hath no tendre love
In ſaving of a mannes life,
He ſhall be founde ſo giltiſe,
That whan he wolde mercy crave,
In time of nede he ſhall none have.

hominum hominibus in ſuo hoſpicio ad veſcendum dedit, cuius formam condicioni ſimilem Jupiter coequans ipſum in lupum transformavit.

Nota, qualiter leo hominibus ſtratis parcit.

Of the nature this I finde,
The fierce leon in his kinde,
Which goth rampend after his pray,
If he a man finde in his way,
He woll him ſlain, if he withſtonde.
But if the man couth underſtonde
To fall anone to-fore his face
In ſigne of mercy and of grace,
The leon ſhall of his nature
Reſtreigne his ire in ſuch meſure,
As though it were a beſte tamed,
And torne awey halfing aſhamed,
That he the man ſhall nothing greve.
How ſhulde than a prince acheve
The worldes grace, if that he wolde
Deſtruie a man, whan he is yolde
And ſtant upon his mercy all?
But for to ſpeke in ſpeciall
There have be ſuch, and yet there be
Tiraunts, whoſe hertes no pite
May to no point of mercy ply,
That they upon her tiranny
Ne gladen hem the men to ſlee.
And as the rages of the ſee
Ben unpitous in the tempeſt,
Right ſo may no pite areſt
Of cruelte the great oultrage,
Which the tiraunt in his corage
Engendred hath, wherof I finde
A tale, which cometh now to minde.

I rede in olde bokes thus,
There was a duke, which Spertachus
Men clepe, and was a werriour,
A cruel man, a conquerour
With ſtronge power, which he lad.
For this condition he had,
That where him hapneth the victoire,
His luſt and all his moſt gloire
Was for to ſlee and nought to ſave.
Of raunſom wolde he no good have
For ſaving of a mannes life,
But all goth to the ſwerde and knife,
So leſe him was the mannes blood.
And netheles yet thus it ſtood,
So as fortune aboute went,
He fell right heire as by deſcent
To Pers and was coroned king.
And whan the worſhip of this thing
Was falle, and he was kinge of Perſe,
If that they weren firſt diverſe,
The tirannies, which he wrought,
A thouſand fold wel more he ſought
Than afterward to do malice,
Till god vengeaunce ayein the vice
Hath ſhape. For upon a tide,
Whan he was higheſt in his pride,
In his rancour and in his hete,
Ayein the quene of Marſegete,
Which Thamaris that time hight,
He made werre all that he might.

Hic loquitur precipue contra tyrannos illos, qui cum in bello vincere poſſunt, humani ſanguinis effuſione ſaturari nequeunt, et narrat in exemplum de quodam Perſarum rege, cuius nomen Spertachus erat, qui pre ceteris tunc in oriente bellicoſus et victorioſus, quoſcunque gladio vincere poterat, abſque pietate interfici conſtituit. Sed tandem ſub manu Thamaris Marſegetarum regine in bello captus, quam a diu queſivit, ſeveritatem pro ſeveritate finaliter invenit. Nam et ipſa quoddam vas de ſanguine Perſarum plenum ante ſe afferre decrevit, in quo caput tyranni uſque ad mortem mergens dixit: O tyrannorum crudeliſſime, ſemper eſuriens ſanguinem ſitiſti, ecce jam ad ſaturitatem ſanguinem bibe.

And ſhe, which wolde her lond defende,
Her owne ſone ayein him ſende,
Which the defence hath undertake,
But he diſcomfit was and take.
And whan this king him had in honde,
He wol no mercy underſtonde,
But did him ſleen in his preſence.
The tiding of this violence
Whan it cam to the moders ere,
She ſende anone ay wide where
To ſuche frendes as ſhe had,
A great power till that ſhe lad
In ſondry wiſe, and tho ſhe caſt,
How ſhe this king may overcaſt.
And ate laſt accorded was,
That in the daunger of a pas,
Through which this tiraunt ſhulde pas,
She ſhope his power to compas
With ſtrength of men by ſuch a wey,
That he ſhall nought eſcape awey.
And whan ſhe hadde thus ordeigned,
She hath her owne body feigned
For fere as though ſhe wolde flee
Out of her londe. And whan that he
Hath herde, how that this lady fledde,
So faſt after the chace he ſpedde,
That he was founde out of array.
For it betid upon a day
Into the pas, whan he was falle,
Thembusſhements to-breken alle

And him beclipt on every ſide,
That flee ne might he nought aſide.
So that there weren dede and take
Two hundred thouſand for his ſake,
That weren with him of his hoſte.
And thus was laid the grete boſte
Of him and of his tiranny.
It halp no mercy for to cry
To him, which whilom dide none,
For he unto the quene anone
Was brought, and whan that ſhe him ſigh,
This word ſhe ſpake and ſaid on high:
O man, which out of mannes kinde
Reſon of man haſt left behinde
And lived worſe than a beſte,
Whom pite mighte nought areſte
The mannes blood to ſhede and ſpille,
Thou haddeſt never yet thy fille.
But now the laſte time is come,
That thy malice is overcome,
As thou till other men haſt do,
Now ſhall be do to the right ſo.
Tho bad this lady, that men ſholde
A veſſel bringe, in which ſhe wolde
Se the vengeaunce of his juiſe,
Which ſhe began anone deviſe,
And toke the princes, which he ladde,
By whom his chefe counſeil he hadde.
And while hem laſteth any breth,
She made hem blede to the deth

Into the veſſel where it ſtood,
And whan it was fulfild of blood,
She caſte this tiraunt therinne
And ſaid him : Lo, thus might thou winne
The luſtes of thine appetite.
In blood was whilom thy delite,
Now ſhalt thou drinken all thy fille.
And thus onlich of goddes wille
He, which that wolde him ſelven ſtraunge
To pite, found mercy ſo ſtraunge,
That he withoute grace is lore.
So may it ſhewe well therefore,
That cruelte hath no good ende.
But pite how ſo that it wende
Maketh that god is merciable,
If there be cauſe reſonable,
Why that a king ſhall be pitous.
But elles if he be doubtous
To ſleen in cauſe of rightwiſneſſe,
It may be ſaid no pitouſneſſe,
But it is puſillamite,
Whiche every prince ſhulde flee.
For if pite meſure excede,
Knighthode may nought wel procede
To do juſtiſe upon the right.
For it belongeth to a knight
As gladly for to fight as reſte
To ſet his lege people in reſte,
Whan that the werre upon hem falleth.
For than he mote, as it befalleth,

Of his knighthode as a leon
Be to the people a champion
Withoute any pite feigned.
For if manhode be reſtreigned,
Or be it pees, or be it werre,
Juſtice goth all out of herre,
So that knighthode is ſet behinde.
  Of Ariſtotles lore I finde,
A king ſhall make good viſage,
That no man knowe of his corage,
But all honour and worthineſſe.
For if a king ſhall upon geſſe
Withoute verray cauſe drede,
He may be liche to that I rede.
And though that be lich a fable,
Thenſample is good and reſonable.
  As it by olde daies fell,
I rede whilom that an hill
Up in the londes of Archade
A wonder dredfull noiſe it made.
For ſo it fell that ilke day,
This hill on his childinge lay.
And whan the throwes on him come,
His noiſe lich the day of dome
Was ferefull in a mannes thought
Of thing, which that they ſighe nought.
But well they herden all aboute
The noiſe, of which they were in doubte
As they, that wenden to be lore
Of thing, which thanne was unbore.

Hic loquitur ſecundum philoſophum dicens, quod ſicut non decet principes tyrannica impetuoſitate eſſe crudeles, ita nec decet timoroſa puſillanimitate eſſe vecordes.

The nere this hill was upon chaunce
To taken his deliveraunce,
The more unbuxomlich he cride.
And every man was fled aside
For drede and left his owne hous.
And ate last it was a mous,
The which was bore and to norice
Betake. And tho they helde hem nice,
For they withoute cause dradde.
Thus if a king his herte ladde
With every thing, that he shall here,
Ful ofte he shulde chaunge his chere
And upon fantasie drede,
Whan that there is no cause of drede.

Nota hic secundum Oracium de magnanimo Yacide et pusillanimo Thersite.

Orace to his prince tolde,
That him were lever, that he wolde
Upon knighthode Achillem sue
In time of werre, than escheue
So as Thersites did at Troy.
Achilles al his hole joy
Set upon armes for to fight.
Thersites sought all that he might
Unarmed for to stonde in reste.
But of the two it was the beste,
That Achilles upon the nede
Hath do, wherof his knightlihede
Is yet commended overall.

Salomon. Tempus belli, tempus pacis.

King Salomon in speciall
Saith: As there is a time of pees,
So is a time netheles

Of werre, in whiche a prince algate
Shall for the comun right debate
And for his owne worſhip eke.
But it behoveth nought to ſeke
Only the werre for worſhip,
But to the right of his lordſhip,
Which he is holde to defende
Mote every worthy prince entende
Betwene the ſimpleſſe of pite
And the foolhaſte of cruelte.
Where ſtant the verray hardieſſe,
There mote a king his herte adreſſe,
Whan it is time to forſake,
And whan time is alſo to take
The dedly werres upon honde,
That he ſhall for no drede wonde,
If rightwiſneſſe be withall.
For god is mighty over all
To furtheren every mannes trouthe,
But it be through his owne ſlouthe,
And namely the kinges nede
It may nought faile for to ſpede.
For he ſtant one for hem alle,
So mote it well the better falle.
And wel the more god favoureth,
Whan he the comun right ſocoureth.
And for to ſe the ſoth in dede,
Behold the bible and thou might rede
Of great enſamples many one,
Wherof that I wil tellen one.

Nota, qualiter inter duo extrema conſiſtit virtus.

Hic dicit, quod princeps justicie causa bellum nullo modo timere debet. Et narrat, qualiter dux Gedeon cum solis trecentis viris quinque reges scilicet Madianitarum, Amalechitarum, Amonitanorum, Amoreorum et Jebuseorum cum eorum exercitu, qui ad nonaginta milia numeratus est, gracia cooperante divina, victoriose in fugam convertit.

Upon a time as it befell
Ayein Jude and Israel,
Whan sondry kinges come were
In purpos to destruie there
The people, which god kepte tho,
And stood in thilke daies so,
That Gedeon, which shulde lede
The goddes folk, toke him to rede
And sende in all the lond aboute,
Till he assembled hath a route
With thritty thousand of defence
To fight and make resistence
Ayein the which hem wolde assaile.
And netheles that o bataile
Of thre, that weren enemis,
Was double more than was all his,
Wherof that Gedeon him drad,
That he so litel people had.
But he, which alle thing may helpe,
Where that there lacketh mannes helpe,
To Gedeon his aungel sent
And bad, er that he further went,
All openly that he do cry,
That every man in his party,
Which wolde after his owne will
In his delite abide still
At home in any maner wise
For purchace or for covetise,
For lust of love or lacke of herte,
He shulde nought aboute sterte,

But holde him ſtill at home in pees.
Wherof upon the morwe he lees
Wel twenty thouſand men and mo,
The which after the cry ben go.
Thus was with him but only left
The thridde parte, and yet god eft
His aungel ſend and ſaide this
To Gedeon: If it ſo is,
That I thin help ſhall undertake,
Thou ſhalt yet laſſe people take,
By whom my will is, that thou ſpede.
Forthy to morwe take good hede,
Unto the flood whan ye be come,
What man that hath the water nome
Up in his hande and lappeth ſo,
To thy part cheſe out alle tho,
And him, which wery is to ſwinke,
Upon his wombe and lith to drinke,
Forſake and put hem al awey.
For I am mighty alle wey,
Where as me liſt min help to ſhewe
In gode men, though they be fewe.
  This Gedeon awaiteth wele
Upon the morwe and every dele,
As god him bad, right ſo he dede.
And thus ther leften in that ſtede
With him thre hundred and no mo,
The remenaunt was all ago.
Wherof that Gedeon merveileth
And therupon with god counſeileth

Pleining, as ferforth as he dare.
And god, which wolde he were ware,
That he ſhall ſpede upon his right,
Hath bede him go the ſame night
And take a man with him to here,
What ſhall be ſpoke in this matere
Among the hethen enemies,
So may he be the more wiſe,
What afterwarde him ſhall befalle.
This Gedeon amonges alle
Phara, to whom he triſte moſt,
By night toke toward thilke hoſt,
Which logged was in a valey,
To here, what they wolden ſay.
Upon his fote and as he ferde,
Two Sarazins ſpekend he herde.
Quod one: Arede my ſweven aright,
Whiche I met in my ſlepe to night.
Me thought I ſigh a barly cake,
Which fro the hille his wey hath take
And come rollend down at ones,
And as it were for the nones
Forth in his cours, ſo as it ran,
The kinges tent of Madian,
Of Amalech, of Amorie,
Of Amon and of Jebuſeie
And many another tente mo
With grete noiſe as me thought tho
It threw to grounde and over caſt
And all his hoſt ſo ſore agaſt,

That I awoke for pure drede.
This ſweven can I well arede,
Quod thother Sarazin anone,
The barly cake is Gedeon,
Which fro the hill down ſodeinly
Shall come and ſette ſuch aſkry
Upon the kinges and us both,
That it ſhall to us alle lothe.
For in ſuch drede he ſhall us bringe,
That if we hadde flight of winge,
The wey one fote in deſpeire
We ſholden leve and flee in thaire.
For there ſhal nothing him withſtonde.
Whan Gedeon hath underſtonde
This tale, he thonketh god of alle,
And privelich ayein he ſtalle,
So that no life him hath perceived.
And than he hath fully conceived,
That he ſhall ſpede. And therupon
The night ſuend he ſhope to gone
This multitude to aſſaile.
  Now ſhalt thou here a great merveile,
With what wiſdome that he wrought.
The litel people, which he brought,
Was none of hem, that he ne hath
A pot of erthe, in whiche he tath
A light brenning in a creſſet,
And eche of hem eke a trompet
Bare in his other hond beſide.
And thus upon the nightes tide

Duke Gedeon whan it was derke
Ordeineth him unto his werke,
And parteth than his folke in thre
And chargeth hem, that they ne flee.
And taught hem how they ſhuld aſkry
All in o vois par compaigny.
And what worde eke they ſhulde ſpeke,
And how they ſhulde her pottes breke
Echone with other, whan they herde,
That he him ſelve firſt ſo ferde.
For whan they come into the ſtede,
He bad hem do right as he dede.
And thus ſtalkende forth a pas
This noble duke whan time was
His pot to-brake and loude aſkride,
And tho they breke on every ſide.
The trompe was nought for to ſeke,
He blewe, and ſo they blewen eke
With ſuch a noiſe amonge hem alle,
As though the heven ſhulde falle.
The hill unto her vois anſwerde.
This hoſte in the valey it herde
And ſigh, how that the hill alight,
So what of hering and of ſight
They caughten ſuch a ſodein fere,
That none of hem be lefte there.
The tentes holy they forſoke,
That they none other good ne toke,
But only with her body bare
They fledde, as doth the wilde hare.

And ever upon the hill they blewe,
Till that they ſighen time and knewe,
That they be fled upon the rage.
And whan they wiſte their avauntage,
They fell anone unto the chace.
 Thus might thou ſe, how goddes grace
Unto the gode men availeth.
But elles ofte time it faileth
To ſuch as be nought well diſpoſed.
This tale nedeth nought be gloſed,
For it is openliche ſhewed,
That god to hem that ben well thewed
Hath yove and graunted the victoire,
So that thenſample of this hiſtoire
Is good for every king to holde.
Firſt in himſelf that he beholde,
If he be good of his living,
And that the folk, which he ſhal bring,
Be good alſo, for than he may
Be glad of many a mery day,
In what that ever he hath to done.
For he, which ſit above the mone
And alle thing may ſpill and ſpede
In every cauſe and every nede,
His gode king ſo well adreſſeth,
That all his fomen he repreſſeth.
So that there may no man him dere.
And alſo well he can forbere
And ſuffre a wicked king to falle
In hondes of his fomen alle.

Hic dicit, quod ubi et quando causa et tempus requirunt, princeps illos sub potestate sua, quos justicie adversarios agnoverit, occidere de jure tenetur. Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo, quod Saul regem Agag in bello devictum juxta Samuelis consilium occidere noluit, ipse divino judicio non solum a regno Israel privatus, sed et heredes sui pro perpetuo exheredati sunt.

Now furthermore if I shall sain
Of my matere and torne ayein
To speke of justice and pite
After the reule of realte,
This may a king well understonde,
Knighthode mot be take on honde,
Whan that it stant upon the nede,
He shall no rightfull cause drede,
No more of werre than of pees,
If he woll stonde blameles.
For suche a cause a king may have,
That better him is to slee than save.
Wherof thou might ensample finde.
The highe maker of mankinde
By Samuel to Saul bad,
That he shall nothing ben adrad
Ayein king Agag for to fight.
For this the godhede him behight,
That Agag shall be overcome.
And whan it is so ferforth come,
That Saul hath him descomfite,
The god bad make no respite,
That he ne shulde him sleen anone.
But Saul let it overgone
And dide nought the goddes heste.
For Agag made a great beheste
Of raunsom, which he wolde yive.
King Saul suffreth him to live
And feigneth pite forth withall.
But he, which seeth and knoweth all,

The highe god, of that he feigneth,
To Samuel upon him pleigneth
And ſend him word, for that he lefte
Of Agag that he ne berefte
The life, he ſhall nought only deie
Him ſelf, but fro his regalie
He ſhall be put for evermo,
Nought he, but eke his heire alſo,
That it ſhall never come ayein.
  Thus might thou ſe the ſothe plein,
That of to moch and of to lite
Upon the princes ſtant the wite.
But ever it was a kinges right
To do the dedes of a knight.
For in the hondes of a king
The dethe and life is all o thing
After the lawes of juſtice.
To ſleen it is a dedly vice,
But if a man the deth deſerve.
And if a king the life preſerve
Of him, which oughte for to deie,
He ſueth nought thenſamplarie,
Which in the bible is evident,
How David in his teſtament,
Whan he no lenger mighte live,
Unto his ſone in charge hath yive,
That he Joab ſhall ſleen algate.
And whan David was gone his gate,
The yonge wiſe Salomone
His faders heſte did anone

Hic narrat ulterius ſuper eodem, qualiter David in extremis juſticie cauſa ut Joab occideretur abſque ulla remiſſione filio ſuo Salomoni injunxit.

And ſlew Joab in ſuch a wiſe,
That they that herden the juiſe
Ever after dradden him the more.
And god was eke well paid therfore,
That he ſo wolde his herte ply
The lawes for to juſtify.
And yet he kepte forth withall
Pite, ſo as a prince ſhall,
That he no tirannie wrought.
He found the wiſdom, which he ſought,
And was ſo rightfull netheles,
That all his life he ſtood in pees,
That he no dedly werres had,
For every man his wiſdom drad.
And as he was him ſelve wiſe,
Right ſo the worthy men of priſe
He hath of his counſeil witholde,
For that is every prince holde
To make of ſuch his retenue,
Which wiſe ben, and to remue
The fooles. For there is nothing,
Which may be better about a king,
Than counſeil, which is the ſubſtaunce
Of all a kinges governaunce.

Hic dicit, quod populum ſibi commiſſum bene regere ſuper omnia principi laudabilius eſt. Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo, quod Salomon, ut populum bene regeret, ab altiſſi-

In Salomon a man may ſe,
What thing of moſt neceſſite
Unto a worthy king belongeth.
Whan he his kingdom underfongeth,
God bad him cheſe what he wolde
And ſaide him, that he have ſholde,

What he wold axe, as of o thing.
And he, which was a newe king,
Forth therupon his bone praide
To god, and in this wise saide:
O king, by whom that I shall regne,
Yive me wisdome, that I my regne
Forth with the people, which I have,
To thin honour may kepe and save.
Whan Salomon his bone hath taxed,
The god of that which he hath axed
Was right well paid and graunteth sone
Nought all only that he his bone
Shall have of that, but of richesse,
Of hele, of pees, of high noblesse
Forth with wisdom at his axinges,
Which stant above all other thinges.
But what king woll his regne save,
First him behoveth for to have
After the god and his beleve
Such counseil, which is to beleve
Fullfild of trouth and rightwisnesse.
But above all in his noblesse
Betwene the reddour and pite
A king shall do suche equite
And sette the balaunce in even,
So that the highe god in heven
And all the people of his nobley
Loenge unto his name say.
For most above all erthly good,
Where that a king him self is good,

mo sapienciam specialius postulavit, omnia bona pariter cum illa sibi habundancius advenerunt.

Hic dicit secundum Salomonem, quod regie magestatis imperium ante omnia sano consilio dirigendum est.

It helpeth, for in other wey,
If ſo be that a king forſwey,
Full oft er this it hath be ſain,
The comun people is overlain
And hath the kinges ſin abought,
All though the people agulte nought.
Of that the king his god miſſerveth,
The people taketh, that he deſerveth
Here in this world, but elles where
I not how it ſhall ſtonde there.
Forthy good is a king to triſte
Firſt to him ſelf, as he ne wiſte,
None other help but god allone,
So ſhall the reule of his perſone
Within him ſelf through providence
Ben of the better conſcience.
And for to finde enſample of this
A tale I rede, and ſoth it is.

Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

In a cronique it telleth thus,
The king of Rome Lucius
Within his chambre upon a night
The ſteward of his hous a knight
Forth with his chamberlein alſo
To counſeil hadde bothe two,
And ſtoden by the chimenee
To-gider ſpekend alle thre.
And hapneth that the kinges fole
Sat by the fire upon a ſtole,
As he, that with his babel plaide,
But yet he herde all that they ſaide,

Hic de Lucio imperatore exemplum ponit, qualiter princeps ſui nominis famam a ſecretis conſiliariis ſapienter inveſtigare debet, et ſi quid in ea ſiniſtrum invenerit, proviſa diſcrecione ad dexteram convertat.

And therof toke they non hede.
The king hem axeth what to rede
Of ſuch matere as cam to mouth.
And they him tolden as they couth.
Whan all was ſpoke of that they ment,
The king with all his hole entent
Than ate laſt hem axeth this,
What king men tellen that he is
Among the folk touchend his name,
Or it be pris, or it be blame,
Right after that they herden ſain
He bad hem for to telle it plein,
That they no point of ſoth forbere
By thilke feith, that they him bere.
  The ſteward firſt upon this thing
Yaf his anſwere unto the king
And thoughte gloſe in this matere
And ſaid, als fer as he can here,
His name is good and honourable.
Thus was the ſteward favourable,
That he the trouthe plein ne tolde.
  The king than axeth, as he ſholde,
The chamberlein of his aviſe,
And he, that was ſubtil and wiſe
And ſomdele thought upon his feith,
Him tolde, how all the people ſaith,
That if his counſeil were trewe,
They wiſte thanne well and knewe,
That of him ſelf he ſhulde be
A worthy king in his degre.

And thus the counſeil he accuſeth
In party and the king excuſeth.
The fool, which herde of all the cas,
What time as goddes wille was,
Sigh, that they ſaiden nought inough,
And hem to ſcorne bothe lough,
And to the king he ſaide tho:
Sir king, if that it were ſo
Of wiſdome in thin owne mode,
That thou thy ſelven were good,
Thy counſeil ſhulde nought be bad.
The king therof merveile had,
Whan that a fool ſo wiſely ſpake,
And of him ſelf found out the lacke
Within his owne conſcience.
And thus the fooles evidence,
Which was of goddes grace enſpired,
Maketh, that good counſeil was deſired.
He put awey the vicious
And toke to him the vertuous.
The wrongfull lawes ben amended,
The londes good is well deſpended,
The people was no more opreſſed
And thus ſtood every thing redreſſed.
For where a king is propre wiſe
And hath ſuch as him ſelven is
Of his counſeil, it may nought faile,
That every thing ne ſhal availe.
The vices thanne gone awey,
And every vertu holt his wey,

Wherof the highe god is plesed
And all the londes folke is esed.
For if the comun people cry
And than a king list nought to ply
To here, what the clamour wolde,
And other wise than he sholde
Desdaineth for to done hem grace,
It hath be seen in many place,
There hath befalle great contraire,
And that I finde of ensamplaire.
After the deth of Salomone,
Whan thilke wise king was gone
And Roboas in his persone
Receive shulde the corone,
The people upon a parlement
Avised were of one assent
And all unto the king they preiden
With comun vois and thus they saiden:
Our lege lord, we the beseche,
That thou receive our humble speche
And graunt us, that which reson will
Or of thy grace or of thy skill.
Thy fader, while he was alive
And mighte bothe graunt and prive,
Upon the werkes, which he had,
The comun people streite lad,
Whan he the temple made newe.
Thing, which men never afore knewe,
He brought up than of his tallage,
And all was under the visage

Hic dicit, quod seniores magis experti ad principis consilium admittendi pocius existunt, et narrat, qualiter pro eo, quod Roboas Salomonis filius et heres senium sermonibus renuncians dicta juvenum preelegit, de duodecim tribus Israel a dominio suo decem penitus amisit, et sic cum duobus tantummodo illusus postea regnavit.

Of werkes, which he made tho.
But now it is befalle ſo,
That all is made right, as he ſaide,
And he was riche whan he deide.
So that it is no maner nede,
If thou therof wolt taken hede,
To pilen of the people more,
Which long time hath be greved ſore.
And in this wiſe as we the ſay,
With tender herte we the prey,
That thou releſſe thilke dette,
Which upon us thy fader ſette.
And if the like to done ſo,
We ben thy men for evermo
To gone and comen at thin heſte.
  The king, which herde this requeſte,
Saith, that he will ben aviſed,
And hath therof a time aſſiſed,
And in the while as he him thought
Upon this thing counſeil he ſought.
De conſilio ſenium. And firſt the wiſe knightes olde,
To whom that he his tale tolde,
Counſeillen him in this manere,
That he with love and with glad chere
Foryive and graunt all that is axed
Of that his fader hadde taxed.
For ſo he may his regne acheve
With thing, which ſhall hem litel greve.
De conſilio juvenum. The king hem herd and over paſſeth
And with theſe other his wit compaſſeth,

That yonge were and nothing wiſe.
And they theſe olde men deſpiſe
And ſaiden : Sir, it ſhall be ſhame
For ever unto thy worthy name,
If thou ne kepe nought thy right,
While thou art in thy yonge might,
Which that thin olde fader gate.
But ſay unto the people plate,
That while thou liveſt in thy londe,
The leſte finger of thin honde
It ſhall be ſtronger over all,
Than was thy faders body all.
And thus alſo ſhall be thy tale,
If he hem ſmote with roddes ſmale,
With ſcorpions thou ſhalt hem ſmite.
And where thy fader toke a lite,
Thou thenkeſt take mochel more,
Thus ſhalt thou make hem drede ſore
The grete hert of thy corage,
So for to holde hem in ſervage.
This yonge king him hath conformed
To done as he was laſt enformed,
Which was to him his undoing.
For whan it came to the ſpeking,
He hath the yonge counſeil holde,
That he the ſame wordes tolde
Of all the people in audience.
And whan they herden the ſentence
Of his malice and the manace,
Anone to-fore his owne face

They have him oultrely refuſed
And with full great reprove accuſed.
So they beginne for to rave,
That he was faine him ſelf to ſave.
For as the wilde wode rage
Of windes maketh the ſee ſalvage
And that was calme bringth into wawe,
So for defalt and grace of lawe,
The people is ſtered all at ones
And forth they gone out of his wones,
So that of the lignages twelve,
Two tribus onely by hem ſelve
With him abiden and no mo.
So were they for evermo
Of no retorne without eſpeire
Departed fro the rightfull heire
Of Iſrael with comun vois.
A king upon her owne chois
Among hem ſelf anone they make
And have her yonge lord forſake.
A pouer knight Jeroboas
They toke and lefte Roboas,
Which rightfull heire was by deſcent.
Lo, thus the yonge cauſe went,
For that the counſeil was nought good
The regne fro the rightfull blood
Ever afterward devided was.
So may it proven by this cas,
That yong counſeil, which is to warme,
Or men beware, doth ofte harme.

Old age for the counſeil ſerveth,
And luſty youth his thank deſerveth
Upon the travail which he doth.
And bothe for to ſay a ſoth
By ſondry cauſe for to have,
If that he will his regne ſave,
A king behoveth every day,
That one can and that other may
Be ſo the kinge hem bothe reule,
Or elles all goth out of reule.
And upon this matere alſo
A queſtion betwene the two
Thus writen in a boke I fonde,
Where it be better for the londe
A king him ſelve to be wiſe
And ſo to bere his owne priſe,
And that his counſeil be nought good.
Or otherwiſe if it ſo ſtood,
A king if he be vicious
And his counſeil be vertuous,
It is anſwerde in ſuche a wiſe,
That better it is that they be wiſe,
By whom that the counſeil ſhall gone.
For they be many, and he is one,
And rather ſhall an one man
With fals counſeil, for ought he can,
From his wiſdome be made to fall,
Than he alone ſhuld hem all
Fro vices into vertue chaunge,
For that is well the more ſtraunge.

Nota queſtionem cuiuſdam philoſophi, utrum regno conveniencius foret principem cum malo conſilio optare ſapientem, quam cum ſano conſilio ipſum eligere inſipientem.

Forthy the lond may well be glad,
Whoſe king with good counſeil is lad,
Which ſet him unto rightwiſneſſe,
So that his highe worthineſſe
Betwene the reddour and pite
Doth mercy forth with equite.
A king is holden over all
To pite, but in ſpeciall
To hem, where he is moſt beholde,
They ſhulde his pite moſt beholde,
That ben the leges of the londe,
For they ben ever under his honde
After the goddes ordenaunce
To ſtonde upon his governaunce.

Nota adhuc precipue de principis erga ſuos ſubditos debita pietate, legitur enim, qualiter Anthonius a Cipione exemplificatus dixit, quod mallet unum de populo ſibi commiſſo virum ſalvare, quam centum ex hoſtibus alienigenis in bello perdere.

Of themperour Anthonius
I find, how that he ſaide thus:
Lever him were for to ſave
One of his leges than to have
Of enemies a thouſand dede.
And thus he lerned as I rede
Of Cipio, which hadde be
Conſul of Rome. And thus to ſe
Divers enſamples how they ſtonde,
A king, which hath the charge on honde
The comun people to governe,
If that he woll, he may well lerne.
Is none ſo good to the pleſaunce
Of god, as is good governaunce.
And every governaunce is due
To pite, thus I may argue,

That pite is the foundement
Of every kinges regiment.
If it be medled with juſtice,
They two remeven alle vice
And ben of vertue moſt vailable
To make a kinges regne ſtable.
  Lo, thus the foure points to-fore
In governaunce as they ben bore
Of trouthe firſt and of largeſſe,
Of pite forth with rightwiſneſſe
I have hem tolde and over this
The fifte point, ſo as it is,
Set of the reule of policy,
Wherof a king ſhall modefy
The fleſhly luſtes of nature.
Now thenke I telle of ſuch meſure,
That bothe kinde ſhall be ſerved,
And eke the lawe of god obſerved.

Corporis et mentis regem decet omnis honeſtas, 11.
Nominis ut famam nulla libido ruat.
Omne quod eſt hominis effeminat illa voluptas,
Sit niſi magnanimi cordis ut obſtat ei.

The male is made for the femele,
But where as one deſireth fele,
That nedeth nought by wey of kinde.
For whan a man may redy finde
His owne wife, what ſhuld he ſeche
In ſtraunge places to beſeche
To borwe another mannes plough,
Whan he hath gere at home inough

Hic tractat ſecundum Ariſtotelem de quinta principum regiminis policia, que caſtitatem concernit, cuius honeſtas impudicicie motus obtemperans tam corporis quam anime mundiciam ſpecialius preſervat.

Affaited at his owne hefte,
And is to him wel more honeft
Than other thing, which is unknowe.
Forthy fhuld every good man knowe
And thenke, how that in mariage
His trouthe plite lith in morgage,
Which if he breke, it is falfehode,
And that defcordeth to manhode
And namely toward the great,
Wherof the bokes alle trete,
So as the philofophre techeth
To Alifaundre and him betecheth
The lore, how that he fhall mefure
His body, fo that no mefure
Of flesfhly luft he fhulde excede.
And thus forth if I fhall procede,
The fifte point, as I faid ere,
Is chaftete, which felde where
Cometh now a daies into place.
And netheleffe but it be grace
Above all other in fpeciall
Is none that chafte may ben all.
But yet a kinges high eftate,
Whiche of his order as a prelate,
Shall be anoint and fanctified,
He mot be more magnified
For dignete of his corone,
Than fhulde another low perfone,
Which is nought of high emprife.
Therfore a prince him fhuld advife,

Er that he fell in ſuch riote,
And namely that he ne aſſote
To chaunge for the womanhed
The worthineſſe of his manhed.
Of Ariſtotle I have well rad,
How he to Aliſaundre bad,
That for to gladden his corage
He ſhuld beholde the viſage
Of women, whan that they ben faire.
But yet he ſet an enſamplaire
His body ſo to guide and reule,
That he ne paſſe nought the reule,
Wherof that he him ſelf beguile.
For in the woman is no guile
Of that a man him ſelf bewhapeth,
Whan he his owne wit bejapeth,
I can the women wel excuſe.
But what man will upon hem muſe
After the foole impreſſion
Of his ymaginacion,
Within him ſelf the fire he bloweth,
Wherof the woman nothing knoweth,
So may ſhe nothing be to wite.
For if a man him ſelf excite
To drenche, and woll nought forbere,
The water ſhall no blame bere.
What may the gold though men coveit?
If that a man woll love ſtreit,
The woman hath him nothing bounde,
If he his owne herte wounde,

Nota de doctrina Ariſtotelis, qualiliter princeps, ut animi ſui jocunditatem provocet, mulieres formoſas crebro aſpicere debet, caveat tamen, ne mens voluptuoſa torpeſcens ex carnis fragilitate in vicium dilabatur.

She may nought lette the folie,
And though so fell of compaigny,
That he might any thing purchace,
Yet maketh a man the firste chace.
The woman fleeth, and he pursueth,
So that by wey of skill it sueth,
The man is cause, how so befalle,
That he full ofte sith is falle,
Where that he may nought wel arise.
And netheles ful many wise
Befoled have hem self er this,
As now a daies yet it is
Among the men and ever was,
The stronge is feblest in this cas.
It sit a man by wey of kinde
To love, but it is nought kinde
A man for love his wit to lese.
For if the month of juil shall frese
And that december shall be hote,
The yere mistorneth wel I wote.
To seen a man from his estate
Through his soty effeminate
And leve that a man shall do,
It is as hose above the sho
To man, which ought nought to be used.
But yet the world hath oft accused
Full grete princes of this dede,
How they for love hem self mislede,
Wherof manhode stood behinde
Of olde ensamples as men finde.

These olde geftes tellen thus,
That whilom Sardanapallus,
Which held all hole in his empire
The grete kingdom of Affire,
Was through the flouth of his corage
Fall into thilke firy rage
Of love, which the men affoteth,
Wherof him felf he fo rioteth
And wax fo ferforth womanisfh,
That ayein kinde, as if a fisfh,
Abide wold upon the londe.
In women fuche a lufte he fonde,
That he dwelt ever in chambre ftill
And only wrought after the will
Of women, fo as he was bede,
That felden whan in other ftede,
If that he wolde wenden out
To feen, how that it ftood about.
But there he kift, and there he plaide,
They taughten him a lace to braide
And weve a purs and to enfile
A perle. And fell that ilke while,
One Arbactus the prince of Mede
Sigh, how this king in womanhede
Was falle fro chivalerie,
And gate him helpe and compaignie
And wroughte fo, that ate laft
This king out of his regne he caft,
Which was undone for ever mo.
And yet men fpeken of him fo,

Hic ponit exemplum, qualiter pro eo, quod Sardanapallus Affiriorum princeps muliebri oblectamento effeminatus fue concupifcencie torporem quafi ex confuetudine adhibebat, ab Arbacto rege Medorum fuper hoc infidiante in fui fervoris majori voluptate fubitis mutacionibus extinctus eft.

That it is ſhame for to here,
Forthy to love is in manere.

Nota, qualiter David amans mulieres propter hoc probitatem armorum non minus excercuit.

King David hadde many a love.
But netheles alway above
Knighthode he kepte in ſuche a wiſe,
That for no fleſhly covetiſe
Of luſt to ligge in ladies armes
He lefte nought the luſt of armes.
For where a prince his luſtes ſueth,
That he the werre nought purſueth,
Whan it is time to bene armed,
His contre ſtant full ofte harmed,
Whan thenemies ben woxe bolde,
That they defence none beholde.
Full many a londe hath ſo be lore,
As men may rede oft time afore
Of hem that ſo her eſes ſoughten,
Which after they full dere aboughten.

Hic loquitur, qualiter regnum laſcivie voluptatibus deditum de facili vincitur. Et ponit exemplum de Cyro rege Perſarum, qui cum Lidos mire probitatis ſtrenuiſſimos ſibique in bello adverſantes nullo modo vincere potuit, cum ipſis tandem pacis tractatum diſſimulans concordiam finalem ſtabilire finxit, ſuper quo Lidi poſtea per aliquod tempus armis inſoliti ſub pacis torpore voluptatibus intendebant. Quod Cyrus percipi-

To mochel eſe is nothing worth,
For that ſet every vice forth
And every vertue put a backe,
Wherof pris torneth into lacke,
As in cronique I may reherſe,
Which telleth, how the king of Perſe,
That Cyrus hight, a werre hadde
Ayein the people, which he dradde,
Of a contre, which Lidos hight.
But yet for ought that he do might
As in bataile upon the werre,
He had of hem alway the werre.

And whan he ſigh and wiſt it wele,
That he by ſtrengthe wan no dele,
Than ate laſt he caſt a wile
This worthy people to beguile
And toke with hem a feigned pees,
Which ſhulde laſten endelees,
So as he ſaide in wordes wiſe,
But he thought all in other wiſe.
For it betid upon the cas,
Whan that this people in reſte was,
They token eſes many folde,
And worldes eſe as it is tolde
By way of kinde is the norice
Of every luſt, which toucheth vice.
Thus whan they were in luſtes falle,
The werres ben forgotten alle.
Was none, which wolde the worſhip
Of armes, but in idelſhip
They putten beſineſſe away
And toke hem to daunce and play.
But moſt above all other thinges
They token hem to the likinges
Of fleſhly luſts, that chaſtete
Received was in no degre,
But every man doth what him liſte.
And whan the king of Perſe it wiſte,
That they unto folie entenden,
With his power, whan they leſt wenden,
More ſodeinly than doth the thunder
He came for ever and put hem under.

ens in eos armatus ſubito irruit ipſosque indefenſibiles vincens ſuo imperio tributarios ſubjugavit.

And thus hath lecherie lore
The londe, which had be to-fore
The beſt of hem, that were tho.

Nota, qualiter fata bellica luxus infortunat. Et narrat, quod cum rex Amalech Hebreis ſibi inſultantibus reſiſtere nequiit, conſilio Balaam mulieres regni ſui pulcherrimas in caſtra Hebreorum miſit, qui ab ipſis contaminati graciam ſtatim amiſerunt. Et ſic ab Amalech devicti in magna multitudine gladio ceciderunt.

And in the bible I finde alſo
A tale lich unto this thing,
How Amalech the paien king,
Whan that he mighte by no wey
Defend his londe and put awey
The worthy people of Iſrael.
This Sarazin, as it befell,
Through the counſeil of Balaam
A rout of faire women nam,
That luſty were and yonge of age,
And bad hem gon to the lignage
Of theſe Hebrews. And forth they went
With eyen grey and browes bent
And well arraied everychone.
And whan they come were anone
Among thebrews, was none in ſight,
But cacche who that cacche might,
And eche of hem his luſtes ſought,
Which after they full dere abought.
For grace anone began to faile,
That whan they comen to bataile,
Than afterward in ſory plite
They were take and diſcomfite,
So that within a litel throwe,
The might of hem was overthrowe,
That whilom were wont to ſtonde,
Till Phinees the cauſe on honde

Hath take this vengeaunce laſt.
But than it ceſed ate laſt.
For god was paid of that he dede,
For where he found upon a ſtede
A couple, which misferde ſo,
Throughout he ſmote hem bothe two
And let hem ligge in mennes eye,
Wherof all other, which hem ſigh,
Enſampled hem upon the dede
And praiden unto the godhede
Her olde ſinnes to amende.
And he, which wold his mercy ſende,
Reſtored hem to newe grace.
Thus may it ſhewe in ſondry place,
Of chaſtete how the clenneſſe
Accordeth to the worthineſſe
Of men of armes over all.
But moſt of all in ſpeciall
This vertue to a king belongeth,
For upon his fortune it hongeth,
Of that his lond ſhall ſpede or ſpill.
Forthy but if a king his will
Fro luſtes of his fleſh reſtreigne,
Ayein him ſelf he maketh a treigne,
Into the whiche if that he ſlide,
Him were better go beſide.
For every man may underſtonde,
How for a time that it ſtonde
It is a ſory luſt to like,
Whoſe ende maketh a man to ſike

And torneth joies into ſorwe.
The brighte ſonne by the morwe
Beſhineth nought the derke night,
The luſty youth of mannes might
In age but it ſtonde wele,
Miſtorneth all the laſte whele.

Hic loquitur, qualiter principum irregulata voluptas eos a ſemita recta multociens deviare compellit, et narrat exemplum de Salomone, qui ex ſue carnis concupiſcencia victus mulierum blandimentis in ſui ſcandalum deos alienos colere preſumebat.

That every worthy prince is holde
Within him ſelf him ſelf beholde
To ſe the ſtate of his perſone
And thenke, how there be joies none
Upon this erthe made to laſt,
And how the fleſhe ſhall at laſt
The luſtes of his life forſake,
Him ought a great enſample take
Of Salomon, whoſe appetite
Was holy ſet upon delite
To take of women the pleſaunce,
So that upon his ignoraunce
The wide world merveileth yit,
That he, which alle mennes wit
In thilke time hath overpaſſed,
With fleſhly luſtes was ſo taſſed,
That he which ladde under the lawe
The people of god, him ſelf withdrawe
He hath fro god in ſuche a wiſe,
That he worſhip and ſacrifice
For ſondry love in ſondry ſtede
Unto the falſe goddes dede.
This was the wiſe Eccleſiaſte,
The fame of whom ſhall ever laſte,

That he the mighty god forſoke,
Ayein the lawe whan he toke
His wives and his concubines,
Of hem that were Sarazines,
For which he did ydolatrie.
For this I rede of his ſoty,
She of Sidoine ſo him ladde,
That he knelend his armes ſpradde
To Aſtrathen with great humbleſſe,
Which of her lond was the goddeſſe.
And ſhe that was of Moabite
So ferforth made him to delite
Through luſt, which al his wit devoureth,
That he Chamos her god honoureth.
An other Amonite alſo
With love him hath aſſoted ſo,
Her god Moloch that with encenſe
He ſacreth and doth reverence
In ſuch a wiſe as ſhe him bad.
Thus was the wiſeſt overlad
With blinde luſtes, which he ſought.
But he it afterward abought.
For Achias Selonites,
Which was prophet, er his deces,
While he was in his luſtes alle,
Betokeneth what ſhall after falle.
For on a day, whan that he mette
Jeroboam the knight be grette
And bad him, that he ſhulde abide
To here what him ſhall betide.

De filia regis Sidonie.

De filia regis Moab.

De filia regis Amon.

Nota hic, qualiter Achias propheta in ſignum, quod regnum poſt mortem Salomonis ob eius peccatum a ſuo herede diminueretur, pallium ſuum in duodecim partes ſcidit, unde decem partes Jeroboe filio Nabal, qui regnaturus poſtea ſucceſſit, precepto dei tribuit.

And forth withall Achias caſt
His mantel of and alſo faſt
He kut it into pieces twelve,
Wherof two parts toward him ſelve
He kept, and all the remenaunt,
As god hath ſet his covenaunt,
He toke unto Jeroboas,
Of Nabal which the ſone was,
And of the kinges court a knight.
And ſaid him, ſuch is goddes might,
As thou haſt ſene departed here
My mantel, right in ſuch manere
After the deth of Salomon
God hath ordeined therupon,
This regne than he ſhall devide,
Which time thou ſhalt eke abide,
And upon that diviſion
The regne as in proporcion,
As thou haſt of my mantel take,
Thou ſhalt receive I undertake.
And thus the ſone ſhall abie
The luſtes and the lechery
Of him, which now his fader is.
So for to taken hede of this
It ſit a king well to be chaſte,
For elles he may lightly waſte
Him ſelf and eke his regne bothe,
And that ought every king to lothe.
O, which a ſinne violent,
Wherof ſo wiſe a king was ſhent,

That he vengeaunce of his perſone
Was nought inough to take alone,
But afterward, whan he was paſſed,
It hath his heritage laſſed,
As I more openly to-fore
The tale tolde, and thus therfore
The philoſophre upon this thing
Write and counſeiled to a king,
That he the forfete of luxure
Shall tempre and reule of ſuch meſure,
Which be to kinde ſuffiſaunt
And eke to reſon accordaunt,
So that the luſtes ignoraunce
Be cauſe of no miſgovernaunce,
Through which that he be overthrowe,
As he, that woll no reſon knowe.
For but a mannes wit be ſwerved,
Whan kinde is dueliche ſerved,
It ought of reſon to ſuffiſe.
For if it fall him otherwiſe,
He may the luſtes ſore drede.

Ariſtoteles: O Alexander, ſuper omnia conſulo, conſerva tibi calorem naturalem.

For of Antonie thus I rede,
Which of Severus was the ſone,
That he his life of comun wone
Yaf holy unto thilke vice,
And ofte time he was ſo nice,
Wherof nature her hath compleigned
Unto the god, which hath deſdeigned
The werkes, which Antonie wrought
Of luſt, which he full ſore abought.

De voluptuoſo Antonio.

For god his forfete hath ſo wroke,
That in cronique it is yet ſpoke.
But for to take remembraunce
Of ſpeciall miſgovernaunce
Through covetiſe and injuſtice
Forth with the remenaunt of vice,
And namelich of lecherie
I finde write a great partie
Within a tale, as thou ſhalt here,
Which is thenſample of this matere.

Hic loquitur de Tarquinio Rome nuper imperatore necnon et de eiuſdem filio nomine Arrons, qui omni viciorum varietate repleti tam in homines quam in mulieres innumera ſcelera perpetrarunt. Sed ſpecialiter ſuper hiis, que contra Gabinos fraudulenter operata ſunt, retractare intendit.

So as theſe olde geſtes ſain,
The proude tiranniſh Romain
Tarquinius, which was than king
And wrought many a wrongful thing,
Of ſones he had many one,
Among the which Arrons was one
Lich to his fader in maneres,
So that within a fewe yeres
With treſon and with tiranny
They wonne of londe a great party
And token hede of no juſtice,
Which due was to her office
Upon the reule of governaunce.
But al that ever was pleſaunce
Unto the fleſhes luſt they toke.
And fell ſo, that they undertoke
A werre, which was nought acheved,
But often time it had hem greved
Ayein a folk, which thanne hight
The Gabiens, and all by night

Thus Arrons whan he was at home
In Rome a prive place he nome
Within a chambre and bete him ſelve
And made him woundes ten or twelve
Upon the backe, as it was ſene.
And ſo forth with his hurtes grene
In all the haſte that he may
He rode and cam that other day
Unto Gabie the citee
And in he went. And whan that he
Was knowe, anone the gates ſhette,
The lordes all upon him ſette
With drawe ſwerdes upon honde.
And Arrons wolde hem nought withſtonde,
And ſaide : I am here at your wille,
As lefe it is that ye me ſpilie,
As if min owne fader dede.
And forth within the ſame ſtede
He praide hem, that they wolde ſe,
And ſhewed hem in what degre
His fader and his brethren bothe,
Which as he ſaide weren wrothe,
Him hadde beten and reviled
And out of Rome for ever exiled.
And thus he made hem to beleve
And ſaide, if that he might acheve
His purpos, it ſhall well be yolde
Be ſo that they him helpe wolde.
Whan that the lordes hadde ſene,
How wofully he was beſene,

They toke pite of his greve.
But yet it was hem wonder leve,
That Rome him had exiled ſo.
The Gabiens by counſeil tho
Upon the goddes made him ſwere,
That he to hem ſhall trouthe bere
And ſtrengthen hem with all his might.
And they alſo him hath behight
To helpe him in his quarele.
They ſhope thanne for his hele,
That he was bathed and anoint,
Till that he was in luſty point,
And what he wolde than he had,
That he all hole the cite lad
Right as he wolde him ſelf deviſe.
And than he thought him in what wiſe
He might his tirannie ſhewe,
And to his counſeil toke a ſhrewe,
Whom to his fader forth he ſent.
In his meſſage and he tho went
And praied his fader for to ſay
By his aviſe and finde a wey,
How they the cite mighten winne,
While that he ſtood ſo well therinne.
And whan the meſſager was come
To Rome and hath in counſeil nome
The king, it fell perchaunce ſo,
That they were in a gardin tho
This meſſager forth with the king.
And whan he hadde told the thing

In what manere that it ſtode,
And that Tarquinus underſtode
By the meſſage, how that it ferde,
Anone he toke in honde a yerde,
And in the gardin as they gone
The lilie croppes one and one,
Where that they weren ſprongen out,
He ſmote of, as they ſtood about,
And ſaid unto the meſſagere :
Lo, this thing, which I do now here,
Shall be in ſtede of thin anſwere.
And in this wiſe as I me bere,
Thou ſhalte unto my ſone telle.
And he no lenger wolde dwelle,
But toke his leve and goth withall
Unto his lorde and tolde him all,
How that his fader hadde do.
Whan Arrons herde him telle ſo,
Anone he wiſte what it ment
And therto ſette all his entent,
Till he through fraude and trechery
The princes hevedes of Gaby
Hath ſmiten of and all was wonne.
His fader cam to-fore the ſonne
Into the town with the Romains
And toke and ſlew the citezeins
Withoute reſon or pite,
That he ne ſpareth no degre.
And for the ſpede of this conqueſt
He let do make a riche feſt

With a ſolempne ſacrifice
In Phebus temple, and in this wiſe,
Whan the Romains aſſembled were
In preſence of hem alle there,
Upon thalter whan all was dight
And that the fires were alight,
From under thalter ſodeinly
An hidous ſerpent openly
Cam out and hath devoured all
The ſacrifice and eke withall
The fires queint, and forth anone,
So as he cam, ſo is he gone
Into the depe ground ayein.
And every man began to ſain:
Ha lord, what may this ſignify?
And therupon they pray and cry
To Phebus, that they mighten knowe
The cauſe. And he the ſame throwe
With gaſtly vois, that all it herde,
The Romains in this wiſe anſwerde
And ſaid, how for the wickedneſſe
Of pride and of unrightwiſneſſe,
That Tarquin and his ſone hath do,
The ſacrifice is waſted ſo,
Which mighte nought ben acceptable
Upon ſuch ſinne abhominable.
And over that yet he hem wiſſeth
And ſaith, that which of hem firſt kiſſeth
His moder, he ſhall take wreche
Upon the wronge. And of that ſpeche

They ben within her hertes glade,
Though they outward no femblaunt made.
There was a knight, which Brutus hight,
And he with all the hafte he might
To grounde fell and there he kifte,
But none of hem the caufe wifte,
But wenden that he hadde fporned
Perchaunce and fo was overtorned.
But Brutus all an other ment,
For he knew well in his entent,
How therthe of every mannes kinde
Is moder. But they weren blinde
And fighen nought fo fer as he.
But whan they leften the citee
And comen home to Rome ayein,
Than every man, which was Romain
And moder hath, to her he bende
And kift and eche of hem thus wende
To be the firft upon the chaunce
Of Tarquin for to do vengeaunce,
So as they herden Phebus fain.
But every time hath his certain,
So muft it nedes than abide,
Till afterward upon a tide

Tarquinius made unfkilfully
A werre, which was fafte by,
Ayein a town with walles ftronge,
Which Ardea was cleped longe,
And caft a fiege there about,
That there may no man paffen out.

Hic narrat, quod cum Tarquinius in obfidione civitatis Ardee, ut eam deftrueret, intentus fuit, Arrons filius eius Romam fecreto adiens in domo Collatini hofpitatus eft, ubi de nocte illam caftiffimam dominam

Lucreciam ymaginativa fraude vi oppreſſit, unde illa pre dolore mortua, ipſe cum Tarquinio patre ſuo tota clamante Roma in perpetuum exilium delegati ſunt.

So it befell upon a night
Arrons, which had his ſouper dight,
A parte of the chivalrie
With him to ſuppe in compaignie
Hath bede. And whan they comen were
And ſetten at the ſuppe there,
Among her other wordes glade
Arrons a great ſpekinge made,
Who hadde tho the beſte wife
Of Rome. And thus began a ſtrife,
For Arrons ſaith, he hath the beſt.
So janglen they withouten reſte,
Till ate laſt one Collatine,
A worthy knight and was couſine
To Arrons, ſaid him in this wiſe:
It is, quod he, of none empriſe
To ſpeke a word, but of the dede,
Wherof it is to taken hede.
Anone forthy this ſame tide
Lepe on thy hors and let us ride,
So may we knowe bothe two
Unwarely what our wives do,
And that ſhall be a trewe aſſay.
This Arrons ſaith nought ones nay.
On horſeback anone they lepte
In ſuch manere and nothing ſlepte
Ridende forth till that they come
All privelich withinne Rome,
In ſtrange place and down they light
And take a chambre out of ſight.

They be desguised for a throwe,
So that no life hem shulde knowe.
And to the paleis first they sought
To se, what thing these ladies wrought,
Of whiche Arrons made his vaunt.
And they her sigh of glad semblaunt
All full of merthes and of bordes.
But among all her other wordes
She spake nought of her husbonde.
And whan they had all understonde
Of thilke place what hem list,
They gone hem forth that none it wist
Beside thilke gate of bras,
Collacea which cleped was,
Where Collatin hath his dwelling.
There founden they at home sitting
Lucrece his wife all environed
With women, which were abandoned
To werche, and she wrought eke withall
And bad hem haste and said: It shall
Be for min husbondes were,
Which with his swerd and with his spere
Lith at siege in great disese,
And if it shulde him nought displese,
Now wolde god, I had him here.
For certes till that I may here
Some good tiding of his estate,
My herte is ever upon debate.
For so as alle men witnesse,
He is of such an hardiesse,

That he can nought him ſelve ſpare,
And that is all my moſte care,
Whan they the walles ſhulde aſſaile.
But if my wisſhes might availe,
I wolde it were a groundles pit
Be ſo the ſiege were unknit,
And I my huſbonde ſigh.
With that the water in her eye
Aroſe, that ſhe ne might it ſtoppe,
And as men ſene the dew bedroppe
The leves and the floures eke,
Right ſo upon her white cheke
The wofull ſalte teres felle.
Whan Collatin hath herde her telle
The mening of her trewe herte,
Anone with that to her he ſterte
And ſaide: Lo, my good dere,
Now is he come to you here,
That ye moſt loven as ye ſain.
And ſhe with goodly chere ayein
Beclipt him in her armes ſmale.
And the colour, which erſt was pale,
To beaute thanne was reſtored,
So that it mighte nought be mored.
The kinges ſone, which was nigh,
And of this lady herde and ſigh
The thinges, as they ben befalle,
The reſon of his wittes alle
Hath loſt, for love upon his parte
Cam than and of his firy darte

With ſuch a wounde him hath through ſmite,
That he muſt nedes fele and wite
Of thilke blinde malady,
To which no cure of ſurgery
Can helpe. But yet netheles
At thilke time he helde his pees,
That he no countenaunce made,
But openly with wordes glade,
So as he couthe in his manere,
He ſpake and made frendely chere,
Till it was time for to go.
And Collatin with him alſo
His leve toke, ſo that by night,
With all the haſte that they might,
They riden to the ſiege ayein.
But Arrons was ſo wo beſein
With thoughtes, which upon him runne,
That he all by the brode ſunne
To bedde goth nought for to reſte,
But for to thenke upon the beſte
And the faireſt forth with alle,
That ever he ſigh or ever ſhalle,
So as him thought in his corage
Where he portreieth her ymage.
Firſt the fetures of her face,
In which nature had alle grace
Of womanly beaute beſet,
So that it mighte nought be bet.
And how her yelwe hair was treſſed
And her attire ſo wel adreſſed.

And how ſhe ſpake, and how ſhe wrought,
And how ſhe wepte, and how ſhe thought,
That he foryeten hath no dele,
But all it liketh him ſo wele,
That in the worde nor in dede
Her lacked nought of womanhede.
And thus this tirannisſhe knight
Was ſoupled, but nought half aright,
For he none other hede toke,
But that he might by ſomme croke,
All though it were ayein her wille,
The luſtes of his flesſh fulfille,
Which love was nought reſonable.
For wher honour is remevable,
It oughte well to ben aviſed.
But he, which hath his luſt aſſiſed
With melled love and tirannie,
Hath found upon his trecherie
A wey, which he thenketh to holde,
Audaces fortuna juvat.
And ſaith: Fortune unto the bolde
Is favorable for to helpe.
And thus within him ſelf to yelpe,
As he, which was a wilde man,
Upon his treſon he began.
And up he ſterte, and forth he wente
On horſbacke, but his entente
There knew no wight, and thus he name
The nexte waie, till he came
Unto Collacea the gate
Of Rome, and it was ſomdele late

Right even upon the ſonne ſette.
And he, which hadde ſhape his nette
Her innocence to betrappe,
And as it ſhulde tho miſhappe,
As privelich as ever he might
He rode and of his hors alight
To-fore Collatines inn
And all frendelich goth him in,
As he, that was couſin of houſe.
And ſhe, which is the goode ſpouſe,
Lucrece, whan that ſhe him ſigh,
With goodly chere drewe him nigh
As ſhe, which all honour ſuppoſeth,
And him, ſo as ſhe dare, oppoſeth,
How it ſtood of her huſbonde.
And he tho did her underſtonde
With tales feigned in this wiſe,
Right as he wolde him ſelf deviſe,
Wherof he might her herte glade,
That ſhe the better chere made.
Whan ſhe the gladde wordes herde,
How that her houſbonde ferde,
And thus the trouthe was deceived
With ſlie treſon, which was received
To her, which mente alle good.
For as the feſtes thanne ſtood,
His ſouper was right wel arraied,
But yet he hath no word aſſaied
To ſpeke of love in no degre.
But with covert ſubtilite

His frendly ſpeches he affaiteth,
And as the tigre his time awaiteth
In hope for to cacche his pray.
  Whan that the bordes were awey
And they have ſouped in the halle,
He ſaith, that ſlepe is on him falle,
And praith, he mote go to bedde.
And ſhe with alle haſte ſpedde,
So as her thought it was to done,
That every thing was redy ſone.
She brought him to his chambre tho
And toke her leve, and forth is go
Into her owne chambre by.
And ſhe that wende certainly
Have had a frend and had a fo,
Wherof fell after mochel wo.
  This tiraunt though he lie ſofte,
Out of his bedde aros full ofte
And goth about and laid his ere
To herken, till that alle were
To bedde gone and ſlepten faſte.
And than upon him ſelf he caſte
A mantel and his ſwerde all naked
He toke in honde, and ſhe unwaked
A bedde lay. But what ſhe mette,
God wot, for he the dore unſhette
So prively, that none it herde,
The ſofte pas and forth he ferde
Into the bed, where that ſhe ſlepte,
All ſodeinly and in he crepte.

And her in bothe his armes toke.
With that this worthy wife awoke,
Which through tendresse of womanhed
Her vois hath lost for pure drede,
That o word speke she ne dare.
And eke he bad her to beware,
For if she made noise or cry,
He said, his swerd lay faste by
To sleen her and her folke about.
And thus he brought her herte in doubt,
That lich a lamb, whan it is sesed
In wolves mouth, so was disesed
Lucrece, which he naked fonde,
Wherof she swouned in his honde,
And as who saith lay dede oppressed.
And he, which all him hadde adressed
To lust, toke thanne what him liste
And goth his wey, that none it wiste,
Into his owne chambre ayein
And cleped up his chamberlein
And made him redy for to ride.
And thus this lecherous pride
To horse lept and forth he rode.
And she, which in her bed abode,
Whan that she wist he was agone,
She cleped after light anone
And up aros long er the day
And cast awey her fressh array,
As she, which hath the world forsake,
And toke upon the clothes blacke.

And ever upon continuing,
Right as men ſe a welle ſpring,
With eyen full of wofull teres
Her hair hangend about her eres
She wepte, and no man wiſte why.
But yet among full pitouſly
She praied, that they nolden drecche
Her huſbonde for to fecche
Forthwith her fader eke alſo.
Thus be they comen bothe two,
And Brutus cam with Collatine,
Which to Lucrece was couſine,
And in they wenten alle thre
To chambre, where they mighte ſe
The wofulleſt upon this molde,
Which wepte, as ſhe to water ſholde.
The chambre dore anone was ſtoke,
Er they have ought unto her ſpoke.
They ſigh her clothes all diſguiſed,
And how ſhe hath her ſelf deſpiſed
Her haire hangend unkemt about.
But netheles ſhe gan to lout
And knele unto her huſbonde.
And he, which fain wold underſtonde
The cauſe, why ſhe fared ſo,
With ſofte wordes axed tho:
What may you be, my gode ſwete?
And ſhe, which thought her ſelf unmete
And the leſt worth of women alle,
Her woful chere let down falle

For ſhame and couthe unnethes loke,
And they therof good hede toke
And praiden her in alle way,
That ſhe ne ſpare for to ſay
Unto her frendes, what her eileth,
Why ſhe ſo ſore her ſelf bewaileth,
And what the ſothe wolde mene.
And ſhe, which hath her ſorwe grene
Her wo to telle thanne aſſaieth,
But tendre ſhame her word delaieth,
That ſondry times as ſhe mente
To ſpeke, upon the point ſhe ſtente.
And they her beden ever in one
To telle forth, and there upon,
Whan that ſhe ſigh ſhe muſte nede,
Her tale betwene ſhame and drede
She tolde, nought withoute peine.
And he, which wolde her wo reſtreigne,
Her huſbond, a ſory man,
Comforteth her all that he can
And ſwore and eke her fader both,
That they with her be nought wroth
Of that is do ayein her wille,
And praiden her to be ſtille,
For they to her have all foryive.
But ſhe, which thought nought to live,
Of hem woll no foryiveneſſe
And ſaid, of thilke wickedneſſe,
Which was to her body wrought,
All were it ſo ſhe might it nought,

Never afterward the world ne ſhall
Reproven her, and forthwithall,
Er any man therof be ware,
A naked ſwerd, the which ſhe bare
Within her mantel prively,
Betwene her hondes ſodeinly
She toke and through her hert it throng,
And fell to ground, and ever among,
Whan that ſhe fell, ſo as ſhe might,
Her clothes with her hond ſhe right,
That no man downward fro the knee
Shuld any thinge of her ſe.
Thus lay this wife honeſtly,
All though ſhe diede wofully.
Tho was no ſorwe for to ſeke,
Her huſbonde and her fader eke
A ſwoune upon the body felle.
There may no mannes tunge telle,
In which anguiſh that they were.
But Brutus, which was with hem there,
Toward him ſelf his herte kept
And to Lucrece anone he lept,
The bloody ſwerde and pulleth out
And ſwore the goddes al about,
That he therof ſhall do vengeaunce.
And ſhe tho made a countenaunce
Her dedly eye and ate laſte
In thonking as it were up caſt,
And ſo behelde him in the wiſe,
While ſhe to loke may ſuffiſe.

And Brutus with a manly herte
Her husbonde hath made up sterte
Forth with her fader eke also
In alle haste and said hem tho,
That they anone withoute lette
A bere for the body fette.
Lucrece and therupon bledend
He laide and so forth out criend
He goth unto the market place
Of Rome. And in a litel space
Through cry the cite was assembled,
And every mannes herte trembled,
Whan they the soth herde of the cas.
And there upon the counseil was
Take of the great and of the smale.
And Brutus tolde hem all the tale.
And thus cam into remembraunce
Of sinne the continuaunce,
Which Arrons hadde do to-fore,
And eke long time er he was bore
Of that his fader hadde do,
The wronge came into place tho,
So that the comun clamour tolde
The newe shame of sinnes olde.
And all the town began to cry :
Awey, awey the tiranny
Of lechery and covetise.
And ate last in such a wise
The fader in the same while
Forth with the sone they exile

And taken better governaunce.
But yet an other remembraunce
That rightwiſneſſe and lechery
Accorden nought in compaigny
With him, that hath the lawe on honde,
That may a man well underſtonde,
As by a tale thou ſhalt wite
Of olde enſample as it is write.

Hic ponit exemplum ſuper eodem, qualiter Livius Virginius dux exercitus Romanorum unicam filiam pulcherrimam habens cum quodam nobili viro nomine Ilicio, ut ipſam in uxorem duceret, finaliter concordavit. Sed interim Appius Claudius tunc imperator virginis formoſitatem, ut eam violaret, concupiſcens occaſiones, quibus matrimonium impedire, ipſamque ad ſui uſum apprehendere poſſet, ſubdola conſpiracione fieri conjectavit, et cum propoſitum ſui deſiderii productis falſis teſtibus in judicio imperator habere debuiſſet, pater tunc ibidem preſens extracto gladio filie ſue pectus mortali vulnere per medium transfodit, dicens: malo michi de filia mea virginem habere mortuam, quam in ſui ſcandalum meretricem ſervare viventem.

At Rome whan that Appius,
Whoſe other name was Claudius,
Was governour of the citee,
Where fell a wonder thing to ſe
Touchend a gentil maide, as thus,
Whom Livius Virginius
Begeten had upon his wife.
Men ſaiden, that ſo faire a life
As ſhe was nought in all the town.
This fame, which goth up and down,
To Claudius came in his ere,
Wherof his thought anone was there,
Whiche all his herte hath ſet afire,
That he began the flour deſire,
Which longeth unto maidenhede,
And ſende, if that he mighte ſpede
The blinde luſtes of his wille.
But that thing may he nought fulfille,
For ſhe ſtood upon mariage.
A worthy knight of great lignage,
Ilicius which thanne hight,
Accorded in her faders ſight

Was, that he ſhulde his doughter wedde.
But er the cauſe were fully ſpedde,
Her fader, which in Romanie
The leding of the chivalrie
In governaunce hath undertake,
Upon a werre, which was take,
Goth out with all the ſtrength he hadde
Of men of armes which he ladde.
So was the mariage left
And ſtood upon accord till eft.
  The king, which herde telle of this,
How that this maide ordeined is
To mariage, thought another,
And hadde thilke time a brother,
Which Marchus Claudius was hote,
And was a man of ſuch riote
Right as the king him ſelve was,
They two to-gider upon this cas
In counſeil founden out the wey,
That Marchus Claudius ſhall ſey,
How ſhe by wey of covenaunt
To his ſervice apurtenaunt
Was hole, and to none other man.
And there upon he ſaith he can
In every point witneſſe take,
So that ſhe ſhall it nought forſake.
Whan that they hadden ſhape ſo
After the lawe, which was tho,
While that her fader was abſent,
She was ſomoned and aſſent

To come in presence of the king,
And stood in answere of this thing.
Her frendes wisten alle wele,
That it was falshede every dele,
And comen to the kinge and saiden
Upon the comun lawe and praiden,
So as this noble worthy knight
Her fader for the comun right
In thilke time, as was befalle,
Lay for the profit of hem alle
Upon the wilde feldes armed,
That he ne shulde nought ben harmed
Ne shamed, while that he were out.
And thus they praiden all about.
For all the clamour that he herde
The king upon his lust answerde
And yaf hem only daies two
Of respit. For he wende tho,
That in so short a time appere
Her fader might in no manere.
But as therof he was deceived.
For Livius had all conceived
The purpos of the king to-fore,
So that to Rome ayein therfore
In alle hast he came ridend
And left upon the feld liggend
His host, till that he came ayein.
And thus this worthy capitain
Appereth redy at his day,
Where all that ever reson may

By lawe in audience he doth,
So that his doughter upon ſoth,
Of that Marchus her had accuſed,
He hath to-fore the court excuſed.
  The king, which ſigh his purpos faile,
And that no ſleighte might availe,
Incombred of his luſtes blinde
The lawe torneth out of kinde,
And halfe in wrath as though it were
In preſence of hem alle there
Deceived of concupiſcence
Yaf for his brother the ſentence
And bad him, that he ſhulde ſeſe
This maide and make him well at eſe.
But all within his own entent
He wiſt how that the cauſe went,
Of that his brother hath the wite
He was him ſelven for to wite.
But thus this maiden hadde wronge,
Which was upon the king alonge,
But ayein him was none apele,
And that the fader wiſte wele.
Wherof upon the tirannie,
That for the luſt of lecherie
His doughter ſhulde be deceived,
And that Ilicius was weived
Untruly fro the mariage,
Right as a leon in his rage,
Which of no drede ſet accompt
And not what pite ſhulde amount,

A naked ſwerde he pulled out,
The which amonges all the rout
He threſte through his doughters ſide,
And all aloude thus he cride:
Lo, take her there thou wrongfull king,
For me is lever upon this thing
To be the fader of a maide,
Though ſhe be dede, than if men ſaide,
That in her life ſhe were ſhamed
And I therof were evil named.
Tho bad the king men ſhulde areſte
His body, but of thilke heſte
Like to the chaced wilde bore,
The houndes whan he feleth ſore,
To-throweth and goth forth his wey,
In ſuch a wiſe for to ſey
This worthy knight with ſwerd in honde
His weie made, and they him wonde,
That none of hem his ſtrokes kepte,
And thus upon his hors he lepte
And with his ſwerd droppend of blood,
The which within his doughter ſtood,
He cam there as the power was
Of Rome and tolde hem all the cas
And ſaid hem, that they mighten lere
Upon the wronge of this matere,
That better it were to redreſſe
At home the great unrightwiſneſſe,
Than for to werre in ſtraunge place
And leſe at home her owne grace.

For thus ſtant every mannes life
In jeopartie for his wife
And for his doughter, if they be
Paſſend an other of beaute.
Of this merveile, which they ſigh
So apparaunt to-fore her eye,
Of that the king him hath miſbore,
Her othes they have alle ſwore,
That they woll ſtonde by the right.
And thus of one accorde upright
To Rome at ones home ayein
They torne and ſhortly for to ſain
This tirannie cam to mouth,
And every man ſaith what he couth,
So that the prive trechery,
Which ſet was upon lechery,
Cam openly to mannes ere,
And that brought in the comun fere,
That every man the perill dradde
Of him, that ſo hem overladde.
For they or that it worſe falle
Through comun counſeil of hem alle
They have her wrongful king depoſed,
And hem, in whom it was ſuppoſed
The counſeil ſtood of his leding,
By lawe unto the dome they bring,
Where they receiven the penaunce
That longeth to ſuch governaunce.
And thus thunchaſte was chaſtiſed,
Wherof they mighten ben aviſed,

That ſholden afterward governe,
And by this evidence lerne,
How it is good a kinge eſchue
The luſt of vice and vertue ſue.

Hic inter alia caſtitatis regimen concernentia loquitur, quomodo matrimonium, cuius ſtatus ſacramentum quaſi continenciam equiparans eciam honeſte delectacionis regimine moderari decet, et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo, quod illi ſeptem viri, qui Sarre Raguelis filie magis propter concupiſcenciam quam propter matrimonium voluptuoſe nupſerunt, unus poſt alium omnes prima nocte a demone Aſmodeo ſingillatim jugulati interierunt.

To make an ende in this partie,
Which toucheth to the policie
Of chaſtete in ſpeciall,
As for concluſion finall
That every luſt is to eſchue
By great enſample I may argue,
Howe in Rages a town of Mede
There was a maide, and as I rede,
Sarra ſhe hight, and Raguel
Her fader was. And ſo befell
Of body bothe and of viſage
Was none ſo faire of the lignage
To ſeche among hem all, as ſhe,
Wherof the riche of the citee
Of luſty folk, that couthen love,
Aſſoted were upon her love
And axen here for to wedde.
One was which ate laſte ſpedde,
But that was more for liking
To have his luſt, than for wedding,
As he within his herte caſte,
Whiche him repenteth ate laſte.
For ſo it fell the firſte night,
That whan he was to bedde dight
As he, which nothing god beſecheth,
But all only his luſtes ſecheth.

A bedde er he was fully warme
And wolde have take her in his arme,
Asmod, which was a fend of helle
And serveth as the bokes telle
To tempte a man in such a wise,
Was redy there and thilke emprise,
Whiche he hath set upon delite,
He vengeth than in such a plite,
That he his neck hath writh atwo.
This yonge wife was sory tho,
Which wiste nothing what it ment.
And netheless yet thus it went
Nought only for this firste man,
But after right as he began,
Six other of her husbondes
Asmod hath take into his hondes,
So that they all abedde deiede,
Whan they her hond toward her leide,
Nought for the lawe of mariage,
But for that ilke firy rage,
In which that they the lawe excede.
For who that wolde taken hede
What after fell in this matere,
There might he well the sothe here,
Whan she was wedded to Thobie,
And Raphael in compaigny
Hath taught him, how to be honest.
Asmod wan nought at thilke fest,
And yet Thoby his wille hadde,
For he his lust so godely ladde,

That bothe lawe and kinde is ſerved,
Wherof he hath him ſelf preſerved,
That he fell nought in the ſentence,
Of which an open evidence
Of this enſample a man may ſe,
That whan liking in the degre
Of mariage may forſwey,
Well ought him than in other wey
Of luſt to be the better aviſed.
For god the lawes hath aſſiſed
As well to reſon as to kinde,
But he the beſtes wolde binde
Only to lawes of nature,
But to the mannes creature
God yaf him reſon forth withall,
Wherof that he nature ſhall
Upon the cauſes modify,
That he ſhall do no lechery.
And yet he ſhall his luſtes have,
So ben the lawes bothe ſave
And every thing put out of ſclaunder,
As whilom to king Aliſaundre
The wiſe philoſophre taught,
Whan he his firſte lore caught,
Nought only upon chaſtete,
But upon alle honeſte.
Wherof a king him ſelf may taſte,
How trewe, how large, how juſte, how chaſte
Him ought of reſon for to be
Forth with the vertue of pite.

Through which he may great thank deſerve
Toward his god, that he preſerve
Him and his people in alle welthe
Of pees, richeſſe, honour and helthe
Here in this worlde and elles eke.
My ſone, as we to-fore ſpeke Confeſſor.
In ſhrifte, ſo as thou me ſaideſt,
And for thin eſe, as thou me praideſt,
Thy love throwes for to liſſe,
That I the wolde telle and wiſſe
The forme of Ariſtotles lore,
I have it ſaid and ſomdele more
Of other enſamples, to aſſaie,
If I thy peines mighte alaie
Through any thing, whiche I can ſay.
Do wey, my fader, I you pray, Amans.
Of that ye have unto me tolde
I thonke you a thouſand folde.
The tales ſounen in min ere,
But yet min herte is elles where,
I may my ſelve nought reſtreigne,
That I nam ever in loves peine.
Such lore couthe I never gete,
Which mighte make me foryete
O point, but if ſo were I ſlepte,
That I my tides ayeine kepte
To thenke of love and of his lawe,
That herte can I nought withdrawe.
Forthy, my gode fader dere,
Leve and ſpeke of my matere

Touchend of love as we begonne,
If that there be ought over ronne
Or ought foryete or left behinde,
Which falleth unto loves kinde,
Wherof it nedeth to be ſhrive,
Now axeth, ſo that while I live
I might amende that is amis.
Confeſſor. My gode dere ſone, yis.
Thy ſhrifte for to make plein,
There is yet more for to ſain
Of love, which is unaviſed.
But for thou ſhalt be well aviſed
Unto thy ſhrifte as it belongeth,
A point, which upon love hongeth
And is the laſte of alle tho,
I woll the telle, and thanne ho.

Explicit liber ſeptimus.

Incipit Liber Oct̄avus.

Que favet ad vicium vetus hec modo regula confert, 1.
Nec novus e contra qui docet ordo placet.
Cecus amor dudum nondum ſua lumina cepit,
Quo Venus impoſitum devia fallit iter.

THE mighty god, which unbegonne
Stant of him ſelf and hath begonne
All other thinges at his will,
The heven him liſte to fulfill
Of alle joie, where as he
Sit enthronized in his ſee
And hath his aungels him to ſerve,
Such as him liketh to preſerve,
So that they mowe nought forſwey,
But Lucifer he put awey
With al the route apoſtazied
Of hem that ben to him allied,
Which out of heven into helle
From aungels into fendes felle,
Where that there is no joy of light,
But more derk than any night,

Poſtquam ad inſtanciam amantis confeſſi confeſſor Genius ſuper hiis, que Ariſtoteles regem Alexandrum edocuit, una cum aliarum cronicarum exemplis ſerioſe tractavit, jam ultimo in iſto octavo volumine ad confeſſionem in amoris cauſa regrediens tractare proponit ſuper hoc, quod nonnulli primordia nature ad libitum voluptuoſe conſequentes, nullo humane racionis arbitrio ſeu eccleſie legum impoſitione a ſuis exceſſibus debite refrenantur, unde quatenus amorem concernit amantis conſcienciam pro finali ſue confeſſionis materia Genius rimari conatur.

The peine ſhall ben endeleſs.
And yet of fires netheles
There is plente, but they ben blacke,
Wherof no ſighte may be take.
Thus whan the thinges ben befalle,
That Luciferes court was falle,
Where dedly pride hem hath conveied,
Anone forthwith it was purveied
Through him, which alle thinges may,
He made Adam the ſixte day
In paradiſe and to his make
Him liketh Eve alſo to make
And bad hem creſce and multiply.
For of the mannes progeny,
Which of the woman ſhall be bore,
The nombre of aungels, which was lore,
Whan they out fro the bliſſe felle,
He thoughte to reſtore and fille
In heven thilke holy place,
Which ſtood tho voide upon his grace.
But as it is well wiſt and knowe,
Adam and Eve but a throwe,
So as it ſhuld of hem betide,
In paradiſe at thilke tide
Ne dwelten, and the cauſe why
Write in the boke of Geneſy
As who ſaith alle men have herde,
How Raphael the firy ſwerde
In honde toke and drove hem out
To gete her lives food about

Upon this wofull erthe here.
Metodre ſaith to this matere,
As he by revelacion
It had upon aviſion,
How that Adam and Eve alſo
Virgines comen bothe two
Into the world, and were aſhamed,
Till that nature hath hem reclaimed
To love and taught hem thilke lore,
That firſt they kiſte and over more
They done that is to kinde due,
Wherof they hadden faire iſſue.
A ſone was the firſte of alle,
And Chaim by name they him calle.
Abel was after the ſecounde
And in the geſte as it is founde
Nature ſo the cauſe ladde,
Two doughters eke dame Eve hadde,
The firſte cleped Calmana
Was, and that other Delbora.
Thus was mankinde to beginne,
Forthy that time it was no ſinne
The ſuſter to take the brother,
Whan that ther was of chois non other.
To Chaim was Calmana betake,
And Delboram hath Abel take,
In whom was gete netheles
Of worldes folk the firſt encres.
Men ſain that nede hath no lawe.
And ſo it was by thilke dawe

And lafte unto the feconde age,
Till that the grete water rage
Of Noe, which was faid the flood,
The world, which than in finne ftood,
Hath dreint, out take lives eight.
Tho was mankinde of litel weight.
  Sem, Cam, Japhet, of thefe thre,
That ben the fones of Noe,
The worlde of mannes nation
Into multiplication
Was tho reftored new ayein
So ferforth as thefe bokes fain,
That of hem thre and her iffue
There was fo large a retenue
Of nations feventy and two,
In fondry place eche one of tho
The wide world have enhabited.
But as nature hem hath excited,
They token thanne litel hede,
The brother of the fufterhede
To wedde wives, till it cam
Into the time of Abraham,
Whan the thridde age was begonne,
The nede tho was overonne,
For there was people inough in londe.
Than ate firft it came to honde,
That fufterhede of mariage
Was torned into coufinage,
So that after the righte line
The coufin weddeth the coufine.

For Abraham er that he deied
This charge upon his ſervaunt leied
To him and in this wiſe ſpake,
That he his ſone Iſaac
Do wedde for no worldes good,
But only to his owne blood.
Wherof the ſervaunt as he badde,
Whan he was dede, his ſone hath ladde
To Bathuel, where he Rebecke
Hath wedded with the white necke.
For ſhe, he wiſte well and ſigh,
Was to the childe couſin nigh.
 And thus as Abraham hath taught,
Whan Iſaac was god betaught,
His ſone Jacob did alſo
And of Laban the doughters two,
Which was his eme, he toke to wife
And gate upon hem in his life,
Of her firſte which hight Lie,
Six ſones of his progenie,
And of Rachel two ſones eke,
The remenaunt was for to ſeke,
That is to ſain of foure mo,
Wherof he gate on Bala two
And of Zelpha he had eke twey.
And theſe twelve, as I the ſay,
Through providence of god him ſelve
Ben ſaid the patriarkes twelve.
Of whom as afterward befel
The tribes twelf of Iſrael

Engendred were, and ben the ſame,
That of Hebrews tho hadden name,
Which of ſibred in aliaunce
For ever kepten thilke uſaunce
Moſt comunly, till Criſt was bore.
But afterward it was forbore
Among us that ben baptized.
For of the lawe canonized
The pope hath bode to the men,
That none ſhall wedden of his kin
Ne the ſeconde ne the thridde.
But though that holy chirche it bidde,
So to reſtreigne mariage,
There ben yet upon loves rage
Ful many of ſuche now a day,
That taken where they take may.
For love, whiche is unbeſein
Of alle reſon, as men ſain,
Through ſotie and through nicete
Of his voluptuoſite
He ſpareth no condicion
Of kin ne yet religion,
But as a cock among the hennes
Or as a ſtalon in the fennes,
Which goth amonges all the ſtood,
Right ſo can he no more good,
But taketh what thing cometh next to honde.
Confeſſor. My ſone, thou ſhalt underſtonde,
That ſuch delite is for to blame.
Forthy if thou haſt be the ſame

To love in any ſuch manere,
Tell forth therof and ſhrive the here.
  My fader, nay, god wot the ſothe, Amans.
My faire is nought in ſuch a bothe,
So wilde a man yet was I never,
That of my kin or leve or lever
Me liſte love in ſuch a wiſe.
And eke I not for what empriſe
I ſhulde aſſote upon a nonne,
For though I had her love wonne,
It might into no priſe amounte,
So therof ſet I none accompte.
Ye may well axe of this and that,
But ſothly for to telle plat,
In all this world there is but one,
The which my herte hath over gone.
I am toward all other fre.
  Full well, my ſone, now I ſe Confeſſor.
Thy word ſtant ever upon o place,
But yet therof thou haſt a grace,
That thou the might ſo well excuſe
Of love, ſuch as ſome men uſe,
So as I ſpake of now to-fore.
For all ſuch time of love is lore,
And lich unto the bitter ſwete,
For though it thenke a man firſt ſwete,
He ſhall well felen ate laſte,
That it is ſoure and may nought laſte.
For as a morcel envenimed,
So hath ſuch love his luſt miſtimed,

And great ensamples many one
A man may finde therupon.

Hic loquitur contra illos, quos Venus sui desiderii fervore inflammans, ita incestuosos effecit, ut neque propriis sororibus parcant. Et narrat exemplum, qualiter pro eo, quod Gaius Caligula tres sorores suas virgines coitu illicito opressit, deus tanti sceleris peccatum non ferens, ipsum non solum ab imperio, sed a vita justicia vindice privavit. Narrat eciam aliud exemplum super eodem, qualiter Amon filius David fatui amoris concupiscencia preventus, sororem suam Thamar a sue virginitatis pudicicia invitam defloravit, propter quod et ipse a fratre suo Absalon postea interfectus, peccatum sue mortis precio invitus redemit.

At Rome first if we begin,
There shal I find howe of this sin
An emperour was for to blame,
Gaius Caligula by name,
Which of his owne susters thre
Berefte the virginite.
And whan he had hem so forlain
As he, the which was all vilain,
He did hem out of londe exile.
But afterward within a while
God hath beraft him in his ire
His life, and eke his large empire.
And thus for likinge of a throwe,
For ever his lust was overthrowe.
Of this soty also I finde
Amon his suster ayein kinde,
Which highte Thamar, he forlay,
But he that lust another day
Aboughte, whan that Absolon
His owne brother there upon,
Of that he had his suster shent,
Toke of that sinne vengement
And slough him with his own honde.
And thus thunkinde unkinde fonde.

Hic narrat, qualiter Loth duas filias suas ipsis consencientibus carnali copula cognovit, duosque ex eis filios scilicet Moab et

And for to se more of this thing
The bible maketh a knouleching,
Wherof thou might take evidence
Upon the soth experience.

Whan Lothes wife was overgone
And ſhape unto the ſalte ſtone,
As it is ſpoke unto this day,
By both his doughters than he lay.
With childe he made hem bothe great,
Till that nature hem wolde let
And ſo the cauſe about ladde,
That eche of hem a ſone hadde,
Moab the firſt and the ſecounde
Amon, of which, as it is founde,
Cam afterward to great encres
Two nations. And netheles
For that the ſtockes were ungood,
The braunches mighten nought ben good.
For of the falſe Moabites
Forth with the ſtrength of Amonites,
Of that they weren firſt miſget,
The people of god was ofte upſet
In Iſrael and in Judee,
As in the bible a man may ſe.

Amon progenuit, quorum poſtea generacio prava et exaſperans contra populum dei in terra ſaltim promiſſionis vario gravamine quam ſepius inſultabat.

Lo thus, my ſone, as I the ſay,
Thou might thy ſelve be beſay
Of that thou haſt of other herde,
For ever yet it hath ſo ferde,
Of loves luſt if ſo befalle,
That it in other place falle,
Than it is of the lawe ſette.
He, which his love hath ſo beſette,
Mote afterward repent him ſore,
And every man is others lore.

Confeſſor.

Of that befell in time er this,
The preſent time which nowe is
May ben enformed, how it ſtood,
And take that him thenketh good
And leve that, which is nought ſo.
But for to loke of time ago,
How luſt of love excedeth lawe,
It oughte for to be withdrawe.
For every man it ſhulde drede
And namelich in his ſibrede,
Which torneth ofte to vengeaunce,
Wherof a tale in remembraunce,
Which is a long proceſs to here,
I thenke for to tellen here.

2. *Omnibus eſt communis amor, ſed et immoderatos*
Qui facit exceſſus, non reputatur amans.
Sors tamen unde Venus attractat corda videre,
Que rationis erunt, non ratione ſinit.

Hic loquitur adhuc contra inceſtuoſos amantum coitus, et narrat mirabile exemplum de magno rege Antiocho, qui uxore mortua propriam filiam violavit, et quia filie matrimonium penes alios impedire voluit, tale ab eo exiit edictum, quod ſi quis eam in uxorem peteret, niſi quoddam problema queſtionis, quam ipſe rex propoſuerat, veraciter ſolveret, capitali ſentencia puniretur, ſuper quo veniens tandem diſcretus

Of a cronique in daies gon,
The which is cleped Panteon,
In loves cauſe I rede thus,
How that the great Antiochus,
Of whom that Antioche toke
His firſte name, as ſaith the boke,
Was coupled to a noble quene,
And had a doughter hem betwene.
But ſuch fortune cam to honde,
That deth, which no kind may withſtonde,
But every life it mote obey,
This worthy quene toke awey.

The king, which made mochel mone,
Tho ſtood as who ſaith all him one
Withoute wife, but netheles
His doughter, which was pereles
Of beaute, dwelt about him ſtille.
But whan a man hath welth at wille,
The fleſhe is frele and falleth ofte,
And that this maide tendre and ſofte,
Whiche in her faders chambre dwelte,
Within a time wiſt and felte,
For liking of concupiſcence
Without inſight of conſcience
The fader ſo with luſtes blente,
That he caſt all his hole entente
His owne doughter for to ſpille.
The king hath leiſer at his wille,
With ſtrengthe and whan he time ſigh,
The yonge maiden he forleie.
And ſhe was tendre and full of drede,
She couthe nought her maidenhede
Defende, and thus ſhe hath forlore
The floure, which ſhe hath longe bore.
It helpeth nought all though ſhe wepe,
For they that ſhulde her body kepe
Of women were abſent as than.
And thus this maiden goth to man.
The wilde fader thus devoureth
His owne fleſh, which none ſocoureth,
And that was cauſe of mochel care.
But after this unkinde fare

juvenis princeps Tyri Appollinus queſtionem ſolvit. Nec tamen filiam habere potuit, ſed rex indignatus ipſum propter hoc in mortis odium recollegit, unde Appollinus a facie regis fugiens quam plura, prout inferius intitulantur, propter amorem pericula paſſus eſt.

Out of the chambre goth the king.
And ſhe lay ſtill and of this thing
Within her ſelf ſuch ſorwe made,
There was no wight, that might her glade,
For fere of thilke horrible vice.
With that came inne the norice,
Which fro childhode her hadde kepte
And axeth, if ſhe hadde ſlepte,
And why her chere was unglad.
But ſhe, which hath ben overlad
Of that ſhe mighte nought be wreke,
For ſhame couth unethes ſpeke.
And netheles mercy ſhe praide
With weping eye and thus ſhe ſaide:
Helas, my ſuſter, wailoway,
That ever I ſigh this ilke day.
Thing, which my body firſt begate
Into this worlde, only that
My worldes worſhip hath berefte.
With that ſhe ſwouneth now and efte
And ever wisſheth after deth,
So that welnigh her lacketh breth.
  That other, which her wordes herde,
In comforting of her anſwerde,
To let her faders foul deſire,
She wiſte no recoverire,
Whan thing is do, there is no bote.
So ſuffren they that ſuffren mote.
There was none other, which it wiſt.
Thus hath this king all that him liſt

Of his liking and his plesaunce,
And last in such a continuaunce,
And such delite he toke there in,
Him thoughte that it was no sin.
And she durst him no thing withsay.
But fame, which goth every way,
To sondry regnes all aboute
The great beaute telleth oute
Of such a maide of high parage.
So that for love of mariage
The worthy princes come and sende,
As they, the which all honour wende
And knew no thing, how that it stode.
  The fader whan he understode,
That they his doughter thus besought,
With all his wit he cast and sought,
How that he mighte finde a lette,
And such a statute than he sette
And in this wise his lawe taxeth,
That what man that his doughter axeth,
But if he couthe his question
Assoile upon suggestion
Of certein thinges, that befelle,
The which he wolde unto him telle,
He shulde in certein lese his hede.
And thus there were many dede,
Her hedes stonding on the gate,
Till ate laste long and late
For lacke of answere in this wise
The remenaunt, that weren wise,

Eſcheueden to make aſſay.

De adventu Appollini in Antiochiam, ubi ipſe filiam regis Antiochi in uxorem poſtulavit.

Till it befell upon a day
Appollinus the prince of Tire,
Which hath to love a great deſire,
As he, which in his highe mode,
Was liking of his hote blode,
A yonge, a freſh, a luſty knight,
As he lay muſing on a night
Of the tidinges, which he herde,
He thought aſſay how that it ferde.
He was with worthy compaignie
Arraied and with good navie,
To ſhip he goth, the winde him driveth,
And ſaileth, till that he arriveth
Sauf in the porte of Antioche.
He londeth and goth to approche
The kinges court and his preſence.
Of every natural ſcience,
Whiche any clerke couth him teche,
He couth inough and in his ſpeche
Of wordes he was eloquent.
And whan he ſigh the king preſent,
He praieth, he mote his doughter have.
The king ayein began to crave
And tolde him the condicion,
How firſt unto his queſtion
He mote anſwere and faile nought,
Or with his heved it ſhall be bought.
And he him axeth, what it was.

Queſtio regis Antiochi: ſcelere ve-

The king declareth him the cas

With fterne loke and ftordy chere,
To him and faid in this manere :
With felony I am upbore,
I ete and have it nought forlore
My moders flefh, whofe hufbonde
My fader for to feche I fonde,
Which is the fone eke of my wife,
Herof I am inquifitife.
And who that can my tale fave
Al quite he fhall my doughter have.
Of his anfwere and if he faile,
He fhall be dede withoute faile.
Forthy my fone, quod the king,
Be wel avifed of this thing,
Which hath thy life in jeopartie.
Appollinus for his partie
Whan he that queftion had herde,
Unto the king he hath anfwerde
And hath reherced one and one
The points and faide therupon :
  The queftion, which thou haft fpoke,
If thou wolt, that it be unloke,
It toucheth all the privete
Betwene thin owne child and the
And ftant all hole upon you two.
The king was wonder fory tho
And thought, if that he faid it out,
Than were he fhamed all about.
With flighe wordes and with felle
He faith : My fone, I fhall the telle,

hor, materna carne vefcor, quero patrem meum, matris mee virum, uxoris mee filium.

Refponfio Appollini.

Indignacio regis Antiochi fuper refponfione Appollini.

Though that thou be of litel wit,
It is no great merveile as yit,
Thin age may it nought ſuffiſe.
But loke wel thou nought deſpiſe
Thin owne life, for of my grace
Of thritty daies full a ſpace
I graunte the, to ben aviſed.

De receſſu Appollini ab Antiochia.

And thus with leve and time aſſiſed
This yonge prince forth he wente
And underſtode wel what it mente.
Within his herte as he was lered,
That for to make him afered,
The kinge his time hath ſo delaied,
Wherof he drad and was amaied
Of treſon that he deie ſholde,
For he the king his ſothe tolde.
And ſodeinly the nightes tide,
That more wolde he nought abide,
Al prively his barge he hente
And home ayein to Tire he wente.
And in his owne wit he ſaide,
For drede if he the king bewraide,
He knew ſo wel the kinges herte,
That deth ne ſhulde he nought aſterte,
The king him wolde ſo purſue.
But he that wolde his deth eſcheue
And knewe all this to-fore the honde,
Forſake he thought his owne londe,
That there wolde he nought abide.
For wel he knew that on ſome ſide

This tiraunt of his felonie
By ſome manere of trecherie
To greve his body woll nought leve.
  Forthy withouten taking leve
As privelich as ever he might
He goth him to the ſee by night,
Her ſhippes that ben with whete laden,
Her takil redy tho they maden
And haleth ſail and forth they fare.
But for to telle of the care,
That they of Tire began tho,
Whan that they wiſt he was ago,
It is a pite for to here.
They loſten luſt, they loſten chere,
They toke upon hem ſuch penaunce,
There was no ſong, there was no daunce,
But every merthe and melody
To hem was than a malady,
For unluſt of that aventure
There was no man which toke tonſure.
In dolfull clothes they hem clothe.
The bathes and the ſtewes bothe
They ſhetten in by every wey.
There was no life which liſte pley
Ne take of any joie kepe,
But for her lege lord to wepe,
And every wight ſaid as he couth:
Helas, the luſty floure of youth,
Our prince, our heved, our governour,
Through whom we ſtonden in honour,

De fuga Appollini per mare a regno ſuo.

Withoute the comune assent,
That sodeinly is fro us went.
Such was the clamour of hem alle.
But se we now what is befalle
Upon the firste tale pleine
And torne we therto ayeine.
Antiochus the grete sire,
Which full of rancour and of ire
His herte bereth so as ye herde,
Of that this prince of Tire answerde,
He had a felow bacheler,
Which was his prive counseiler
And Taliart by name he hight.
The king a strong poison him dight
Within a buist and gold therto,
In alle haste and bad him go
Straught unto Tire and for no cost
Ne spare, till he hadde lost
The prince, which he wolde spill.
And whan the king hath said his will,
This Taliart in a galey
With all the haste he toke his wey.
The wind was good, they saileth blive,
Till he toke lond upon the rive
Of Tire and forth with all anone
Into the burgh he gan to gone
And toke his inne and bode a throwe.
But for he wolde nought be knowe,
Desguised than he goth him out.
He sigh the weping all about

Nota, qualiter Thaliartus miles, ut Appollinum veneno intoxicaret, ab Antiocho in Tyrum missus ipso ibidem non invento Antiochiam rediit.

And axeth, what the caufe was.
And they him tolde all the cas,
How fodeinly the prince is go.
And whan he figh, that it was fo
And that his labour was in veine,
Anone he torneth home ayeine,
And to the king whan he cam nigh,
He tolde of that he herde and figh,
How that the prince of Tire is fled.
So was he come ayein unfped.
The king was fory for a while,
But whan he figh, that with no wile
He might acheve his cruelte,
He ftint his wrath, and let him be.
But over this now for to telle
Of adventures that befelle
Unto this prince, of which I tolde,
He hath his righte cours forth holde
By ftone and nedel, till he cam
To Tharfe, and ther his londe he nam.
A bourgeis riche of golde and fee
Was thilke time in that citee,
Which cleped was Strangulio,
His wife was Dionife alfo.
This yonge prince, as faith the boke,
With him his herbergage toke.
And it befell that citee fo
Before time and than alfo,
Through ftronge famin, whiche hem lad,
Was none, that any whete had.

Qualiter Appollinus in portu Tharfis applicuit, ubi in hofpicio cuiufdam magni viri nomine Strangulionis hofpitatus eft.

Appollinus, whan that he herde
The mifchefe, how the citee ferde,
All frelich of his owne yifte
His whete among hem for to fhifte,
The which by fhip he hadde brought,
He yave and toke of hem right nought.
But fithen firft this world began,
Was never yet to fuch a man
More joie made, than they him made.
For they were all of him fo glade,
That they for ever in remembraunce
Made a figure in refemblaunce
Of him and in a comun place
They fet it up, fo that his face
Might every maner man beholde,
So as the citee was beholde,
It was of laton over gilt.
Thus hath he nought his yifte fpilt.

Qualiter Hellicanus civis Tyri Tharfim veniens Appollinum de infidiis Antiochi premunivit.

Upon a time with a route
This lord to pleie goth him oute
And in his way of Tire he mette
A man, which on his knees him grette,
And Hellican by name he hight,
Which praide his lord to have infight
Upon him felf and faid him thus,
How that the great Antiochus
Awaiteth, if he might him fpille.
That other thought and helde him ftille
And thonked him of his warning
And bad him telle no tiding,

When he to Tire cam home ayeine,
That he in Tharſe him hadde ſeine.
Fortune hath ever be muable
And may no while ſtonde ſtable.
For now it higheth, now it loweth,
Now ſtant upright, now overthroweth,
Now full of bliſs and now of bale,
As in the telling of my tale
Here afterward a man may lere,
Which is great routhe for to here.
This lord, which wolde done his beſt,
Within him ſelf hath litel reſt
And thought he wolde his place chaunge
And ſeke a contre more ſtraunge.
Of Tharſiens his leve anone
He toke and is to ſhippe gone.
His cours he nam with ſaile updrawe,
Where as fortune doth the lawe
And ſheweth, as I ſhall reherce,
How ſhe was to this lord diverſe,
The which upon the ſee ſhe ferketh.
The winde aros, the wether derketh,
It blew and made ſuch tempeſt,
None anker may the ſhip areſt,
Which hath to-broken all his gere.
The ſhipmen ſtood in ſuch a fere,
Was none that might him ſelf beſtere,
But ever awaite upon the lere,
Whan that they ſholden drenche at ones.
There was inough within the wones

Qualiter Appollinus portum Tharſis relinquens, cum ipſe per mare navigio ſecuriorem queſivit, ſuperveniente tempeſtate navis cum omnibus preter ipſum ſolum in eadem contentis juxta Pentapolim periclitabatur.

Of weping and of ſorwe tho.
The yonge king maketh mochel wo
So for to ſe the ſhip travaile.
But all that might him nought availe.
The maſt to-brake, the ſail to-roſe,
The ſhip upon the wawes droſe,
Till that they ſe the londes coſte.
Tho made a vow the leſte and moſte,
Be ſo they mighten come a londe.
But he, which hath the ſe on honde,
Neptunus wolde nought accorde,
But all to-brake cable and corde,
Er they to londe mighte approche.
The ſhip to-clef upon a roche
And all goth down into the depe.
But he, that alle thing may kepe,
Unto this lord was merciable
And brought him ſauf upon a table,
Which to the londe him hath upbore,
The remenaunt was all forlore.
Herof he made mochel mone.

Qualiter Appollinus nudus ſuper litus jactabatur, ubi quidam piſcator ipſum ſuo collobio veſtiens ad urbem Pentapolim direxit.

Thus was this yonge lorde alone
All naked in a pouer plite.
His colour, which was whilom white,
Was than of water fade and pale,
And eke he was ſo ſore a cale,
That he wiſt of him ſelf no bote,
It helpe him no thing for to mote
To gete ayein that he hath lore.
But ſhe, which hath his deth forbore,

Fortune, though ſhe woll nought yelpe,
All ſodeinly hath ſent him helpe,
Whan him thought alle grace awey.
There came a fisſher in the wey
And ſigh a man there naked ſtonde.
And whan that he hath underſtonde
The cauſe, he hath of him great routh
And onlich of his pouer trouth
Of ſuche clothes as he hadde
With great pite this lord he cladde.
And he him thonketh as he ſholde
And ſaith him, that it ſhall be yolde,
If ever he gete his ſtate ayein,
And praieth, that he wolde him ſain,
If nigh were any town for him.
He ſaide: Ye, Pentopolim,
Where bothe king and quene dwellen.
Whan he this tale herde tellen,
He gladdeth him and gan beſeche,
That he the wey him wolde teche.
And he him taught. And forth he went
And praide god with good entent
To ſende him joy after his ſorwe.
It was nought paſſed yet midmorwe,
Than thiderward his wey he nam,
Where ſone upon the none he cam.
He ete ſuch as he might gete,
And forth anone whan he had ete,
He goth to ſe the town about,
And cam there as he found a rout

Qualiter Appollino Pentapolim adveniente ludus gignaſii per urbem publice proclamatus eſt.

Of yonge lufty men withall.
And as it fhulde tho befall,
That day was fet of fuch affife,
That they fhulde in the londes gife
As he herde of the people fay
Her comun game thanne pley.
And cried was, that they fhuld come
Unto the game all and fome
Of hem that ben deliver and wight
To do fuch maiftry as they might.
They made hem naked as they fholde,
For fo that ilke game wolde,
And it was tho cuftume and ufe,
Amonges hem was no refufe.
The floure of all the town was there
And of the court alfo there were,
And that was in a large place
Right even before the kinges face,
Whiche Arteftrates thanne hight.
The pley was pleied right in his fight.
And who moft worthy was of dede
Receive he fhulde a certain mede
And in the citee bere a price.
Appollinus, which ware and wife
Of every game couth an ende,
He thought affay, how fo it wende.

Qualiter Appollinus ludum gignafii vincens in aula regis ad cenam honorifice ceptus eft.

And fell among hem into game,
And there he wanne him fuch a name,
So as the king him felf accompteth,
That he all other men furmounteth

And bare the prise above hem alle.
The king bad, that into his halle
At souper time he shall be brought.
And he cam than and lefte it nought
Withoute compaigny alone.
Was none so semelich of persone,
Of visage and of limmes bothe,
If that he hadde what to clothe.
At souper time netheles
The king amiddes all the pres
Let clepe him up amonge hem alle
And bad his mareshall of his halle
To setten him in such degre,
That he upon him mighte se.
The king was sone sette and served,
And he, which had his prise deserved
After the kinges owne worde,
Was made begin a middel borde,
That bothe king and quene him sigh.
He sette and cast about his eye,
And sigh the lordes in estate
And with him self wax in debate
Thenkend what he hadde lore,
And such a sorwe he toke therfore,
That he sat ever still and thought,
As he, which of no mete rought.
 The king behelde his hevinesse
And of his grete gentilesse
His doughter, which was faire and good
And ate bord before him stood,

Qualiter Appollinus in cena recumbens nichil comedit, sed doloroso vultu, submisso capite, maxime inge-

mescebat, qui tandem a filia regis confortatus citharam plectens cunctis audientibus citharizando ultra modum complacuit.

As it was thilke time usage,
He bad to go on his message
And founde for to make him glad.
And she did as her fader bad
And goth to him the softe pas
And axeth whenne and what he was,
And praith he shulde his thoughtes leve.
He saith: Madame, by your leve.
My name is hote Appollinus,
And of my richesse it is thus,
Upon the see I have it lore.
The contre, where as I was bore,
Where that my lond is and my rente,
I lefte at Tire, whan that I wente,
The worship there, of which I ought,
Unto the god I there betought.
And thus to-gider as they two speke,
The teres ran down by his cheke.
The king, which therof toke good kepe,
Had great pite to se him wepe
And for his doughter send ayein
And praid her faire and gan to sain,
That she no lenger wolde drecche,
But that she wolde anone forth fecche
Her harpe and done all that she can
To gladde with that sory man.
And she to done her faders hest
Her harpe fet and in the feste
Upon a chare, which they fette,
Her self next to this man she sette.

With harpe both and eke with mouthe
To him ſhe did, all that ſhe couthe
To make him chere, and ever he ſiketh,
And ſhe him axeth, how him liketh.
  Madame, certes well, he ſaide,
But if ye the meſure plaide,
Which, if you liſt, I ſhall you lere,
It were a glad thing for to here.
Ha, leve ſire, tho quod ſhe,
Now take the harpe and let me ſe,
Of what meſure that ye mene.
  Tho praith the king, tho praith the quene,
Forth with the lordes all arewe,
That he ſome merthe wolde ſhewe.
He taketh the harpe and in his wiſe
He tempreth and of ſuche aſſiſe
Singend he harpeth forth with all,
That as a vois celeſtiall
Hem thought it ſouned in her ere,
As though that he an aungel were.
They gladen of his melody,
But moſt of all the company
The kinges doughter, which it herde,
And thought eke of that he anſwerde,
Whan that it was of her appoſed,
Within her hert hath well ſuppoſed,
That he is of great gentileſſe.
His dedes ben therof witneſſe
Forth with the wiſdome of his lore,
It nedeth nought to ſeche more.

He might nought have ſuch manere,
Of gentil blood but if he were.
Whan he hath harped all his fill
The kinges heſte to fulfill,
Away goth diſh, away goth cup,
Down goth the bord, the cloth was up,
They riſen and gone out of halle.

Qualiter Appollinus cum rege pro filia ſua erudienda retentus eſt.

The king his chamberlein let calle
And bad, that he by alle wey
A chambre for this man purvey,
Which nigh his owne chambre be.
It ſhall be do, my lord, quod he.
Appollinus, of whom I mene,
Tho toke his leve of king and quene
And of the worthy maide alſo,
Which praid unto her fader tho,
That ſhe might of the yonge man
Of tho ſciences, which he can,
His lore have. And in this wiſe
The king her graunteth his appriſe,
So that him ſelf therto aſſent.
Thus was accorded er they went,
That he with all that ever he may
This yonge faire freſhe may
Of that he couthe ſhulde enforme.
And ful aſſented in this forme
They token leve as for that night.

Qualiter filia regis Appollinum ornato apparatu veſtiri fecit, et ipſe ad puelle doctrinam, in

And whan it was on morwe right,
Unto this yonge man of Tire
Of clothes, and of good attire

With gold and ſilver to deſpende
This worthy yonge lady ſende.
And thus ſhe made him well at eſe,
And he with all that he can pleſe
Her ſerveth well and faire ayeine.
He taught her, till ſhe was certeine
Of harpe, citole and of riote
With many a tune and many a note,
Upon muſique, upon meſure,
And of her harpe the temprure
He taught her eke, as he well couth.
But as men ſain, that frele is youth
With leiſer and continuaunce,
This maide fell upon a chaunce,
That love hath made him a quarele
Ayeine her youthe freſh and frele,
That malgre where ſhe wold or nought,
She mot with all her hertes thought
To love and to his lawe obey.
And that ſhe ſhall full ſore obey,
For ſhe wot never what it is.
But ever among ſhe feleth this,
Thenkend upon this man of Tire,
Her herte is hote as any fire,
And otherwiſe it is a cale.
Now is ſhe red, now is ſhe pale
Right after the condition
Of her ymagination.
But ever among her thoughtes alle,
She thoughte, what ſo may befalle,

quam pluribus familiariter intendebat, unde placata puella in amorem Appollini exardeſcens infirmabatur.

Or that ſhe laugh, or that ſhe wepe,
She wolde her gode name kepe
For fere of womanisſhe ſhame.
But what in erneſt, what in game
She ſtant for love in ſuch a plite,
That ſhe hath loſt all appetite
Of mete and drinke, of nightes reſt,
As ſhe that not what is the beſt.
But for to thenken all her fille
She helde her ofte times ſtille
Within her chambre, and goth nought out.
The king was of her life in doubt,
Which wiſte nothing what it ment.

Qualiter tres filii principum filiam regis ſingillatim in uxorem ſuis ſupplicacionibus poſtularunt.

But fell a time, as he out went
To walke, of princes ſones thre
There came and felle to his knee,
And eche of hem in ſondry wiſe
Beſought and profreth his ſervice,
So that he might his doughter have.
The king, which wold her honour ſave,
Saith, ſhe is ſike, and of that ſpeche
Tho was no time to beſeche,
But eche of hem to make a bille
He bad and write his owne wille,
His name, his fader and his good.
And whan ſhe wiſt, how that it ſtood,
And had her billes overſein,
They ſhulden have anſwere ayein.
Of this counſeil they weren glad
And writen, as the king hem bad,

And every man his owne boke
Into the kinges hond betoke.
And he it to his doughter ſende
And praide her for to make an ende
And write ayein her owne honde,
Right as ſhe in her herte fonde.
  The billes weren well received,
But ſhe hath all her loves weived
And thoughte tho was time and ſpace
To put her in her faders grace
And wrote ayein and thus ſhe ſaide:
  The ſhame, which is in a maide,
With ſpeche dare nought be unloke,
But in writing it may be ſpoke.
So write I to you, fader, thus,
But if I have Appollinus,
Of all this world what ſo betide,
I woll non other man abide.
And certes if I of him faile,
I wot right well withoute faile,
Ye ſhull for me be doughterles.
This letter came, and there was pres
To-fore the king, there as he ſtode.
And whan that he it underſtode,
He yave hem anſwere by and by.
But that was done ſo prively,
That none of others counſeil wiſte.
They toke her leve, and where hem liſte,
They wente forth upon her wey.
  The king ne wolde nought bewrey

Qualiter filia regis omnibus aliis relictis Appollinum in maritum preelegit.

Qualiter rex et regina in maritagium

filie sue cum Appollino consencierunt.

The counseil for no maner high,
But suffreth till he time sigh.
And whan that he to chambre is come,
He hath unto his counseil nome
This man of Tire and lete him se
The letter, and all the privete,
The which his doughter to him sente.
And he his kne to grounde bente
And thonketh him and her also.
And er they wenten than a two
With good herte and with good corage
Of full love and full mariage
The kinge and he ben hole accorded.
And after, whan it was recorded
Unto the doughter, how it stood,
The yifte of all this worldes good
Ne shuld have made her half so blithe.
And forth with all the kinge als swithe,
For he woll have her good assent,
Hath for the quene her moder sent.
The quene is come, and whan she herde
Of this matere how that it ferde,
She sigh debate, she sigh disese,
But if she wolde her doughter plese,
And is therto assented ful,
Whiche is a dede wonderful.
For no man knew the sothe cas,
But he him self, what man he was.
And netheles so as hem thought
His dedes to the sothe wrought,

That he was come of gentil blood,
Him lacketh nought but worldes good.
And as therof is no despeire,
For she shall be her faders heire,
And he was able to governe,
Thus woll they nought the love werne
Of him and her in no wise,
But all accorded they devise
The day and time of mariage,
Where love is lorde of the corage.
Him thenketh longe, er that he spede,
But ate laste unto the dede

The time is come, and in her wise
With great offrend and sacrifice
They wedde and make a riche fest,
And every thing was right honest
Withinne hous, and eke without.
It was so done, that all about
Of great worship and great noblesse
There cried many a man largesse
Unto the lordes high and loude.
The knightes, that ben yonge and proude,
They jeste first and after daunce.
The day is go, the nightes chaunce
Hath derked all the brighte sonne.
This lord, which hath his love wonne,
Is go to bedde with his wife,
Where as they lede a lusty life,
And that was after somdele sene,
For as they pleiden hem betwene,

Qualiter Appollinus filie regis nupsit, et prima nocte cum ea concubiens ipsam impregnavit.

They gete a child betwene hem two,
To whom fell after mochel wo.

Qualiter ambaſſiatores a Tyro in quadam navi Pentapolim venientes mortem regis Antiochi Appollino nunciaverunt.

Now have I tolde of the ſpouſailes.
But for to ſpeke of the merveiles,
Which afterward to hem befelle,
It is a wonder for to telle.
It fell a day they riden out
The kinge and quene and all the rout
To pleien hem upon the ſtronde,
Where as they ſeen toward the londe
A ſhip ſailend of great array.
To knowe what it mene may,
Till it be come they abide.
Than ſe they ſtonde on every ſide
Endlong the ſhippes bord to ſhewe
Of penouncels a riche rewe.
They axen, whenne the ſhip is come.
Fro Tire, anone anſwerde ſome.
And over this they ſaiden more,
The cauſe why they comen ſore
Was for to ſeche and for to finde
Appollinus, which is of kinde
Her lege lord. And he appereth
And of the tale whiche he hereth
He was right glad, for they him tolde,
That for vengeaunce, as god it wolde,
Antiochus as men may wite
With thunder and lightning is forſmite.
His doughter hath the ſame chaunce.
So be they both in o balaunce.

Forthy, our lege lord, we ſay
In name of all the lond and pray,
That left all other thing to done,
It like you to come ſone
And ſe your owne lege men
With other, that ben of your ken,
That live in longing and deſire,
Till ye be come ayein to Tire.
This tale after the king it had
Pentapolim all overſprad.
There was no joie for to ſeche,
For every man it had in ſpeche
And ſaiden all of one accorde :
A worthy king ſhall ben our lorde,
That thought us firſt an hevineſſe,
Is ſhape us now to great gladneſſe.
Thus goth the tiding over all.
But nede he mot, that nede ſhall.
Appollinus his leve toke,
To god and all the lond betoke
With all the people longe and brode,
That he no lenger there abode.
The king and quene ſorwe made,
But yet ſomdele they weren glade
Of ſuch thing, as they herden tho.
And thus betwene the wele and wo
To ſhip he goth, his wife with childe,
The which was ever meke and milde
And wolde nought departe him fro,
Such love was betwene hem two.

Qualiter Appollino cum uxore ſua impregnata a Pentapoli verſus Tyrum navigantibus contigit uxorem, mortis articulo anguſtiatam, in navi filiam, que poſtea Thaiſis vocabatur, parere.

Lichorida for her office
Was take, which was a norice,
To wende with this yonge wife,
To whom was ſhape a wofull life.
Within a time, as it betid,
Whan they were in the ſee amid,
Out of the north they ſigh a cloude,
The ſtorme aros, the windes loude
They blewen many a dredefull blaſt,
The welken was all overcaſt.
The derke night the ſonne hath under,
There was a great tempeſt of thunder.
The mone and eke the ſterres bothe
In blacke cloudes they hem clothe,
Wherof her brighte loke they hide.
This yonge lady wept and cride,
To whom no comfort might availe,
Of childe ſhe began travaile,
Where ſhe lay in a caban cloſe.
Her wofull lord fro her aroſe,
And that was long er any morwe,
So that in anguiſh and in ſorwe
She was delivered all by night
And deiede in every mannes ſight.

Qualiter Appollinus mortem uxoris ſue planxit.

But netheles for all this wo
A maide child was bore tho.
Appollinus whan he this knewe,
For ſorwe a ſwoune he overthrewe,
That no man wiſt in him no life.
And whan he woke, he ſaide : Ha, wife,

My joy, my luſt and my deſire,
My welth and my recoverire,
Why ſhall I live, and thou ſhalt deie?
Ha, thou fortune, I the defie,
Now haſt thou do to me thy werſt.
Ha, herte, why ne wolt thou berſt,
That forth with her I mighte paſſe?
My paines were well the laſſe.
In ſuch weping and ſuche crie
His dede wife, which lay him by,
A thouſand ſithes he her kiſte,
Was never man, that ſigh ne wiſte
A ſorwe to his ſorwe liche,
Was ever among upon the liche.
He fell ſwounende as he, that thought
His owne deth, which he beſought
Unto the goddes all above
With many a pitous word of love.
But ſuche wordes as tho were,
Yet herde never mannes ere,
But only thilke, which he ſaide.
The maiſter ſhipman came and praide
With other ſuch, as ben therinne,
And ſain, that he may nothing winne
Ayein the deth, but they him rede,
He be well ware and take hede,
The ſee by wey of his nature
Receive may no creature
Within him ſelf as for to holde,
The which is dede. Forthy they wolde,

As they counſeilen all about,
The dede body caſten out.
For better it is, they ſaiden all,
That it of here ſo befall,
Than if they ſhulden alle ſpille.

Qualiter ſuadentibus nautis corpus uxoris ſue mortue in quadam ciſta plumbo et ferro obtuſaque circumligata Appollinus cum magno theſauro una cum quadam littera ſub eius capite ſcripta recludi et in mare proici fecit.

The king, which underſtode her will
And knew her counſeil that was trewe,
Began ayein his ſorwe newe
With pitous hert and thus to ſay:
It is all reſon that ye pray.
I am, quod he, but one alone,
So wolde I nought for my perſone,
There felle ſuch adverſite.
But whan it may no better be,
Doth thanne thus upon my worde,
Let make a coffre ſtronge of borde,
That it be firm with led and piche.
Anone was made a coffre ſuche
All redy brought unto his honde.
And whan he ſighe and redy fonde
This coffre made and well englued,
The dede body was beſewed
In cloth of gold and laid therinne.
And for he wolde unto her winne
Upon ſome coſte a ſepulture,
Under her heved in adventure
Of gold he laide ſommes great
And of juels a ſtrong beyete
Forth with a letter, and ſaid thus:

Copia littere Appollini capiti uxoris ſue ſuppoſite.

I, king of Tire, Appollinus

Doth alle maner men for to wite,
That here and ſe this letter write,
That helpeles withoute rede
Here lith a kinges doughter dede,
And who that hapneth her to finde
For charite take in his minde
And do ſo, that ſhe be begrave
With this treſor, which he ſhal have.
  Thus whan the letter was full ſpoke,
They have anone the coffre ſtoke
And bounden it with iron faſte,
That it may with the wawes laſte,
And ſtoppen it by ſuch a wey,
That it ſhall be withinne drey,
So that no water might it greve.
And thus in hope and good beleve,
Of that the corps ſhall well arrive,
They caſt it over borde as blive.
  The ſhip forth on the wawes went.
The prince hath chaunged his entent
And ſaith, he woll nought come at Tire
As thanne, but all his deſire
Is firſt to ſailen unto Tharſe.
The windy ſtorm began to ſcarſe,
The ſonne ariſt, the weder clereth,
The ſhipman, which behinde ſtereth,
Whan that he ſigh the windes ſaught,
Towardes Tharſe his cours he ſtraught.
  But now to my matere ayein,
To telle as olde bokes ſain,

Qualiter Appollinus, uxoris ſue corpore in mare projecto, Tyrum relinquens curſum ſuum verſus Tharſim navigio dolens arripuit.

Qualiter corpus predicte defuncte ſuper litus apud

Ephesim quidam medicus nomine Cerimon cum aliquibus suis discipulis invenit, quod in hospicium suum portans et extra cistam ponens, spiraculo vite in ea adhuc invento, ipsam plene sanitati restituit.

This dede corps, of whiche ye knowe,
With winde and water was forth throwe,
Now here, now there, till ate last
At Ephesim the see upcast
The coffre and all that was therinne.
Of great merveile now beginne
May here, who that sitteth still.
That god woll save may nought spill.
Right as the corps was throwe a londe,
There cam walkend upon the stronde
A worthy clerke and surgien
And eke a great phisicien,
Of all that lond the wisest one,
Which highte maister Cerimon.
There were of his disciples some.
This maister is to the coffre come,
He peiseth there was somwhat in
And bad hem bere it to his inne,
And goth him selve forth with all.
All that shall falle, falle shall.
They comen home and tarie nought.
This coffre into his chambre is brought,
Which that they finde faste stoke,
But they with craft it have unloke.
They loken in, where as they founde,
A body dede, which was iwounde
In cloth of gold, as I said ere.
The tresor eke they founden there
Forth with the letter, which they rede.
And tho they token better hede.

Unſowed was the body ſone.
As he that knewe, what was to done,
This noble clerk with alle haſte
Began the veines for to taſte,
And ſigh her age was of youthe.
And with the craftes, which he couthe,
He ſought and found a ſigne of life.
With that this worthy kinges wife
Honeſtely they token out
And maden fires all about.
They laid her on a couche ſofte,
And with a ſhete warmed ofte
Her colde breſt began to hete,
Her herte alſo to flacke and bete,
This maiſter hath her every jointe
With certain oil and balſme anointe,
And put a liquour in her mouthe,
Which is to fewe clerkes couthe,
So that ſhe covereth ate laſte.
And firſt her eyen up ſhe caſte,
And whan ſhe more of ſtrengthe caught,
Her armes bothe forth ſhe ſtraught,
Held up her hond and pitouſly
She ſpake and ſaide: Where am I?
Where is my lord, what world is this?
As ſhe, that wot nought how it is.
But Cerimon that worthy leche
Anſwerde anone upon her ſpeche
And ſaid: Madame, ye ben here,
Where ye be ſauf, as ye ſhall here

Here afterward, forthy as now
My counſeil is, comforteth you.
For triſteth wel withoute faile,
There is no thing, which ſhall you faile,
That ought of reſon to be do.
Thus paſſen they a day or two.
They ſpeke of nought as for an ende,
Till ſhe began ſomdele amende,
And wiſt her ſelven, what ſhe mente.

Qualiter uxor Appollini ſanata domum religionis peciit, ubi ſacro velamine munita caſtam omni tempore ſe vovit.

Tho for to knowe her hole entente
This maiſter axeth all the cas,
How ſhe cam there, and what ſhe was.
How I came here, wote I nought,
Quod ſhe, but wel I am bethought
Of other thinges all about
Fro point to point, and tolde him out
Als ferforthly as ſhe it wiſte.
And he her tolde, how in a kiſte
The ſee her threwe upon the londe,
And what treſor with her he fonde,
Which was all redy at her will,
As he, that ſhope him to fulfill
With al his might, what thing he ſhuld.
She thonketh him, that he ſo wolde,
And all her herte ſhe diſcloſeth
And ſaith him well that ſhe ſuppoſeth,
Her lord be dreint, her childe alſo.
So ſigh ſhe nought but alle wo.
Wherof as to the world no more
Ne woll ſhe torne and praieth therfore,

That in ſome temple of the citee
To kepe and holde her chaſtete
She might among the women dwelle.
Whan he this tale herde telle,
He was right glad and made her knowen,
That he a doughter of his owen
Hath, which he woll unto her yive
To ſerve, while they bothe live
In ſtede of that, which ſhe hath loſte,
All only at his owne coſte,
She ſhall be rendred forth with her.
She ſaith: Graunt mercy, leve ſir,
God quite it you, there I ne may.
And thus they drive forth the day,
Till time cam, that ſhe was hole.
And tho they take her counſeil hole
To ſhape upon good ordenaunce
And made a worthy purveaunce
Ayein the day, whan they be veiled.
And thus whan that they were counſeiled,
In blacke clothes they hem cloth
This lady and the doughter both
And yolde hem to religion.
The feſte and the profeſſion
After the reule of that degre
Was made with great ſolempnite,
Where as Diane is ſanctified.
Thus ſtant this lady juſtified,
In ordre where ſhe thenketh to dwelle.
But now ayeinward for to telle,

Qualiter Appollinus Tharſim navi-

gans, filiam ſuam Thaiſim Strangulioni et Dioniſie uxori ſue educandum commendavit et deinde Tyrum adiit, ubi cum ineſtimabili gaudio a ſuis receptus eſt.

In what plite that her lord ſtood inne.
He ſaileth, till that he may winne
The haven of Tharſe, as I ſaide ere.
And whan he was arrived there,
Tho it was through the cite knowe,
Men mighte ſe within a throwe
As who ſaith all the towne at ones.
They come ayein him for the nones
To yiven him the reverence,
So glad they were of his preſence.
And though he were in his corage
Diſeſed, yet with glad viſage
He made hem chere and to his inne,
Where he whilom ſojourned in,
He goth him ſtraught and was received.
And whan the preſs of people is weived,
He taketh his hoſt unto him tho
And ſaith: My frend Strangulio,
Lo thus, and thus it is befalle.
And thou thy ſelf art one of alle
Forth with thy wife, which I moſt triſt,
Forthy if it you bothe liſt,
My doughter Thaiſe by your leve
I thenke ſhall with you beleve
As for a time, and thus I pray,
That ſhe be kept by alle way,
And whan ſhe hath of age more,
That ſhe be ſet to bokes lore.
And this avow to god I make,
That I ſhall never for her ſake

My berde for no liking ſhave,
Till it befalle, that I have
In covenable time of age
Beſette her unto mariage.
  Thus they accorde, and all is well.
And for to reſten him ſomdele,
As for a while he ther ſojorneth,
And than he taketh his leve and torneth
To ſhip and goth him home to Tire,
Where every man with great deſire
Awaiteth upon his coming.
But whan the ſhip cam in ſailing
And they perceiven it is he,
Was never yet in no citee
Such joie made, as they tho made.
His hert alſo began to glade
Of that he ſeeth his people glad.
Lo, thus fortune his hap hath lad,
In ſondry wiſe he was travailed.
But how ſo ever he be aſſailed,
His latter ende ſhall be good.
  And for to ſpeke how that it ſtood
Of Thaiſe his doughter, wher ſhe dwelleth,
In Tharſe as the cronique telleth,
She was well kept, ſhe was well loked,
She was wel taught, ſhe was wel boked,
So well ſhe ſped her in her youth,
That ſhe of every wiſdom couth,
That for to ſeche in every londe
So wiſe an other no man fonde

Qualiter Thaiſis una cum Philotenna Strangulionis et Dioniſie filia omnis ſciencie et honeſtatis doctrina imbuta eſt, ſed et Thaiſis Philotennam precellens in odium mortale per invidiam a Dioniſia recollecta eſt.

Ne ſo well taught at mannes eye.
But wo worth ever falſe envy.
For it befell that time ſo,
A doughter hath Strangulio,
The which was cleped Philotenne.
But fame, which woll ever renne,
Came all day to her moders ere
And ſaith, wher ever her doughter were
With Thaiſe ſet in any place,
The commun vois, the commun grace
Was all upon that other maide,
And of her doughter no man ſaide.
Who was wroth but Dioniſe than?
Her thought a thouſand yere till whan
She might be of Thaiſe wreke,
Of that ſhe herde folk ſo ſpeke.
And fell that ilke ſame tide,
That dede was trewe Lichoride,
Whiche had be ſervaunt to Thaiſe,
So that ſhe was the wors at eſe.
For ſhe hath thanne no ſerviſe
But onely through this Dioniſe,
Which was her dedlich enemy.
Through pure treſon and envy
She, that of alle ſorwe can,
Tho ſpake unto her bondeman,
Which cleped was Theophilus,
And made him ſwere in counſeil thus,
That he ſuch time as ſhe him ſet
Shall come Thaiſe for to fet

And lede her out of alle ſight,
Where that no man her helpe might,
Upon the ſtronde nigh the ſee,
And there he ſhall this maiden ſlee.
This cherles hert is in a traunce,
As he, which drad him of vengeaunce,
Whan time comth an other day.
But yet durſt he nought ſaie nay,
But ſwore and ſaid he ſhall fulfill
Her heſtes at her owne will.

The treſon and the time is ſhape,
So fell it that this cherles knape
Hath lad this maiden where he wold
Upon the ſtronde, and what ſhe ſholde,
She was adrad, and he out braide
A ruſty ſwerde and to her ſaide:
Thou ſhalt be dede. Alas, quod ſhe,
Why ſhall I ſo? Lo thus, quod he,
My lady Dioniſe hath bede,
Thou ſhalt be murdred in this ſtede.
This maiden tho for fere ſhrighte
And for the love of god allmighte
She praith, that for a litel ſtounde
She mighte knele upon the grounde
Toward the heven for to crave,
Her wofull ſoule if ſhe may ſave.
And with this noiſe and with this cry,
Out of a barge faſte by,
Which hid was there on ſcomer-fare,
Men ſterten out and weren ware

Qualiter Dioniſia Thaiſim ut occideret Theophilo ſervo ſuo tradidit, qui cum noctanter longius ab urbe ipſam prope litus maris interficere propoſuerat, pirate ibidem latitantes Thaiſim de manu carnificis eripuerunt ipſamque uſque civitatem Mitelenam ducentes, cuidam Leonino ſcortorum ibidem magiſtro vendiderunt.

Of this felon, and he to go,
And ſhe began to crie tho:
Ha, mercy, help for goddes ſake.
Into the barge they her take,
As theves ſhulde, and forth they went.
Upon the ſee the wind hem hent
And malgre where they wolde or none
To-fore the weder forth they gone,
There halp no ſail, there halp none ore,
Forſtormed and forblowen ſore
In great peril ſo forth they drive,
Till ate laſte they arrive
At Mitelene the citee.
In haven ſauf and whan they be,
The maiſter ſhipman made him boune
And goth him out into the towne
And profreth Thaiſe for to ſelle.
One Leonin it herde telle,
Which maiſter of the bordel was,
And bad him gon a redy pas
To fecchen her, and forth he went
And Thaiſe out of his barge he hent
And to the bordeler her ſolde.
And he, that by her body wolde
Take avauntage, let do cry,
That what man wolde his lechery
Attempt upon her maidenhede
Lay down the gold, and he ſhuld ſpede.
And thus whan he hath cried it out,
In ſight of all the people about

He ladde her to the bordel tho,
No wonder is though ſhe be wo
Clos in a chambre by her ſelf.
Eche after other ten or twelf
Of yonge men in to her went.
But ſuche a grace god her ſent,
That for the ſorwe, which ſhe made,
Was none of hem, which power had
To done her any vilainy.
This Leonin let ever aſpy
And waiteth after great beyete,
But all for nought, ſhe was forlete,
That no man wolde there come.
Whan he therof hath hede nome
And knew, that ſhe was yet a maide,
Unto his owne man he ſaide,
That he with ſtrength ayein her leve
Tho ſhulde her maidenhede bereve.
This man goth in, but ſo it ferde,
Whan he her wofull pleintes herde
And he therof hath take kepe,
Him liſte better for to wepe
Than don ought elles to the game.
And thus ſhe kepte her ſelf fro ſhame
And kneled down to therthe and praide
Unto this man and thus ſhe ſaide:
If ſo be, that thy maiſter wolde,
That I his gold encreſe ſholde,
It may nought falle by this wey,
But ſuffre me to go my wey

Qualiter Leoninus Thaiſim ad lupanar deſtinavit, ubi dei gracia preventa ipſius virginitatem nullus violare potuit.

Out of this hous, where I am in,
And I ſhall make him for to win
In ſome place elles of the town,
Be ſo it be of religion,
Where that honeſte women dwelle.
And thus thou might thy maiſter telle,
That whan I have a chambre there,
Let him do cry ay wide where,
What lord, that hath his doughter dere
And is in will, that ſhe ſhall lere
Of ſuch a ſcole that is trewe,
I ſhall her teche of thinges newe,
Whiche as none other woman can
In all this londe. And tho this man
Her tale hath herde, he goth ayein
And tolde unto his maiſter plein,
That ſhe hath ſaide. And therupon,
Whan that he ſigh beyete none
At the bordel becauſe of hire,
He bad his man to gon and ſpire
A place, where ſhe might abide,
That he may winne upon ſome ſide,
By that ſhe can. But ate leſt
Thus was ſhe ſauf of this tempeſt.

Qualiter Thaiſis a lupanari virgo liberata, inter ſacras mulieres hoſpicium habens, ſciencias, quibus edocta fuit, nobiles regni puellas ibidem edocebat.

He hath her fro the bordel take,
But that was nought for goddes ſake,
But for the lucre, as ſhe him tolde.
Now comen tho, that comen wolde,
Of women in her luſty youth
To here and ſe, what thing ſhe couth.

She can the wiſdome of a clerke,
She can of any luſty werke,
Which to a gentil woman longeth.
And ſome of hem ſhe underfongeth
To the citole and to the harpe,
And whom it liketh for to carpe
Proverbes and demaundes ſligh,
An other ſuch they never ſigh,
Which that ſcience ſo well taught,
Wherof ſhe grete yiftes caught,
That ſhe to Leonin hath wonne.
And thus her name is ſo begonne
Of ſondry thinges, that ſhe techeth,
That all the londe to her ſecheth
Of yonge women for to lere.
  Now lette we this maiden here
And ſpeke of Dioniſe ayeine
And of Theophile the vilaine,
Of which I ſpake of now to-fore,
Whan Thaiſe ſhulde have be forlore.
This falſe cherle to his lady,
Whan he cam home all prively,
He ſaith: Madame, ſlain I have
This maide Thaiſe, and is begrave
In prive place, as ye me bede.
Forthy, madame, taketh hede
And kepe counſeil, how ſo it ſtonde.
This fend, which hath this underſtonde,
Was glad and weneth it be ſoth.
Now herke, hereafter how ſhe doth.

Qualiter Theophilus ad Dioniſiam mane rediens affirmavit ſe Thaiſim occidiſſe, ſuper quo Dioniſia una cum Strangulione marito ſuo dolorem in publico confingentes, exequias et ſepulturam honorifice quantum ad extra ſubdola conjectacione fieri conſtituerunt.

She wepeth, ſhe ſorweth, ſhe compleigneth
And of ſikeneſſe, which ſhe feigneth,
She ſaith, that Thaiſe ſodeinly
By night is dede, as ſhe and I
To-gider lien nigh my lorde.
She was a woman of recorde,
And all is leved, that ſhe ſaith.
And for to yive a more feith,
Her huſbonde and eke ſhe both
In blacke clothes they hem cloth,
And make a great enterrement.
And for the people ſhall be blent
Of Thaiſe as for the remembraunce,
After the real olde uſaunce
A tumbe of laton noble and riche
With an ymage unto her liche
Liggend above therupon
They made and ſet it up anon.
Her epitaphe of good aſſiſe
Was write about, and in this wiſe
It ſpake: O ye, that this beholde,
Lo, here lieth ſhe, the which was holde
The faireſt and the floure of alle,
Whoſe name Thaiſis men calle.
The king of Tire Appollinus
Her fader was, now lieth ſhe thus.
Fourtene yere ſhe was of age,
Whan deth her toke to his viage.

Qualiter Appollinus in regno ſuo apud Tyrum exiſ-

Thus was this falſe treſon hid,
Which afterward was wide kid,

As by the tale a man ſhall here.
But to declare my matere
To Tire I thenke torne ayein
And telle, as the croniques ſain.
Whan that the king was comen home
And hath left in the ſalte fome
His wife, which he may nought foryete,
For he ſome comfort wolde gete,
He let ſommone a parlement,
To which the lordes were aſſent,
And of the time he hath ben out,
He ſeeth the thinges all about.
And tolde hem eke, how he hath fare,
While he was out of londe fare,
And praide hem alle to abide,
For he wolde at the ſame tide
Do ſhape for his wives minde,
As he, that woll nought ben unkinde.
Solempne was that ilke office,
And riche was the ſacrifice,
The feſte really was holde.
And therto was he well beholde.
For ſuche a wife as he had one,
In thilke daies was there none.

tens parliamentum fieri conſtituit.

Whan this was done, than he him thought
Upon his doughter, and beſought
Such of his lordes, as he wolde,
That they with him to Tharſe ſholde
To fet his doughter Thaiſe there,
And they anone all redy were.

Qualiter Appollinus poſt parliamentum Tharſim pro Thaiſe filia ſua querenda adiit, qua ibidem non inventa abinde navigio receſſit.

To ſhip they gone, and forth they went,
Till they the haven of Tharſe hent.
They londe and faile of that they ſeche
By coverture and ſleight of ſpeche.
This falſe man Strangulio
And Dioniſe his wife alſo,
That he the better trowe might,
They ladden him to have a ſight,
Where that her tombe was arraied,
The laſſe yet he was miſpaied.
And netheles ſo as he durſt,
He curſeth and ſaith all the worſt
Unto fortune, as to the blinde,
Which can no ſiker weie finde,
For ſhe him neweth ever amonge
And medleth ſorwe with his ſonge.
But ſithe it may no better be,
He thonketh god and forth goth he
Sailende toward Tire ayeine.
But ſodeinly the winde and reine
Began upon the ſee debate,
So that he ſuffre mote algate

Qualiter navis Appollini ventis agitata portum urbis Mitelene in die, quo feſta Neptuni celebrare conſueverunt, applicuit, ſed ipſe pre dolore Thaiſis filie ſue, quam mortuam reputabat, in fundo navis obſcuro jacens lumen videre noluit.

The lawe, which Neptune ordeineth,
Wherof full oft time he pleigneth
And held him wel the more eſmaied
Of that he hath to-fore aſſaied.
So that for pure ſorwe and care,
Of that he ſeeth this world ſo fare,
The reſte he leveth of his caban,
That for the counſeil of no man

Ayein therin he nolde come,
But hath beneth his place nome,
Where he wepend allone lay,
There as he ſigh no light of day.
   And thus to-fore the wind they drive
Till longe and late they arrive
With great diſtreſſe, as it was ſene,
Upon this town of Mitelene,
Which was a noble cite tho.
And happneth thilke time ſo,
The lordes both and the commune
The highe feſtes of Neptune
Upon the ſtrond at the rivage,
As it was cuſtume and uſage,
Solempneliche they beſigh.
   Whan they this ſtraunge veſſel ſigh
Come in and hath his ſaile avaled,
The town therof hath ſpoke and taled.
The lord, which of that cite was,
Whoſe name is Athenagoras,
Was there and ſaid, he wolde ſe,
What ſhip it is, and who they be,
That ben therin. And after ſone,
Whan that he ſigh it was to done,
His barge was for him arraied,
And he goth forth and hath aſſaied.
He found the ſhip of great array.
But what thing it amounte may,
He ſigh they maden hevy chere,
But well him thenketh by the manere,

Qualiter Athenagoras urbis Mitelene princeps navim Appollini inveſtigans, ipſum ſic contriſtatum nichilque reſpondentem conſolari ſatagebat.

That they be worthy men of blood,
And axeth of hem, how it ſtood,
And they him tellen all the cas,
How that her lord fordrive was,
And what a ſorwe that he made,
Of which there may no man him glade.
He praieth that he her lord may ſe.
But they him tolde it may nought be,
For he lith in ſo derke a place,
That there may no wight ſen his face.
But for all that though hem be loth,
He found the ladder and down he goth
And to him ſpake, but none anſwer
Ayein of him ne might he bere,
For ought that he can do or ſain.
And thus he goth him up ayein.

Qualiter precepto principis, ut Apollinum conſolaretur, Thaiſis cum cithera ſua ad ipſum in obſcuro navis, ubi jacebat, producta eſt.

Tho was there ſpoke in many wiſe
Amonges hem, that weren wiſe,
Now this, now that, but ate laſt
The wiſdom of the town thus caſt,
That yonge Thaiſe were aſſent.
For if there be amendement
To gladde with this wofull king,
She can ſo moch of every thing,
That ſhe ſhall gladen him anone.
A meſſager for her is gone.
And ſhe came with her harp on honde
And ſaide hem, that ſhe wolde fonde
By alle weies, that ſhe can,
To gladde with this ſory man.

But what he was, ſhe wiſte nought.
But all the ſhip her hath beſought,
That ſhe her wit on him deſpende,
In aunter if he might amende,
And ſain: It ſhall be well aquite.
Whan ſhe hath underſtonden it,
She goth her down, there as he lay,
Where that ſhe harpeth many a lay
And lich an aungel ſang with alle.
But he no more than the walle
Toke hede of any thing he herde.
And whan ſhe ſigh, that he ſo ferde,
She falleth with him unto wordes
And telleth him of ſondry bordes
And axeth him demaundes ſtraunge,
Wherof ſhe made his herte chaunge,
And to her ſpeche his ere he laide
And hath merveile, of that ſhe ſaide.
For in proverbe and in probleme
She ſpake and bad, he ſhulde deme
In many a ſubtil queſtion.
But he for no ſuggeſtion,
Which toward him ſhe couthe ſtere,
He wolde nought o word anſwere,
But as a mad man ate laſte,
His heved weping awey he caſte
And half in wrath he bad her go.
But yet ſhe wolde nought do ſo,
And in the derke forth ſhe goth,
Till ſhe him toucheth and he wroth

And after here with his honde
He ſmote. And thus whan ſhe him fonde
Diſeſed, courteiſly ſhe ſaide :
Avoy my lorde, I am a maide.
And if ye wiſte what I am,
And out of what lignage I cam,
Ye wolde nought be ſo ſalvage.
With that he ſobreth his corage
And put awey his hevy chere.
But of hem two a man may lere,
What is to be ſo ſibbe of blood.
None wiſt of other how it ſtood,
And yet the fader ate laſt
His herte upon this maide caſt,
That he her loveth kindely.
And yet he wiſte never why,
But all was knowe er that they went.
For god, which wote her hole entent,
Her hertes both anone deſcloſeth.
This king unto this maide oppoſeth
And axeth firſt, what is her name,
And where ſhe lerned all this game,
And of what ken that ſhe was come.
And ſhe, that hath his wordes nome,
Anſwereth and ſaith : My name is Thaiſe,
That was ſometime well at eſe.
In Tharſe I was forthdrawe and fedde,
There lerned I, till I was ſpedde
Of that I can. My fader eke
I not, where that I ſhulde him ſeke,

Qualiter, ſicut deus deſtinavit patri, filiam inventam recognovit.

He was a king, men tolde me.
My moder dreint was in the fee.
Fro point to point all ſhe him tolde,
That ſhe hath longe in herte holde,
And never durſte make her mone,
But only to this lord allone,
To whom her herte can nought hele,
Torne it to wo, torne it to wele,
Torne it to good, torne it to harme.
And he tho toke her in his arme.
But ſuch a joy as he tho made
Was never ſene, thus be they glade,
That ſory hadden be to-forne.
Fro this day forth fortune hath ſworne
To ſet him upward on the whele.
So goth the world, now wo, now wele.
This king hath founde newe grace,
So that out of his derke place
He goth him up into the light.
And with him cam that ſwete wight
His doughter Thaiſe, and forth anone
They bothe into the caban gone,
Which was ordeined for the kinge.
And there he did of all his thinge
And was arraied really,
And out he cam all openly,
Where Athenagoras he fonde,
The which was lorde of all the londe.
He praieth the king to come and ſe
His caſtell bothe and his citee.

Qualiter Athenagoras Appollinum de navi in hoſpicium honorifice recollegit et Thaiſim, patre conſenciente, in uxorem duxit.

And thus they gone forth all in fere,
This king, this lord, this maiden dere.
This lord tho made hem riche feſte
With every thing, which was honeſte,
To pleſe with this worthy kinge.
Ther lacketh hem no maner thinge.
But yet for al his noble array
Wifeles he was unto that day,
As he, that yet was of yonge age.
So fell there into his corage
The luſty wo, the gladde peine
Of love, which no man reſtreigne
Yet never might as now to-fore.
This lord thenketh all his world forlore,
But if the king woll done him grace.
He waiteth time, he waiteth place,
Him thought his herte woll to-breke,
Till he may to this maide ſpeke
And to her fader eke alſo
For mariage. And it fell ſo,
That all was do, right as he thought,
His purpos to an ende he brought,
She wedded him as for her lorde,
Thus be they alle of one accorde.

Qualiter Appollinus una cum filia et eius marito navim ingredientes a Mitelena uſque Tharſim curſum propoſuerunt, ſed Appollinus in ſompnis admonitus verſus Epheſim, ut

Whan al was do right as they wolde,
The kinge unto his ſone tolde
Of Tharſe thilke treterie,
And ſaid, how in his compaignie
His doughter and him ſelven eke
Shall go vengeaunce for to ſeke.

The ſhippes were redy ſone.
And whan they ſigh it was to done
Withoute let of any went,
With ſaile up drawe forth they wente
Towardes Tharſe upon the tide.
But he, that wot, what ſhall betide,
The highe god, which wolde him kepe,
Whan that this king was faſte a ſlepe,
By nightes time he hath him bede
To ſaile unto another ſtede.
To Epheſim he bad him drawe,
And as it was that time lawe,
He ſhall do there his ſacrifice.
And eke he bad in alle wiſe,
That in the temple amonges alle
His fortune, as it is befalie,
Touchend his doughter and his wife
He ſhall beknowe upon his life.
The king of this aviſion
Hath great ymaginacion,
What thinge it ſignifie may.
And netheles whan it was day,
He bad caſt anker and abode.
And while that he on anker rode,
The wind, which was to-fore ſtraunge,
Upon the point began to chaunge
And torneth thider, as it ſhulde.
Tho knewe he well, that god it wolde,
And bad the maiſter make him yare,
To-fore the wind for he wold fare

ibidem templo Diane ſacrificaret, vela per mare divertit.

To Ephesim, and so he dede.
And whan he came into the stede,
Where as he shulde londe, he londeth,
With all the haste he may and fondeth
To shapen him in suche a wise,
That he may by the morwe arise
And done after the maundement
Of him, which hath him thider sent.
And in the wise, that he thought,
Upon the morwe so he wrought.
His doughter and his sone he nome
And forth unto the temple he come
With a great route in compaigny
His yiftes for to sacrify.
The citezeins tho herden say
Of such a king, that came to pray
Unto Diane the goddesse
And lefte all other besinesse,
They comen thider for to se
The king and the solempnite.

Qualiter Appollinus Ephesim in temploDiane sacrificans, uxorem suam ibidem velatam invenit, qua secum assumpta in navim versus Tyrum regressus est.

With worthy knightes environed
The king him self hath abandoned
Into the temple in good entente.
The dore is up, and in he wente,
Where as with great devocion
Of holy contemplacion
Within his herte he made his shrifte.
And after that a riche yifte
He offreth with great reverence,
And there in open audience

Of hem, that ſtoden all about,
He tolde hem and declareth out
His hap, ſuch as him is befalle.
There was no thing foryete of alle.
His wife, as it was goddes grace,
Which was profeſſed in the place,
As ſhe, that was abbeſſe there,
Unto his tale hath laid her ere,
She knew the vois and the viſage,
For pure joy as in a rage
She ſtraught unto him all at ones
And fell a ſwoune upon the ſtones,
Wherof the temple flore was paved.
She was anone with water laved,
Till ſhe came to her ſelf ayein.
And thanne ſhe began to ſain:
Ha, bleſſed be the highe ſonde,
That I may ſe min huſbonde,
Which whilom he and I were one.
The king with that knewe her anone
And toke her in his arme and kiſt,
And all the town thus ſone it wiſt.
Tho was there joie manyfold,
For every man this tale hath told
As for miracle, and were glade.
But never man ſuch joie made
As doth the king, which hath his wife.
And whan men herde, how that her life
Was ſaved and by whom it was,
They wondren all of ſuche a cas.

Through all the londe arose the speche
Of maister Cerimon the leche
And of the cure, which he dede.
The king him self tho hath him bede
And eke this quene forth with him,
That he the town of Ephesim
Woll leve and go where as they be,
For never man of his degre
Hath do to hem so mochel good.
And he his profite understood
And graunteth with hem for to wende.
And thus they maden there an ende,
And token leve and gone to ship
With all the hole felaship.

Qualiter Appollinus una cum uxore et filia sua Tyrum applicuit.

This king, which now hath his desire,
Saith, he woll holde his cours to Tire.
They hadden wind at wille tho
With topsail-cole, and forth they go.
And striken never, till they come
To Tire, wher as they haven nome,
And londen hem with mochel blisse.
There was many a mouth to kisse,
Eche one welcometh other home.
But whan the quene to londe come
And Thaise her doughter by her side,
The joie which was thilke tide
There may no mannes tunge telle.
They saiden all: Here cometh the welle
Of alle womanisshe grace.
The king hath take his real place,

The quene is into chambre go.
There was great feſte arraied tho.
Whan time was they gone to mete,
All olde ſorwes ben foryete,
And gladen hem with joies newe.
The deſcoloured pale hewe
Is now become a ruddy cheke,
There was no merthe for to ſeke.
But every man hath what he wolde,
The king as he well couthe and ſholde
Maketh to his people right good chere.
And after ſone, as thou ſhalt here,
A parlement he hath ſommoned,
Where he his doughter hath coroned
Forth with the lorde of Mitelene,
That one is king, that other quene.
And thus the faders ordenaunce
This londe hath ſet in governaunce,
And ſaide, that he wolde wende
To Tharſe for to make an ende
Of that his doughter was betraied,
Wherof were alle men well paied.
And ſaid, how it was for to done.
The ſhippes weren redy ſone.
A ſtrong power with him he toke,
Up to the ſky he caſt his loke
And ſigh the wind was covenable.
They hale up anker with the cable,
They ſail on high the ſtere on honde,
They ſailen, till they come a londe

Qualiter Appollinus Athenagoram cum Thaiſe uxore ſua ſuper Tyrum coronari fecit.

Qualiter Appollinus a Tyro per mare verſus Tharſim iter arripiens vindictam contra Strangulionem et Dioniſiam uxorem ſuam pro injuria, quam ipſi Thaiſi filie ſue intulerunt, judicialiter aſſecutus eſt.

At Tharſe nigh to the citee.
And whan they wiſten it was he,
The town hath done him reverence.
He telleth hem the violence,
Which the tretour Strangulio
And Dioniſe him hadde do
Touchende his doughter, as ye herde.
And whan they wiſte, how it ferde,
As he, which pees and love ſought,
Unto the town this he beſought
To done him right in jugement.
Anone they were both aſſent
With ſtrengthe of men, and comen ſone,
And as hem thought it was to done,
Atteint they were by the lawe
And demed for to honge and drawe
And brent and with the wind to-blowe,
That all the world it mighte knowe.
And upon this condicion
The dome in execucion
Was put anone withoute faile.
And every man hath great merveile,
Whiche herde tellen of this chaunce,
And thonketh goddes purveaunce,
Which doth mercy forth with juſtice.
Slain is the mordrer and mordrice
Through verray trouth of rightwiſneſſe,
And through mercy ſauf is ſimpleſſe
Of here, whom mercy preſerveth.
Thus hath he wel, that wel deſerveth.

Whan all this thing is done and ended,
This king, which loved was and frended,
A letter hath, which came to him
By ſhippe fro Pentapolim,
In which the lond hath to him write,
That he wolde underſtonde and wite,
How in good minde and in good pees
Dede is the kinge Arteſtrates,
Wherof they all of one accorde
Him praiden, as her lege lorde,
That he the letter wol conceive
And come, his regne to receive,
Which god hath yove him and fortune.
And thus beſoughte the commune
Forth with the grete lordes alle.
This king ſigh how it was befalle.
Fro Tharſe and in proſperite
He toke his leve of that citee
And goth him into ſhip ayein.
The wind was good, the ſe was plein,
Hem nedeth nought a riff to ſlake,
Till they Pentapolim have take.
The lond, which herde of that tiding,
Was wonder glad of his coming.
He reſteth him a day or two
And toke his counſeil to him tho
And ſet a time of parlement,
Where all the londe of one aſſent
Forth with his wife have him coroned,
Where alle good him was foiſoned.

Qualiter Arteſtrate Pentapolim rege mortuo, ipſi de regno epiſtolas ſuper hoc Appollino direxerunt, unde Appollinus una cum uxore ſua ibidem advenientes ad decus imperii cum magno gaudio coronati ſunt.

Lo, what it is to be well grounded.
For he hath firſt his love founded
Honeſtelich as for to wedde,
Honeſtelich his love he ſpedde
And hadde children with his wife,
And as him liſt he lad his life.
And in enſaumple his life was write,
That alle lovers mighten wite,
How ate laſt it ſhal be ſene
Of love what they wolden mene.
For ſe now on that other ſide
Antiochus with all his pride,
Which ſet his love unkindely,
His ende he hadde ſodeinly
Set ayein kinde upon vengeaunce,
And for his luſt hath his penaunce.

Confeſſor ad amantem.

Lo thus, my ſone, might thou lere,
What is to love in good manere,
And what to love in other wiſe.
The mede ariſeth of the ſervice,
Fortune though ſhe be nought ſtable,
Yet at ſomtime is favourable
To hem, that ben of love trewe.
But certes it is for to rewe
To ſe love ayein kinde falle,
For that maketh ſore a man to falle,
As thou might of to-fore rede.
Forthy my ſone, I wolde rede
To let all other love awey,
But if it be through ſuch a wey

As love and refon wold accorde.
For elles if that thou defcorde
And take luft as doth a befte,
Thy love may nought ben honefte.
For by no fkille that I finde,
Such lufte is nought of loves kinde.
My fader, how fo that it ftonde,
Your tale is herde and underftonde,
As thing, which worthy is to here
Of great enfample and grete matere,
Wherof, my fader, god you quite.
But in this point my felf aquite
I may right wel, that never yit
I was affoted in my wit,
But onely in that worthy place,
Where alle luft and alle grace
Is fet, if that daunger ne were,
But that is all my mofte fere.
I not what ye fortune accompte,
But what thing daunger may amounte
I wot wel, for I have affaied.
For whan min hert is beft arraied
And I have all my wit through fought
Of love to befeche her ought,
For all that ever I fkille may
I am concluded with a nay,
That o fillable hath over throwe
A thoufand wordes on a rowe
Of fuche as I beft fpeke can,
Thus am I but a lewde man.

Confeffio amantis, unde pro finali conclufione confilium confefforis impetrat.

But fader, for ye ben a clerke
Of love and this matere is derke
And I can ever lenger the laſſe,
But yet I may nought let it paſſe,
Your hole counſeil I beſeche,
That ye me by ſome weie teche,
What is my beſt, as for an ende.

Confeſſor.

My ſone, unto the trouthe wende
Now woll I for the love of the
And lete all other trifles be.

Hic ſuper amoris cauſa finita confeſſione, confeſſor Genius amanti ea, que ſibi ſalubrius expediunt, ſano conſilio finaliter injungit.

The more that the nede is high,
The more it nedeth to be ſligh
To him, which hath the nede on honde.
I have well herd and underſtonde,
My ſone, all that thou haſt me ſaied
And eke of that thou haſt me praied.
Nowe at this time that I ſhall
As for concluſion finall
Counſeil upon thy nede ſet,
So thenke I finally to knet
Thy cauſe, where it is to-broke,
And make an ende of that is ſpoke.
For I behighte the that yift
Firſt whan thou come under my ſhrift,
That though I toward Venus were,
Yet ſpake I ſuche wordes there,
That for the preſthode, which I have,
Min order and min eſtate to ſave
I ſaide, I wolde of min office
To vertu more than to vice

Encline and teche the my lore.
Forthy to ſpeken overmore
Of love, which the may availe,
Take love, where it may nought faile.
For as of this, which thou art in,
By that thou ſeeſt it is a ſinne,
And ſinne may no priſe deſerve,
Withoute priſe and who ſhall ſerve,
I not what profit might availe.
Thus folweth it, if thou travaile,
Where thou no profit haſt ne priſe,
Thou art toward thy ſelf unwiſe,
And ſith thou mighteſt luſt atteine,
Of every luſt the ende is peine,
And every pein is good to flee.
So it is wonder thing to ſe,
Why ſuch a thing ſhall be deſired,
The more that a ſtock is fired,
The rather into aſhe it torneth.
The fote, which in the weie ſporneth,
Full ofte his heved hath overthrowe.
Thus love is blinde and can nought knowe,
Where that he goth, till he be falle.
Forthy but if it ſo befalle,
With good counſeil that he be lad,
Him oughte for to ben adrad.
For counſeil paſſeth alle thing
To him, which thenketh to ben a king.
And every man for his party
A kingdom hath to juſtify,

That is to ſain his owne dome.
If he miſreule that kingdome,
He leſt him ſelf, and that is more,
Than if he loſte ſhip and ore
And all the worldes good with all.
For what man that in ſpeciall
Hath nought him ſelf, he hath nought elles,
No more the perles than the ſhelles,
All is to him of o value,
Though he had all his retenue
The wide world right as he wolde,
Whan he his hert hath nought witholde
Toward him ſelf, all is in vein.
And thus, my ſone, I wolde ſain,
As I ſaid er, that thou ariſe,
Er that thou falle in ſuch a wiſe,
That thou ne might thy ſelf rekever,
For love, which that blind was ever,
Maketh all his ſervaunts blinde alſo.
My ſone, and if thou have be ſo,
Yet it is time to withdrawe
And ſet thin hert under that lawe,
The which of reſon is governed
And nought of will. And to be lerned
Enſamples thou haſt many one
Of now and eke of time gone,
That every luſt is but a while.
And who that woll him ſelf beguile,
He may the rather be deceived.
My ſone, now thou haſt conceived

Somwhat of that I wolde mene,
Here afterward it ſhall be ſene,
If that thou leve upon my lore.
For I can do to the no more,
But teche the the righte way.
Now cheſe, if thou wilt live or deie.
My fader, ſo as I have herde
Your tale, but it were anſwerde,
I were mochel for to blame.
My wo to you is but a game,
That feleth nought of that I fele.
The feling of a mannes hele
May nought be likened to the herte,
Inough though I wolde aſterte
And ye be fre from all the peine
Of love, wherof I me pleine,
It is right eſy to commaunde,
The hert, which fre goth on the launde,
Not of an oxe what him eileth,
It falleth oft a man merveileth,
Of that he ſeeth another fare.
But if he knew himſelf the fare
And felt it, as it is in ſoth,
He ſhulde do right as he doth
Or elles wors in his degre.
For wel I wote and ſo do ye,
That love hath ever yet ben uſed,
So mote I nedes ben excuſed.
But fader, if ye wolde thus
Unto Cupide and to Venus

Hic loquitur de controverſia, que inter confeſſorem et amantem in fine confeſſionis verſabatur.

Be frendly toward my quarele,
So that my herte were in hele
Of love, which is in my brefte,
I wot wel than a better prefte
Was never made to my behove.
But all the while that I hove
In none certein betwene the two,
And not where I to well or wo
Shall torne, that is all my drede.
So that I not what is to rede.
But for finall conclufion
I thenke a fupplicacion
With pleine wordes and expreffe
Write unto Venus the goddeffe,
The which I praie you to bere
And bringe ayein a good anfwere.
Tho was betwene my preft and me
Debate and great perplexete.
My refon underftode him wele
And knewe it was foth every dele
That he hath faid, but nought forthy
My will hath no thing fet ther by.
For touching of fo wife a porte
It is unto love no difporte.
Yet mighte never man beholde
Refon, where love was witholde.
They be nought of o governaunce.
And thus we fellen in diftaunce
My preft and I, but I fpake faire
And through my wordes debonaire

Than ate lafte we accorden,
So that he faith, he woll accorden
To fpeke and ftond upon my fide
To Venus both and to Cupide,
And bad me write what I wolde.
And faid me truly that he fholde
My letter bere unto the quene.
And I fat down upon the grene
Fulfilled of loves fantafy
And with the teres of min eye
In ftede of inke I gan to write
The wordes, which I wol endite
Unto Cupide and to Venus,
And in my letter I faide thus.

The wofull peine of loves maladie,
Ayein the which may no phifique availe,
Min hert hath fo bewhapped with fotie,
That where fo that I refte or travaile
I finde it ever redy to affaile
My refon, which that can him nought defende.
Thus feche I help, wherof I might amende.

Hic tractat formam cuiufdam fupplicacionis, quam ex parte amantis per manus Genii facerdotis fui Venus fibi porrectam acceptabat.

Firft to nature, if that I me compleine,
There finde I, how that every creature
Somtime a yere hath love in his demaine,
So that the litel wrenne in his mefure
Have yet of kinde a love under his cure.
And I but one defire, which I miffe,
And thus but I hath every kinde his bliffe.

The reſon of my wit it overpaſſeth,
Of that nature teche me the wey
To love, and yet no certein ſhe compaſſeth,
How ſhal I ſpede and thus betwen the twey
I ſtonde, and not if I ſhall live or dey.
For though reſon ayein my will debate,
I may nought flee, that I ne love algate.

Upon my ſelf this ilke tale come,
How whilom Pan, which is the god of kinde,
With love wreſtled and was overcome,
For ever I wreſtle and ever I am behinde,
That I no ſtrength in all min herte finde,
Wherof that I may ſtonden any throwe,
So fer my wit with love is overthrowe.

Whom nedeth help, he mot his helpe crave
Or helpeles he ſhall his nede ſpille.
Pleinly throughſought my wittes al I have,
But none of hem can help after my wille.
And alſo well I mighte ſite ſtille
As pray unto my lady of any helpe,
Thus wote I nought wherof my ſelf to helpe.

Unto the grete Jove and if I bid
To do me grace of thilke ſwete tonne,
Which under key in his celler amid
Lith couched, that fortune is overronne,
But of the bitter cuppe I have begonne,
I not how ofte, and thus finde I no game,
For ever I axe and ever it is the ſame.

I ſe the world ſtond ever upon eſchaunge,
Now windes loude, now the weder ſofte,
I may ſe eke the grete mone chaunge,
And thing which now is low is eft alofte.
The dredful werres into pees ful ofte
They torne, and ever is daunger in o place,
Which wolde chaunge his will to do me grace.

But upon this the grete clerk Ovide,
Of love whan he maketh his remembraunce,
He ſaith: Ther is the blinde god Cupide,
The which hath love under governaunce
And in his hond with many a firy launce
He woundeth ofte, where he woll nought
hele,
And that ſomdele is cauſe of my quarele.

Ovide eke ſaith, that love to performe
Stant in the hond of Venus the goddeſſe,
But whan ſhe taketh counſeil with Satorne,
There is no grace, and in that time I geſſe
Began my love, of which min hevineſſe
Is now and ever ſhall, but if I ſpede,
So wot I nought my ſelf what is to rede.

Forthy to you, Cupide and Venus both,
With all min hertes obeiſaunce I pray,
If ye were ate firſte time wroth,
Whan I began to love, I you ſay,
Now ſtint, and do thilke fortune away,
So that daunger, which ſtant of retenue
With my lady, his place may remue.

O thou Cupide, god of loves lawe,
That with thy dart brennend haſt ſet a fire
My herte, do that wounde be withdrawe
Or yive me ſalve, ſuche as I deſire.
For ſervice in thy court withouten hire
To me, which ever yet have kept thin heſte,
May never be to loves lawe honeſte.

O thou, gentile Venus, loves quene,
Withoute gilt thou doſt on me thy wreche,
Thou woſt my pein is ever alich grene
For love, and yet I may it nought arecche.
Thus wolde I for my laſte word beſeche,
That thou my love aquite, as I deſerve,
Or elles do me pleinly for to ſterve.

Hic loquitur, qualiter Venus, accepta amantis ſupplicacione, indilate ad ſingula reſpondit.

When I this ſupplicacion
With good deliberacion,
In ſuche a wiſe as ye now wite,
Had after min entente write
Unto Cupide and to Venus,
This preſte, which hight Genius,
It toke on honde to preſente,
On my meſſage and forth he wente
To Venus for to wit her wille.
And I bode in the place ſtille
And was there but a litel while
Nought full the mountance of a mile,
Whan I behelde and ſodeinly
I ſigh, where Venus ſtood me by.

So as I might under a tree
To grounde I felle upon my knee
And preid her for to do me grace.
She caſt her chere upon my face
And as it were halving a game
She axeth me, what was my name.
Madame, I ſaide, Iohan Gower.
  Now Iohan, quod ſhe, in my power
Thou muſt as of thy love ſtonde.
For I thy bill have underſtonde,
In which to Cupide and to me
Somdele thou haſt compleigned the
And ſomdele to nature alſo.
But that ſhall ſtonde among you two,
For therof have I nought to done,
For nature is under the mone
Maiſtreſſe of every lives kinde,
But if ſo be, that ſhe may finde
Some holy man, that woll withdrawe
His kindely luſt ayein her lawe.
But ſelde whan it falleth ſo,
For fewe men there ben of tho.
But of theſe other inowe be,
Whiche of her owne nicite
Ayein nature and her office
Deliten hem in ſondry vice,
Wherof that ſhe full oft hath pleigned,
And eke my court it hath diſdeigned
And ever ſhall, for it receiveth
None ſuch, that kinde ſo deſceiveth.

For all onlich of gentil love
My court ſtant alle courts above
And taketh nought into retenue
But thing, which is to kinde due.
For elles it ſhall be refuſed,
Wherof I holde the excuſed.
For it is many daies gone,
That thou amonges hem were one,
Which of my court ſhall be witholde,
So that the more I am beholde
Of thy diſeſe to commune
And to remue that fortune,
Which many daies hath the greved.
But if my counſeil may be leved,
Thou ſhalt be eſed er thou go
Of thilke unſely jolif wo,
Wherof thou ſaiſt thin hert is fired.
But as of that thou haſt deſired
After the ſentence of thy bill,
Thou muſt therof done at my will,
And I therof me woll aviſe.
For be thou hole, it ſhall ſuffice,
My medicine is nought to ſeke,
The which is holſome to the ſeke,
Nought all perchaunce as ye it wolde,
But ſo as ye by reſon ſholde,
Accordaunt unto loves kinde.
For in the plite, which I the finde,
So as my court it hath awarded,
Thou ſhalt be duely rewarded.

And if thou woldeſt more crave,
It is no right that thou it have.

Qui cupit id, quod habere nequit, ſua tempora prodit, 3.
Eſt ubi non poſſe, velle ſalute caret.
Non eſtatis opus gelidis, hirſuta, capillos
Cum calor abceſſit, equiparabit yems.
Sicut habet maius non dat natura decembri,
Nec poterit compar floribus eſſe lutum.
Sic neque decrepita ſenum juvenile voluptas
Floret in obſequium, quod Venus ipſa petit.
Conveniens igitur foret, ut quod cana ſenectus
Attigit, ulterius corpora caſta colant.

Hic in exemplum contra quoſcunque viros inveteratos amoris concupiſcenciam affectantes loquitur Venus, huiuſque amantis confeſſi ſupplicacionem quaſi deridens, ipſum pro eo, quod ſenex et debilis eſt, multis exhortacionibus inſufficientem redarguit.

Venus, which ſtant withoute lawe,
In none certeine, but as men drawe
Of Rageman upon the chaunce,
She laith no peiſe in the balaunce,
But as her liketh for to weie,
The trewe man full ofte aweie
She put, which hath her grace bede,
And ſette an untrue in his ſtede.
Lo, thus blindly the world ſhe demeth
In loves cauſe, as to me ſemeth,
I not what other men wold ſain.
But I algate am ſo beſeine
And ſtonde as one amonges alle,
Which am out of her grace falle,
It nedeth take no witneſſe.
For ſhe, which ſaid is the goddeſſe,
To whether parte of love it wende,
Hath ſet me for a finall ende
The point, wherto that I ſhall holde.
For whan ſhe hath me well beholde,

Halving of ſcorne ſhe ſaid thus:
Thou woſt well that I am Venus,
Which all only my luſtes ſeche.
And well I wot, though thou beſeche
My love, luſtes ben there none,
Which I may take in thy perſone.
For loves luſt and lockes hore
In chambre accorden nevermore.
And though thou feigne a yong corage,
It ſheweth well by thy viſage,
That olde griſel is no fole,
There ben full many yeres ſtole
With the and ſuche other mo,
That outward feignen youthe ſo
And ben within of pouer aſſay.
My herte wolde, and I ne may,
Is nought beloved now a daies,
Er thou make any ſuch aſſaies
To love and faile upon thy fete,
Better is to make *beau retrete.*
For though thou mighteſt love atteine,
Yet were it but an idel peine,
Whan that thou art not ſuffiſaunt,
To holde love his covenaunt.
Forthy take home thy hert ayein,
That thou travaile nought in veine,
Wherof my court may be deceived.
I wote and have it wel conceived,
How that thy will is good inough.
But more behoveth to the plough,

Wherof the lacketh as I trowe.
So fit it wel, that thou beknowe
Thy feble eſtate, er thou beginne
Thing, wher thou might none ende winne.
What bargein ſhulde a man aſſaie,
Whan that him lacketh for to paie?
My ſone, if that thou well bethought,
This toucheth the, foryete it nought,
The thing is torned into was,
The which was whilome grene gras
Is welked heie, as time now.
Forthy my counſeil is, that thou
Remembre well, how thou art olde.
Whan Venus hath her tale tolde,
And I bethought was all aboute,
And wiſte wel withouten doubte,
That there was no recoverire,
And as a man the blaſe of fire
With water quencheth, ſo ferde I,
A colde me caught ſodeinly,
For ſorwe that my herte made
My dedly face pale and fade
Becam, and ſwoune I fel to grounde.
And as I lay the ſame ſtounde
Ne fully quick, ne fully dede,
Me thought I ſigh to-fore min hede
Cupide with his bowe bent
And like unto a parlement,
Which were ordeined for the nones,
With him cam all the world atones

Qualiter ſuper deriſoriam Veneris exhortacionem contriſtatus amans, quaſi mortuus in terram corruit, ubi, ut ſibi videbatur, Cupidinem cum innumera multitudine nuper amantum variis turmis aſſiſtencium conſpiciebat.

Of gentil folke, that whilom were
Lovers, I ſigh hem alle there,
Forth with Cupide in ſondry routes.
Min eye and as I caſte aboutes
To know among hem who was who,
I ſigh where luſty youthe tho,
As he, which was a capitein
To-fore all other upon the plein,
Stood with his route well begon,
Her hedes kempt, and therupon
Garlondes, nought of o colour,
Some of the lefe, ſome of the floure,
And ſome of grete perles were.
The newe guiſe of Beawme there
With ſondry thinges well deviſed
I ſigh, wherof they be queintiſed.
It was all luſt, that they with ferde.
There was no ſong that I ne herde,
Which unto love was touching,
Of Pan, and all that was liking,
As in piping of melodie
Was herde in thilke compaignie,
So loude that on every ſide
It thought as all the heven cride
In ſuche accorde and ſuche a ſoune
Of bombarde and of clarioune
With cornemuſe and ſhalmele,
That it was half a mannes hele,
So glad a noiſe for to here.
  And as me thought in this manere

All fresſhe I ſigh hem ſpringe and daunce,
And do to love her entendaunce
After the luſt of youthes heſt,
There was inough of joy and feſt.
For ever among they laugh and pley
And putten care out of the wey,
That he with hem ne ſat ne ſtode.
And over this I underſtode,
So as min ere it might arecche,
The moſt matere of her ſpeche
It was of knighthode and of armes
And what it is to ligge in armes
With love, whan it is acheved.
  Ther was Triſtram, which was beleved
With Bele Iſolde, and Lancelot
Stode with Gunnor, and Galahot
With his lady, and as me thought,
I ſigh where Jaſon with him brought
His love, which Creuſa hight.
And Hercules, which mochel might,
Was there, bering his great mace,
And moſt of all in thilke place
He peineth him to make chere
With Eolen, which was him dere.
Theſeus though he were untrewe
To love, as alle women knewe,
Yet was he there netheles
With Fedra, which to love he ches.
Of Grece eke there was Thelamon,
Which fro the kinge Lamedon

De nominibus illorum nuper amantum, qui tunc amanti ſpaſmato aliqui juvenes, aliqui ſenes apparuerunt. Senes autem precipue tam erga deum quam deam amoris pro ſanitate amantis recuparanda multiplicatis precibus miſericorditer inſtabant.

At Troy his doughter reft away
Eſeonen as for his pray,
Which take was, whan Jaſon cam
Fro Colchos and the citee nam
In vengeaunce of the firſte hate,
That made hem after to debate,
Whan Priamus the newe town
Hath made. And in aviſioun
Me thoughte that I ſigh alſo
Hector forth with his brethern two,
Him ſelf ſtood with Pantaſilee,
And next to him I mighte ſee,
Where Paris ſtood with faire Heleine,
Which was his joie ſoveraine.
And Troilus ſtood with Creſeide.
But ever among although he pleide
By ſemblaunt, he was hevy chered.
For Diomede, as him was lered,
Claimeth to be his partenere.
And thus full many a bachelere,
A thouſand mo than I can ſain,
With youth I ſigh there well beſein
Forth with her loves glad and blith.
And ſome I ſigh, which ofte ſith
Compleignen hem in ſondry wiſe,
Among the which I ſigh Narciſe
And Piramus, that ſory were.
The worthy Greke alſo was there,
Achilles, which for love deied.
Agamenon eke as men ſaied,

And Menelay the king alſo
I ſigh with many an other mo,
Which hadden be fortuned ſore
In loves cauſe. And overmore
Of women in the ſame cas
With hem I ſigh where Dido was
Forſake, which was with Enee.
And Phillis eke I mighte ſee,
Whom Demophon deceived hadde,
And Adriagne her ſorwe ladde,
For Theſeus her ſuſter toke
And her unkindely forſoke.
I ſigh there eke among the pres
Compleigning upon Hercules
His firſte love Deianire,
Which ſet him afterward a fire.
Medea was there eke and pleigneth
Upon Jaſon, for that he feigneth
Withoute cauſe and toke a newe,
She ſaide: Fie on all untrewe.
I ſigh there Deidamie,
Which hadde loſt the compaignie
Of Achilles, whan Diomede
To Troy him fet upon the nede.
Among theſe other upon the grene
I ſigh alſo the wofull quene
Cleopatras, which in a cave
With ſerpents hath her ſelf begrave
All quick, and ſo ſhe was to-tore,
For ſorwe of that ſhe hadde lore

Antonie, which her love hath be.
And forth with her I ſigh Tiſbe,
Which on the ſharpe ſwerdes pointe
For love deied in ſory pointe.
And as min ere it might knowe,
She ſaide : Wo worth alle ſlowe.
The pleint of Progne and Philomene
There herde I what it wolde mene,
How Tereus of his untrouthe
Undid hem both, and that was routhe.
And next to hem I ſigh Canace,
Which for Machair her faders grace
Hath loſt and deied in wofull plite.
And as I ſigh in my ſpirite,
Me thought amonges other thus
The doughter of king Priamus,
Polixena, whom Pirrus ſlough,
Was there and made ſorwe inough,
As ſhe, which deide gilteles
For love, and yet was loveles.
And for to take the deſporte
I ſigh there ſome of other porte,
And that was Circes and Calipſe,
That couthen do the mone clipſe
Of men and chaunge the likneſſe,
Of artmagique ſorcereſſe,
They helde in honde many one
To love, where they wolde or none.
But above alle that there were
Of women I ſigh foure there,

Whoſe name I herde moſt commended.
By hem the court ſtode all amended.
For where they comen in preſence,
Men diden hem the reverence,
As though they hadden ben goddeſſes
Of all this world or empereſſes.
And as me thought, an ere I laid
And herde, how that theſe other ſaid:
Lo, theſe ben the foure wives,
Whoſe feith was proved in her lives
For in enſample of all good
With mariage ſo they ſtood,
That fame, which no great thing hideth,
Yet in cronique of hem abideth.
Penelope that one was hote,
Whom many a knight hath loved hote,
While that her lorde Ulixes laie
Full many a yere and many a daie
Upon the grete ſiege of Troy.
But ſhe, which hath no worldes joy
But only of her huſbonde,
While that her lord was out of londe,
So well hath kept her womanhede,
That all the world therof toke hede
And namelich of hem in Grece.
That other woman was Lucrece,
Wife to the Romain Collatine.
And ſhe conſtreigned of Tarquine
To thing, which was ayein her will,
She wolde nought her ſelven ſtill,

But deide only for drede of ſhame
In keping of her gode name,
As ſhe, which was one of the beſte.
The thridde wife was hote Alceſte,
Which whan Admetus ſhulde die
Upon his grete maladie,
She praied unto the goddes ſo,
That ſhe receiveth all the wo
And deied her ſelf to yive him life,
Se, where this were a noble wife.
The ferthe wife, which I there ſigh,
I herde of hem that were nigh,
How ſhe was cleped Alcione,
Which Ceix her lord allone
And to no mo her body kepte.
And whan ſhe ſighe him dreint, ſhe lepte
Into the wawes, where he ſwam,
And there a ſee foule ſhe becam,
And with her winges him beſprad
For love that ſhe to him had.
  Lo, theſe foure weren tho,
Which I ſigh as me thoughte tho
Among the grete compaignie,
Which love hadde for to gie.
But youthe, which in ſpeciall
Of loves court was mareſhall,
So beſy was upon his lay,
That he none hede, where he lay,
Hath take. And than as I behelde,
Me thought I ſigh upon the felde,

Where Elde came a ſofte pas
Toward Venus, there as ſhe was,
With him great compaignie he ladde,
But nought ſo fele as youth hadde.
The moſte part were of great age,
And that was ſene in her viſage,
And nought forthy ſo as they might,
They made hem yongly to the ſight.
But yet herde I no pipes there
To make merth in mannes ere,
But the muſique I might knowe
For olde men, which ſouned lowe
With harpe and lute and with citole
The hove daunce and the carole,
In ſuche a wiſe as love hath bede,
A ſofte pas they daunce and trede,
And with the women otherwhile
With ſobre chere among they ſmile.
For laughter was there none on high.
And netheles full well I ſigh,
That they the more queint it made,
For love in whom they weren glade.
And there me thought I mighte ſee
The king David with Berſabee,
And Salomon was nought withoute
Paſſing an hundred in a route
Of wives and of concubines,
Jewes eke and Sarazines,
To him I ſigh all entendaunt,
I not where he were ſuffiſaunt.

But netheles for all his wit
He was attached with that writ,
Which love with his hond enſeleth,
From whom none erthly man appeleth.
And over this, as for no wonder,
With his leon, which he put under,
With Dalida Sampſon I knewe,
Whos love his ſtrength all overthrewe.
I ſigh there Ariſtotle alſo,
Whom that the quene of Grece alſo
Hath bridled, that in thilke time
She made him ſuch a ſilogime,
That he foryate all his logique,
There was none arte of his practique,
Through which it mighte ben excluded,
That he ne was fully concluded
To love and did his obeiſaunce.
And eke Virgile of aqueintaunce
I ſigh, where he the maiden praid,
Which was the doughter, as men ſaid,
Of themperour whilom of Rome.
Sortes and Plato with him come,
So did Ovide the poete.
I thoughte than how love is ſwete,
Which hath ſo wiſe men reclamed,
And was my ſelf the laſſe aſhamed,
Or for to leſe or for to winne
In the miſchefe that I was inne.
And thus I lay in hope of grace.
And whan they comen to the place,

Where Venus ſtood and I was falle,
Theſe olde men with o vois alle
To Venus praiden for my ſake.
And ſhe that mighte nought forſake
So great a clamour, as was there,
Let pite come into her ere
And forth with all unto Cupide
She praieth, that he upon his ſide
Me wolde through his grace ſende
Some comfort, that I might amende
Upon the cas, which is befalle.
And thus for me they praiden alle
Of hem that weren old aboute,
And eke ſome of the yonge route,
And of gentileſſe and pure trouth
I herde hem tel, it was great routh,
That I withouten help ſo ferde.
And thus me thought I lay and herde.
Cupide, which maie hurt and hele
In loves cauſe, as for min hele,
Upon the point which him was praid
Cam with Venus, where I was laid
Swounend upon the grene gras.
And as me thought anone there was
On every ſide ſo great pres,
That every life began to pres,
I wot nought wel how many ſcore,
Suche as I ſpake of now to-fore,
Lovers, that comen to beholde,
But moſt of hem that weren olde.

Hic tractat, qualiter Cupido amantis ſenectute confracti viſcera perſcrutans, ignita ſue concupiſcencie tela ab eo penitus extraxit, quem Venus poſtea abſque calore percipiens, vacuum reliquit. Et ſic tandem provida ſenectus racionem invocans, hominem interiorem perprius amore infatuatum mentis ſanitati plenius reſtauravit.

They ſtoden there at thilke tide
To ſe what ende ſhall betide
Upon the cure of my ſotie.
Tho might I here great partie
Spekend, and eche his own avis
Hath tolde, one that, another this.
But among alle this I herde,
They weren wo, that I ſo ferde,
And ſaiden that for no riote
An olde man ſhuld nought aſſote.
For as they tolden redely,
There is in him no cauſe why,
But if he wold him ſelf be nice,
So were he well the more nice.
And thus deſputen ſome of tho,
And ſome ſaiden no thing ſo,
But that the wilde loves rage
In mannes life forbereth none age,
While there is oile for to fire
The lampe is lightly ſet a fire,
And is full hard er it be queint,
But only if he be ſome ſeint,
Which god preſerveth of his grace.
And thus me thought in ſondry place,
Of hem that walken up and down,
There was divers opinion.
And ſo for a while it laſte,
Till that Cupide to the laſte,
Forth with his moder full aviſed
Hath determined and deviſed,

Unto what point he woll defcend.
And all this time I was liggend
Upon the ground to-fore his eyen.
And they that my difefe fighen
Suppofen nought I fhulde live.
But he, which wolde thanne yive
His grace, fo as it maie be,
This blinde god, which may nought fe,
Hath groped, till that he me fonde.
And as he put forth his honde
Upon my body, where I lay,
Me thought a firy lancegay,
Which whilom through my hert he caft,
He pulleth out and alfo faft,
As this was do, Cupide nam
His wey, I not where he becam,
And fo did all the remenaunt,
Which unto him was entendaunt,
Of hem that in avifion
I had a revelacion,
So as I tolde now to-fore.
But Venus wente nought therfore,
Ne Genius, which thilke time
Abiden bothe fafte byme.
And fhe, which may the hertes binde
In loves caufe and eke unbinde,
Er I out of my traunce arofe,
Venus, which helde a buifte clofe
And wolde nought I fholde deie,
Toke out more colde then ony keie

An oignement, and in ſuch point
She hath my wounded hert anoint,
My temples and my reins alſo.
And forth with all ſhe toke me tho
A wonder mirrour for to holde,
In which ſhe bad me to beholde
And take hede of that I ſigh
Wherin anone min hertes eye
I caſt and ſigh my colour fade,
Min eien dim and all unglade,
My chekes thinne, and all my face
With elde I mighte ſe deface,
So riveled and ſo wo beſein,
That there was no thing full ne plein.
I ſigh alſo min haires hore,
My will was tho to ſe no more,
On which for there was no pleſaunce.
And than into my remembraunce
I drough min olde daies paſſed,
And as reſon it hath compaſſed.

Quod ſtatus hominis menſibus anni equiparatur.

I made a likeneſſe of my ſelve
Unto the ſondry monthes twelve,
Wherof the yere in his eſtate
Is made, and ſtant upon debate,
That lich til other none accordeth.
For who the times wel recordeth,
And than at marche if he beginne,
Whan that the luſty yere comth inne
Till augſt be paſſed and ſeptembre,
The mighty youth he may remembre,

In which the yere hath his deduit
Of grafs, of lefe, of floure, of fruit,
Of corne, and of the winy grape.
And afterward the time is ſhape
To froſt, to ſnow, to wind, to rain,
Till eft that march be come ayein.
The winter woll no ſomer knowe,
The grene lefe is overthrowe,
The clothed erth is thanne bare,
Deſpuiled is the ſomer fare,
That erſt was hete, is thanne chele.
And thus thenkende thoughtes fele,
I was out of my ſwoune affraid,
Wherof I ſigh my wittes ſtraid,
And gan to clepe hem home ayein.
And whan reſon it herde ſain,
That loves rage was awey,
He cam to me the righte wey,
And hath remeved the ſotie
Of thilke unwiſe fantaſie,
Wherof that I was wont to plein,
So that of thilke firy pein
I was made ſobre and hole inough.
Venus beheld me than and lough
And axeth, as it were in game,
What love was? And I for ſhame
Ne wiſte what I ſhulde anſwere.
And netheles I gan to ſwere,
That by my trouth I knewe him nought,
So fer it was out of my thought,

Right as it hadde never be.
My gode ſone, tho quod ſhe,
Now at this time I leve it wele,
So goth the fortune of my whele.
Forthy my counſeil is, thou leve.
Madame, I ſaide, by your leve,
Ye weten well, and ſo wote I,
That I am unbehovely
Your court fro this day for to ſerve.
And for I may no thank deſerve,
And alſo for I am refuſed,
I praie you to ben excuſed.
And netheles as for to laſte,
While that my wittes with me laſte,
Touchende my confeſſion,
I axe an abſolution
Of Genius, er that I go.
The preſt anone was redy tho,
And ſaide: Sone, as of thy ſhrifte,
Thou haſt full pardon and foryifte,
Foryete it thou, and ſo will I.
Amans. Min holy fader, graunt mercy,
Quod I to him, and to the quene
I fell on knees upon the grene,
And toke my leve for to wende.
But ſhe, that wolde make an ende,
As therto, which I was moſt able,
A paire of bedes blacke as ſable
She toke and heng my necke about.
Upon the gaudes all without

Was write of gold *pur repoſer.*
Lo, thus ſhe ſaid, Iohan Gower,
Now thou art ate laſte caſte,
Thus have I for thin eſe caſte,
That thou no more of love ſeche.
But my will is, that thou beſeche
And pray hereafter for the pees,
And that thou make a plein relees
To love, which taketh litel hede
Of olde men upon the nede,
Whan that the luſtes ben awey,
Forthy to the nis but o wey,
In which let reſon be thy guide.
For he may ſone him ſelf miſguide,
That ſeeth nought the perill to-fore.
  My ſone, be well ware therfore
And kepe the ſentence of my lore
And tarie thou in my court no more,
But go there vertue moral dwelleth,
Where ben thy bokes, as men telleth,
Whiche of long time thou haſt write.
For this I do the well to wite,
If thou thin hele wolt purchace,
Thou might nought make ſute and chace,
Where that the game is nought provable,
It were a thing unreſonable,
A man to be ſo overſeie.
Forthy take hede of that I ſaie.
For in the lawe of my commune
We be nought ſhape to commune

Thy felf and I never after this.
Now have I faid all that there is
Of love, as for thy final ende.
Adieu, for I mot fro the wende.*

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* MS. Harl. 3490:

And grete well Chaucer, whan ye mete,
As my difciple and my poete.
For in the floures of his youth,
In fondry wife, as he well couth,
Of dittees and of fonges glade,
The which he for my fake made,
The lond fulfilled is over all,
Wherof to him in fpeciall
Above all other I am moft holde.
Forthy now in his daies olde
Thou fhalt him telle this meffage,
That he upon his later age
To fette an end of all his werke,
As he, which is min owne clerke,
Do make his teftament of love,
As thou haft do thy fhrifte above,
So that my court it may recorde.
Madame, I can me well accorde,
Quod I, to telle as ye me bidde.
And with that worde it fo betidde
Out of my fight all fodeinly,
Enclofed in a fterry fky,
Up to the heven Venus ftraught.
And I my righte waie fought
Home fro the wode and forth I wente,
Where as with al min hole entente
Thus with my bedes upon honde
For hem that true love fonde
I thenke bidde while I live,
Upon the point which I am fhrive.

And with that word all ſodeinly
Encloſed in a ſterred ſky
Venus, which is the quene of love,
Was take into her place above,

Ad Laudem Chriſti, quem tu virgo peperiſti,
Sit laus Ricardi, quem ſceptra colunt leopardi.
Ad ſua precepta complevi carmina cepta,
Que Bruti nata legat Anglia perpetuata.

He, which withinne daies ſeven
The large world forth with the heven
Of his eternal providence
Hath made and thilke intelligence
In mannes ſoule reſonable,
Wherof the man of feture
Of alle erthly creature
After the ſoule is immortall,
To thilke lord in ſpeciall
As he, which is of alle thinges
The creator and of the kinges
Hath the fortune upon honde
His grace and mercy for to fonde,
Upon my bare knees I pray,
That he my worthy king convey
Richard by name the ſecounde,
In whom hath ever yet be founde
Juſtice medled with pite,
Largeſſe forth with charite,
In his perſone it may be ſhewed,
What is a king to be well thewed
Touching of pite namely,
For he yet never unpetouſly
Ayein the leges of his londe
For no defaute which he fonde
Through cruelte vengeaunce ſought.
As though the worldes chaunce in brought
Of infortune great debate,
Yet was he nought infortunate,

Hic in fine libri honorificoſque vertuoſos illuſtriſſimi principis domini ſui regis Anglie Ricardi ſecundi mores ſicut dignum eſt laude commendabili deſcribens pro eiuſdem ſtatus ſalubri conſervacione cunctipotentem devocius exorat.

More wiſt I nought where ſhe becam.
And thus my leve of her I nam.
And forth with al that ſame tide
Her preſt, which wolde nought abide,

For he, which the fortune ladde,
The highe god him overſpradde
Of his juſtice and kept him ſo,
That his eſtate ſtood evermo
Sauf as it oughte wel to be
Lich to the ſonne in his degre,
Which with the cloudes up alofte
Is derked and beſhadewed ofte,
But how ſo that it trouble in thaire
The ſonne is ever bright and faire
Within him ſelf and nought unpeired,
All though the weder be deſpeired,
The heved planete is nought to wite.
My worthy prince, of whom I write,
Thus ſtant he with him ſelve clere
And doth what lith in his powere,
Nought only here at home to ſeke
Love and accorde, but outward eke,
As he, that ſave his people wolde.
So ben we alle well beholde
To do ſervice and obeiſaunce
To him, which of his high ſuffraunce
Hath many a great debate appeſed
To make his lege men ben eſed,
Wherefore that his cronique ſhall
For ever be memoriall
To the loenge of that he doth.
For this wote every man in ſoth,
What king that ſo deſireth pees,
He taketh the way which Criſte ches,
And who that Criſtes weies ſueth,
It proveth well that he eſcheueth

Or be me lefe, or be me loth,
Out of my fighte forth he goth.
And I was left withouten helpe,
So wift I nought wherof to yelpe,
But only that I hadde lore
My time, and was forie therfore.

The vices and is vertuous,
Wherof he mot be gracious
Toward his god and acceptable.
And fo to make his regne ftable
With all the will that I may yive
I pray and fhall while that I live,
As I which in fubjection
Stonde under the protection
And may my felven nought bewelde,
What for fikeneffe and what for elde,
Which I receive of goddes grace,
But though me lacke to purchace
My kinges thank as by deferte,
Yet the fimpleffe of my pouerte
Unto the love of my legeaunce
Defireth for to do plefaunce.
And for this caufe in min entent
This pouer book here I prefent
Unto his highe worthineffe
Write of my fimple befineffe,
So as fikeneffe it fuffre wolde,
And in fuch wife as I firft tolde,
Whan I this boke began to make,
In fome partie it may be take
And for to laugh and for to pley,
And for to loke in other wey
It may be wifdom to the wife,
So that fomedele for good apprife,
And eke fomedele for luft and game
I have it made for thilke fame.

And thus bewhaped in my thought,
Whan all was torned into nought,
I ſtood amaſed for a while,
And in my ſelf I gan to ſmile,
Thenkend upon the bedes blacke,
And how they weren me betake,
For that I ſhulde bid and praie.
And whan I ſigh none other waie,
But only that I was refuſed,
Unto the life, whiche I had uſed,
I thoughte never torne ayein.
And in this wiſe ſoth to ſain
Homward a ſofte pas I went,
Where that with all min hole entent,
Upon the point that I am ſhrive,
I thenke bidde, while I live.

4. *Parce precor Chriſte, populus quo gaudeat iſte,*
Anglia ne triſte ſubeat, rex ſumme, reſiſte.
Corrige quoſque ſtatus fragiles, abſolve reatus,
Unde deo gratus vigeat locus iſte beatus.

He, which withinne daies ſeven
This large worlde forth with the heven
Of his eternal providence
Hath made, and thilke intelligence
In mannes ſoule reſonable
Hath ſhape to be perdurable,
Wherof the man of his feture
Above all erthly creature
After the ſoule is immortall,
To thilke lorde in ſpeciall,

As he, which is of alle thinges
The creator and of the kinges
Hath the fortunes upon honde
His grace and mercy for to fonde,
Upon my bare knees I praie,
That he this londe in ſiker waie
Woll ſet upon good governaunce.
For if men take in remembraunce,
What is to live in unite,
There is no ſtate in his degre,
That ne ought to deſire pes,
Withoute which it is no les
To ſeche and loke into the laſt,
There may no worldes joie laſt.
First for to loke the clergie,
Hem oughte well to juſtifie
Thing, which belongeth to their cure,
As for to praie and to procure
Our pees toward the heven above,
And eke to ſette reſt and love
Among us on this erthe here,
For if they wrought in this manere
After the reule of charite,
I hope that men ſholden ſe
This lond amende. And over this
To ſeche and loke how that it is
Touchend of the chivalerie,
Which for to loke in ſome partie
Is worthie for to be commended
And in ſome part to be amended,

That of her large retenue
The lond is full of maintenue,
Which causeth that the comun right,
In fewe contres stont upright.
Extorcion, contek, ravine
Witholde ben of that covine.
All day men here great compleint
Of the disese, of the constreint,
Wherof the people is sore oppressed,
God graunt it mote be redressed.
For of knighthode thorder wolde,
That they defende and kepe sholde
The comun right and the fraunchise
Of holy chirche in alle wise,
So that no wicked man it dere,
And therof serveth shielde and spere.
But for it goth now other waie,
Our grace goth the more awaie.
And for to loken overmore,
Wherof the people pleignen sore
Toward the lawes of our londe,
Men sain that trouth hath broke his bonde
And with brocage is gone awey,
So that no man can se the wey,
Where for to finde rightwisnesse.
And if men sech in sikernesse
Upon the lucre of marchandie,
Compassement and trecherie
Of singular profit to winne,
Men sain is cause of mochel sinne,

And namely of divifion,
Which many a noble worthy town
Fro welth and fro profperite
Hath brought to great adverfite.
So were it good to ben all one.
For mochel grace therupon
Unto the citees fhulde fall,
Which might availe to us all,
If thefe eftates amended were,
So that the vertues ftoden there,
And that the vices were away,
Me thenketh I dorfte thanne fay,
This londes grace fhulde arife.
But yet to loke in other wife,
There is a ftate, as ye fhall here,
Above all other on erthe here,
Which hath the londe in his balaunce,
To him belongeth the legeaunce
Of clerke, of knight, of man of lawe,
Under his honde all is forthdrawe
The marchaunt and the laborer,
So ftant it all in his power
Or for to fpille, or for to fave.
But though that he fuch power have,
And that his mightes ben fo large,
He hath hem nought withouten charge,
To which that every king is fwore.
So were it good, that he therfore
Firft unto rightwifneffe entende,
Wherof that he him felf amende

Toward his god and leve vice,
Whiche is the chefe of his office.
And after all the remenaunt
He ſhall upon his covenaunt
Governe and lede in ſuch a wiſe,
So that there be no tiranniſe,
Wherof that he his people greve.
Or elles may he nought acheve
That longeth to his regalie.
For if a king will juſtifie
His londe and hem that ben withinne,
Firſt at him ſelf he mot beginne
To kepe and reule his own eſtate,
That in him ſelf be no debate
Toward his god. For otherwiſe
Ther may none erthly king ſuffiſe
Of his kingdom the folk to lede,
But he the king of heven drede.
For what king ſette him upon pride
And taketh his luſt on every ſide
And will nought go the righte weie,
Though god his grace caſt aweie,
No wonder is, for ate laſt
He ſhall well wite, it may nought laſt
The pompe whiche he ſecheth here.
But what king, that with humble chere
After the lawe of god eſcheueth
The vices and the vertues ſueth,
His grace ſhall be ſuffiſaunt
To governe all the remenaunt,

Which longeth unto his duete,
So that in his profperite
The people fhall nought be oppreffed,
Wherof his name fhall be bleffed
For ever and be memoriall.
And now to fpeke as in finall
Touchend that I undertoke
In englifh for to make a boke,
Which ftant betwene erneft and game,
I have it made, as thilke fame,
Which axe for to be excufed,
And that my boke be nought refufed
Of lered men, whan they it fe
For lack of curiofite,
For thilke fcole of eloquence
Belongeth nought to my fcience,
Upon the forme of rhetorique
Mywordes for to peint and pike,
As Tullius fomtime wrote.
But this I knowe and this I wote,
That I have do my trewe peine
With rude wordes and with pleine
In all that ever I couthe and might,
This boke to write, as I behight,
So as fikneffe it fuffer wolde.
And alfo for my daies olde
That I am feble and impotent,
I wot nought how the worlde is went,
So pray I to my lordes alle,
Now in min age, how fo befalle,

Hic in fine recapitulat fuper hoc, quod in principio libri promifit fe in amoris caufa fpecialius tractaturum, concludit enim, quod omnis amoris delectacio extra caritatem nihil eft, qui autem manet in caritate, in deo manet.

That I mot ſtonden in her grace.
For though me lacke to purchace
Her worthy thank, as by deſerte,
Yet the ſimpleſſe of my pouerte
Deſireth for to do pleſaunce
To hem, under whoſe governaunce
I hope ſiker to abide.
But now upon my laſte tide,
That I this boke have made and write,
My muſe doth me for to wite
And ſaith, it ſhall be for my beſte,
Fro this day forth to take reſte,
That I no more of love make,
Which many a herte hath overtake
And overtorned as the blinde
Fro reſon into lawe of kinde,
Where as the wiſdom goth aweie
And can nought ſe the righte weie,
How to governe his own eſtate,
But every day ſtant in debate
Within him ſelf and can nought leve.
  And thus forthy my finall leve
I take now for evermore
Withoute making any more
Of love and of his dedly hele,
Which no phiſicien can hele.
For his nature is ſo divers,
That it hath ever ſome travers
Or of to moch, or of to lite,
That pleinly may no man delite,

But if him faile or that or this.
But thilke love, which that is
Within a mannes herte affirmed
And ftant of charite confirmed,
Such love is goodly for to have,
Such love may the body fave,
Such love may the foule amende,
The highe god fuch love us fende
Forth with the remenaunt of grace,
So that above in thilke place,
Where refteth love and alle pees,
Our joie may ben endeles.

Explicit ifte liber, qui tranfeat obfecro liber,
Ut fine livore vigeat lectoris in ore.
Qui fedet in fcamnis celi det, ut ifta Johannis
Perpetuis annis ftet pagina grata Britannis.
Derbeie comiti, recolunt quem laude periti,
Vade liber purus, fub eo requiefce futurus.

GLOSSARY.

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The initials *A.S.* (Anglo-Saxon) and *A.N.* (Anglo-Norman) are ufed to defignate the languages through which the words to which they are affixed entered the Englifh Language, and muft not be underftood as pointing out their actual derivations. Further information refpecting their Etymologies may be obtained from Dr. Richardfon's Englifh Dictionary, to which the compiler is indebted for much valuable affiftance.

Verbs are generally given in the form of their infinitive mood; but the paft tenfes and participles of ftrong verbs have been inferted when their connexion with their infinitive moods is not immediately apparent.

The chief literal peculiarities to which it is neceffary to direct the reader's attention, are the ufe of *y* for *g*, of *w* for *y*, and the general interchange of vowels. We may alfo notice the blending of the particle with the following word, as *themperoure* for *the emperor*, *byme* for *by me*, &c. When the fame word recurs, but is rather differently fpelled, it has not been thought neceffary to infert both forms.

A, IN compofition, in words of Saxon origin, is an abbreviation of *af*, *of*, *at*, *on*, or *in*.

A, in compofition, in words of Anglo-Norman origin, is generally ufed as the reprefentative of *ab*, *ad*, or fometimes *ex*

A, is fometimes prefixed to a paft tenfe

A, before a noun, is generally ufed for *on*, *in*, or *at*

A, before a gerund, is ufed for *on*. To go *a* begging, i. e. *on* begging

A, is a form of the Saxon adjective *ane*, or *an*

A, for Ah!

Abie, *Abey*, *A.S.* to expiate, pay for

Abit, for abideth

Ablaft, *A.S.* blafted

Abowe, *A.S.* to avow, to maintain

Abought, *Aboughten*, *A.S.* fuffered for

Abraide, *A.S.* ftarted

Abraide, for *a-braide*, *A.S.* a ftart

Accidie, *A.N.* negligence

Accroche, *A.N.* to advance gradually, to increafe

Achates, *A.N.* an agate

Acqueint, *A.S.* quenched

Adote, *A.S.* to doat upon

Adradde, *A.S.* afraid

Adrigh, *A.S.* afide

Aeromaunce, *A.N.* divination by air

Affait, *A.N.* to tame

Affiche, A.N. to affix
Afile, A.N. to polifh
Affiled, A.N. bright, gliftening
Afin, A.N. at laft
Aflight, A N. to be uneafy
Aflight, A.N. uneafy
After, for according to
Agilt, A.S. to offend, to fin againft
Agregge, A.N. to aggravate
Agrife, A.S. to fhudder, to be terrified
Agrope, A.S. to fearch out
Akele, A.S. to cool
Al, for although
Ala-corvi, Lat. a crow's wing, (a ftar)
Alaide, A.S. applied
Alcomony, A.N. alchemy
Alday, for All the day
Algate, Algates, A.S. always
Algorifmes, A.N. algebra
All him one, for all alone, i. 148.
Alleide, A.N. alleged
Alltherme∫t, for the moft of all
Almageft, the Ptolemaic fyftem
Almeſse, A.S. alms
Alofte, A.S. on high
Alonge, A.S. to long for
Alonlich, for all only
Als, A.S. alfo, as
Alfo, A.S. as
Altherbefte, for the beft of all
Althetreweft, for the trueft of all
Altherwerft, for the worft of all
Amaied, A.S. from May (the month); In May-day guife
Amafe, A.S. to perplex
Amblount, A.N. ambling
Amende, A.N. to mend
Amis, A.S. ill, badly
Anabulla, a kind of herb
Anele, A.S. to temper
Anone, Anon, A.S. inftantly
Aplace, for in place
Appaie, A.N. to pay
Apparancie, A.N. appearance
Appert, A.N. open
Appertenaunt, A.N. belonging to
Appoint, A.N. to fix, fettle
Appofe, A.N. to object to
Apprize, A.N. to learn
Apprize, A.N. learning
Appropre, A.N. to belong to
Arad, perf. of *Arede*
Areche, A.S. to arife, to attain, to reach
Arede, A.S. to interpret
Arere, A.S. to raife
Arere, A.N. arrear
Argument, A.N. to difcufs, difpute
Arought, perf. of *Areche*
Aroute, A.S. an affembly
Arfmetique, A.N. arithmetic
Artemage, A.N. the art of magic
As a rofe, for as he rofe
As of dede, for indeed, ii. 239.
Afcriden, A.S. to cry out
Afhry, A.S. a fhriek or fhout
Afpides, Lat. afps, vipers
Afpie, A.N. to efpy
Afpiremente, A.N. breathing
Aſsay, A.N. to attempt, to prove
Aſsemble, A.N. to make like
Aſsent, A.S. fent to
Affife, A.N. fituation
Affife, A.N. to fettle, eftablifh
Aſsobre, A.N. to get fober
Aſsoile, A.N. to abfolve, to anfwer
Aſsoted, A.N. befotted
Aſsote, A.N. to dote on
Aſsote, A.N. fond
Afterte, A.S. to efcape
Aftone, A.N. confounded
Aftrices, A.N. the Star Stone
At mannes eye, for in the eyes of men, iii. 320.
At all aſsaies, for at all points, in every way, i. 241.
Atones, A.S. at once
Atteint, A.N. fpoiled
Attitled, for entitled
Atwinne, A.S. afunder
Aunter, A.N. to adventure
Aunter, A.N. an adventure
Avale, A.N. to lower, to let down
Avarous, A.N. avaricious

Avaunce, A.N. boaſt
Avaunce, A.N. to advance, to profit
Avaunt, A.N. forward
Avauntance, A.N. boaſting
Avauntarie, A.N. boaſting
Avenaunt, A.N. merit, value
Aventure, A.N. adventure
Avis, A.N. advice
Aviſe, A.N. to look to, to take care of
Aviſement, A.N. advice
Aviſioun, for a viſion
Avouterie, A.N. adultery
Avoy, A.N. leave, quit
Away, A.S. to waſte, deſtroy
Awaite, A.N. watch
Aweiward, A.S. away
Axe, A.S. to aſk
Ay, for all
Aye, for ah
Ayein, A.S. again
Ayeinward, A.S. on the other hand
Bailie, A.N. cuſtody, government
Baillez ça, A.N. paſs on, paſs round
Baldemoin, A.N. gentian
Bale, A.S. ſorrow
Banne, A.N. to baniſh
Barme, A.S. the lap
Barnage, A.N. barons
Bataillous, A.N. ready for battle
Be, for been
Bebled, A.S. covered with blood
Beclip, A.S. to embrace, to ſurround
Bedaw, A.S. to awake
Bede, A.S. to bid, to offer
Bede, A.S. a prayer
Bederked, A.S. darkened
Bedfare, A.S. bedfellow
Befole, A.S. to delude into folly, to infatuate
Beforn, A.S. before
Bego, A.S. performed
Begon, A.S. begun
Begrave, A.S. to bury
Begrave, A.S. engraven
Behet, A.S. to promiſe
Behighte, A.S. to promiſe
Behonge, A.S. to hang
Behote, A.S. promiſed
Behove, A.S. behoof, advantage
Behovely, A.S. profitably
Beknowe, A.S. to confeſs
Belaine, A.S. beleaguered
Beleve, A.S. to remain
Beleve, A.S. belief
Beloke, A.S. locked, confined
Bemene, A.S. to bemoan, lament
Ben, Bene, A.S. to be
Ben, for been
Ben, A.S. are
Bend, A.N. a band
Benime, A.S. to take away
Beniſon, A.S. benediction
Benome, A.S. taken away
Berde, A.S. edge, margin
Bere, A.S. to bear, carry
Bereined, A.S. rained upon
Berne, A.S. a barn
Beſain, A.S. reſolved
Beſant, A.N. a piece of gold money
Beſein, A.S. decked or adorned for fight, clad
Beſene, A.S. to clothe, to cover
Beſhrewe, A.S. to curſe
Beſilich, A.S. buſily
Beſiſhip, A.S. activity
Beſnewed, A.S. covered with ſnow, covered
Beſtad, A.S. diſtreſſed
Beſtaile, A.N. beaſt, cattle
Beſte, A.N. a beaſt
Beſwike, A.S. to betray, to deceive
Beſwunke, A.S. laboured hard
Beſy, A.S. buſy
Betake, A.S. to give
Beteche, for betake
Bethrow, A.S. to be caſt down
Betid, Betit, A.S. happened
Bewake, A.S. to awake
Beware, A.S. to ſhun
Bewared, A.S. expended
Bewelde, A.S. to govern
Bewhappe, A.S. to be aſtoniſhed, to be wrapped up in anything
Bewimpled, A.S. covered with a cape or tippet
Bewray, A.S. to accuſe

Bewrie, A.S. to difcover
Beyelpe, A.S. to prate, to talk
Beyete, A.S. begotten
Beyete, A.S. poffeffion, advantage
Bid, A.S. to pray; (to bid the bedes, *is* to fay prayers)
Bienfait, A.N. a benefit
Bienvenue, A.N. a welcome
Bigge, A.S. to enlarge, to multiply
Bile, A.S. guile
Bill, A.S. nofe
Bille, A.N. a letter
Biſse, A.N. venifon
Bit, for biddeth
Blame, Fall in, to be cenfured, i. 145.
Blanche fever, A.N. ague
Bleche, A.N. white
Blench, A.S. to wink, to glance
Blend, A.S. to deceive
Blent, A.S. blinded, deceived
Blive, A.S. quickly
Bode, A.S. bidden, commanded
Boke, A.S. to put in a book
Bokes, A.S. teaches
Bombarde, A.N. a mufical inftrument
Bone, A.S. petition
Boot, A.S. a boat
Borde, A.S. a table, alfo a revel
Bordel, A.N. a brothel
Bordeller, A.N. a brothel-keeper
Bore, for born
Bore free, for free born, i. 68.
Borel, A.S. made of plain coarfe ftuff
Borel-men, A.S. laymen
Borwe, A.S. a pledge
Borwe, A.S. hath pledged; laid to
Borwe, A.S. to be fecurity for
Bote, A.S. bit
Bote, A.S. to help
Bote, A.S. remedy, help, profit
Boteler, A.N. a butler
Boune, A.S. ready
Bourgeis, A.N. a citizen
Braide, A.S. to awake, to ftart
Braide, A.S. to draw
Brede, A.S. breadth
Brenne, Brenden, A.S. to burn
Breres, A.S. briars
Briddes, A.S. birds
Brigantaille, A.N. armour
Brocage, A.S. a treaty by a broker or agent
Brocour, A.S. a feller, a broker
Brothel, A.S. a worthlefs perfon
Buifte, A.N. a box
Burned, A.N. burnifhed
Buxom, A.S. obedient
Byme, for by me
Cale for *Acale, A.S.* cold
Camufe, A.N. flat
Can, A.S. to know
Canele, A.N. cinnamon
Careƈt, A.N. character
Carpe, A.N. to talk, to tell
Cas, A.N. chance
Cafte, A.N. to contrive
Caufe, for becaufe
Cautele, A.N. a cunning trick
Ceinte, A.N. a girdle
Celidoine, A.N. pilewort
Ceramius, A.N. earthenware
Certes, A.N. certainly
Chaffare, A.S. merchandize
Chamberere, A.N. a chamber-maid
Chapmanhode, A.S. the condition of a chapman or tradefman
Chare, A.N. a chariot
Charke, A.S. to turn backwards and forwards
Chaftie, A.N. to chaftife
Chele, A.N. cold
Chere, A.N. countenance, appearance, entertainment
Cherl, A.S. a man of mean birth and condition
Cherles, A.S. churlifh
Chery, A.N. the colour of the cherry
Ches, A.S. to choofe
Chefe, A.S. choice
Chefte, A.S. debate
Chevaunce, A.N. achievement
Chever, A.S. to fhiver
Chevifance, A.N. an agreement for the borrowing of money
Childing, A.S. child-bearing
Chiroche, A.N. fparing

Chitre, A.S. to chirp
Chrifteneft, A.N. moft Chriftian
Cicorea, A.N. wild endive
Citole, A.N. a mufical inftrument
Cleis, A.S. claws
Clepe, A.S. to call, to name
Clergeon, A.N. a young clerk
Clergie, A.N. learning
Clipfe, A.S. to eclipfe
Cofre, A.N. a cheft
Coife, A.N. a miftrefs
Cokard, A.N. a knave
Colde, A.S. put into fhape
Coler, A.N. anger, wrath
Collacion, A.N. comparifon
Commeve, A.N. to move
Compaffement, A.N. contrivance
Comune, A.N. to communicate
Conclude, A.N. to include
Concordable, A.N. agreeable
Conge, A.N. to expel
Conne, A.S. to know, to be able
Connoiffaunce, A.N. underftanding
Conferve, A.N. the preferver
Contek, A.S. contention
Contourbed, A.N. difturbed
Contrariende, A.N. perverfe, contrary
Contre, A.N. country
Contrevaile, A.N. to thwart
Controvinge, A.N. contrivance
Cope, A.N. a cloak
Cor Scorpionis, LAT. a fcorpion's heart, (a ftar)
Corage, A.N. heart, inclination, fpirit, courage
Cornemufe, A.N. a mufical inftrument blown like the bagpipes
Coftage, A.N. coft, expenfe
Cofteaunt, A.N. bordering
Cotidian, A.N. daily
Coupable, A.N. guilty
Courbe, A.N. bent, curved
Courbe, A.N. a bend
Couthe, A.S. known
Couth, A.S. knew, was able
Covenable, A.N. convenient, fuitable
Coverture, A.N. a covering
Covetife, A.N. covetoufnefs
Covine, A.N. to contrive
Covine, A.N. a fecret contrivance
Creaunce, A.N. faith, belief
Crefce, A.N. to increafe
Creffett, A.S. an open land
Criden, A.S. cried
Croke, A.S. to bend, to twift
Croke, A.N. drofs, refufe
Croket, A.N. chaplet
Cronique, A.N. chronicle
Crope, A.S. crept
Crope, A.S. head or top of a plant
Crouche, A.S. a piece of money
Curteis, A.N. courteous
Curteifly, A.N. courteoufly
Cufs, A.S. a kifs
Cuftumaunce, A.N. a cuftom
D, for th
Dais, A.N. upper table
Danz, A.N. for dan, don (dominus)
Dampne, A.N. to condemn
Daunte, A.N. to tame
Dawe, A.S. a day
Dawe, Of, dead (off day), iii. 182.
Debonaire, A.N. courteous, gentle
Decas, A.N. decay, ruin
Deceivaunt, A.N. a deceiver
Dede, Deden, for did
Deduit, A.N. pleafure
Dees, A.N. dice
Defend, A.N. to forbid
Defie, A.N. to digeft, to confume
Defoule, A.N. to defile, pollute
Deis, A.N. dais
Dele, A.S. to debate, deliberate
Dele, A.S. a fhare, a part
Delices, A.N. delights
Delitable, A.N. pleafure, delight
Demaine, A.N. management
Deme, A.S. to judge
Depart, A.N. to part, to diftribute
Depofe, A.N. a pledge, a depofit
Dere, A.S. dear
Dere, A.S. dearly
Dere, A.S. to hurt
Derne, A.S. fecret
Dery, A.S. to hurt, to harm

Descorde, A.N. to be of a different mind, to disagree
Deslaie, A.S. to blame, deny
Despeired, A.N. desperate, stormy
Despend, A.N. to waste, consume
Destraught, vide *Distreigne*
Diete, A.N. daily food
Differred, A.N. divided
Dight, A.S. to dispose, prepare, dress
Dike, A.S. to dig, to make ditches
Dimme, A.S. weak
Discention, A.N. separation
Disme, A.N. a tithe or tenth
Disteigne, A.N. to discolour
Disobeisaunt, A.N. disobedient
Disour, A.N. a story-teller
Dispended, A.N. disposed of
Disport, A.N. to divert
Dispuiled, A.N. unclothed, bared
Distraught, A.N. distracted
Distreigne, A.N. to vex exceedingly, to constrain
Diverse, A.N. to diversify
Divine, A.N. divinity
Divise, A.N. a device
Divise, A.N. to direct, order
Do, for done ; also for make
Do make, for be made, i. 202.
Doaire, A.N. a province
Dole, A.N. a share, a portion
Dole, A.N. grief, mourning
Dome, A.S. judgment, opinion
Done, A.S. to do
Dore, A.S. dare
Doubtous, A.N. fearful
Dradde, Drad, A.S. feared
Dreche, A.S. to vex, oppress
Drecche, A.S. to linger, delay
Dreint, A.S. drowned
Drenche, A.S. to drown
Drie, A.S. to suffer
Drinkeles, A.S. without drink
Dronkelewe, A.S. given to drink
Dronkeship, A.S. drunkenness
Drough, A.S. drew
Drowen, A.S. to draw
Druerie, A.N. courtship, gallantry
Dwale, A.S. a sleeping potion
Dwelle, A.S. to remain fixed, or to remain
Dwine, A.S. to waste
Echone, for each one
Eftsone, A.S. soon after
Egge tole, for edged tool
Eile, A.S. to be sick, to ail
Eking, A.S. protracting
Elde, A.S. old age
Elitropius, A.N. heliotrope
Elles, A.S. else
Embrouded, A.N. embroidered
Embushement, A.N. ambush
Eme, A.S. uncle
Empeire, A.N. to impair, hurt
Empeirement, A.N. injury
Emprise, A.N. undertaking
Enchefon, A.N. cause, occasion
Encortined, A.N. enclosed within curtains
-Ende, -End, for -ing
Enderday, A.S. the past day
Endlong, A.S. along
Enfile, A.S. to smooth, to polish
Enforme, A.S. to instruct, teach
Engin, A.N. wit, artifice
Engined, A.N. racked, tortured ; also contrived to get together
Enginous, A.N. inventive
Englewed, A.N. held fast
Ensamplarie, A.N. example
Ensele, A.N. to seal up, to keep secret
Entaile, A.N. to carve
Entaile, A.N. shape
Entame, A.N. to subdue
Entendaunt, A.N. attendance
Entende, A.N. to attend
Entendement, A.N. understanding
Entente, A.N. intention
Entermete, A.N. to interpose, intermeddle
Entrike, A.N. to deceive
Environ, A.N. about
Environ, A.N. to surround
Er, for there
Ere, A.S. ear
Ere leith, for giveth ear, i. 13.

Eren, A.N. to plough
Efes, for eafe
Efmaied, A.N. aftonifhed
Efpeire, A.N. expectation
Efpial, A.N. fpying, private watching
Efpie, A.N. to fpy
Efploit, A.N. advantage
Efsonie, A.N. excufe
Eftre, A.N. ftate, condition
Eftrete, A.N. a ftreet
Eth, A.S. eafy
Everichone, A.S. every one
Ey, A.S. an egg
Eyle, A.S. to ail, to be fick
Facounde, A.N. eloquence
Facrere, A.N. diffimulation
Fade, A.N. fad, forrowful
Fain, A.S. gladly
Faine, A.S. glad
Fainterie, A.N. pretence
Faintife, A.N. pretence
Fairie, A.S. pilgrimage
Faitour, A.N. a lazy, idle fellow
Fallas, A.N. deceit
Falfhed, A.S. falfehood
Fangel, A.S. a toy, a trifle
Fantofme, A.N. any falfe imagination
Fare, A.N. ado
Fare, A.S. to go
Fare, A.S. a courfe, a path
Faucon, A.N. a falcon
Feblefse, A.N. weaknefs
Fee, A.S. money
Feigne, A.N. to give a falfe colouring to
Feire, A.N. fair
Felafhip, A.S. company
Felawe, A.S. fellow, companion
Feld, A.S. felled, made to fall
Feldwode, A.S. baldmony
Fele, A.S. many
Fele, for fall
Fell, A.S. fkin
Felle, A.S. cruel
Felle, A.S. fharp, keen
Felle, Let do, for hath made fall, i. 275.
Fende, A.S. fiend, devil
Ferde, Fered, part. of fare
Fere, A.S. fear
Fere, A.S. a companion
Fere, In, together in company, i. 75.
Ferforth, A.S. far forth
Ferke, A.S. to haften, to execute
Ferre, A.S. further
Ferre, A.S. fair, beautiful
Ferth, A.S. fourth
Fette, A.S. to fetch
Feture, A.N. a production
Fifte, for fifth
Firedrake, A.S. a fiery dragon
Flacke, A.S. to flutter
Flete, A.S. to float, to fwim
Fleume, A.S. phlegm
Flitte, A.S. to remove
Florein, A.N. a fpecies of gold coin
Foifoned, A.N. given abundantly
Foll, A.N. foolifh
Folwe, A.S. to follow
Fonde, A.S. to try
Fong, A.S. to take
For to right, of right, i. 179.
Fordo, A.S. to do away, to ruin
Foreward, A.S. a promife or covenant
Forfare, A.S. forlorn
Forgnawe, A.S. thoroughly gnawn
Forlain, A.S. lain with
Forlete, A.S. to give over, to quit
Forlore, A.S. utterly loft
Forfhope, A.S. transformed
Forfoken, A.S. denied
Forfwey, A.S. turn afide
Forth, A.S. courfe
Forthe over, for came next, i. 25.
Forthinke, A.S. to grieve
Forthy, A.S. therefore
Fortrode, A.S. trodden down
Forworthe, A.S. to perifh
Foryete, A.S. to forget
Foryetel, A.S. forgetful
Foryetellenefse, A.S. forgetfulnefs
Foule, A.S. a bird
Founde, A.N. foundered
Fredde, A.S. loofened
Frede, A.S. to feel

Freine, *A.S.* to inquire
Frele, *A.N.* frail
Frendelyhede, *A.S.* friendſhip
Frere, *A.N.* a friar
Frette, *A.N.* a band
Fro, for from
Froiſe, *A.N.* a pancake
Froſen, for froſt
Frounce, *A.N.* a frown, a wrinkle
Frounce, *A.N.* to wrinkle
Froward, *A.S.* averſe
Ful, *A.S.* perfect, complete
Funke, *A.S.* trouble
Gable, *A.N.* to talk idly, to lie
Gaignage, *A N.* gain
Galle, *A.N.* trouble, vexation
Gamme, *A.N.* the gamut
Garnement, *A.N.* a garment
Gate, *A.S.* a way
Gaudes, *A.N.* ridiculous tricks
Gef, for gave
Geomaunce, *A.N.* geometry
Gerachie, *A.N.* hierarchy
Gert, *A.S.* made, cauſed
Geſt, *A.S.* gueſt
Geſtes, *A.N.* actions, adventures
Gie, *A.S.* to guide
Gilt, *A.S.* to be guilty
Giltiſe, *A.S.* guilty
Glade, *A.S.* glad
Gladſhip, *A.S.* joy, gladneſs
Glede, *A.S.* a burning coal
Gloſe, *A.N.* to comment or interpret
Gloſe, *A.N.* a comment or interpretation
Gon, *A.S.* to go
Gone, *A.S.* to expire
Gonnen, *A.S.* begun
Governaunce, *A.N.* government, control
Gradde, *A.S.* cried for
Grame, *A.S.* grief, anger
Grauntmercy, *A.N.* great thanks
Graven, *A.S.* buried
Gregois, for Greeks
Greine, *A.S.* to bear grain
Greme, *A.S.* growth
Grevable, *A.S.* grievous
Grevaunce, *A.S.* grievous
Greve, *A.N.* to vex, injure
Greves, *A.S.* groves
Gripes, *A.S.* an eagle, a vulture
Griſel, *A.S.* an ugly perſon
Grith, *A.S.* protection
Grome, *A.S.* a man
Grope, *A.S.* to find
Grucche, *A.N.* to grumble
Guie, *A.N.* to guide
Gule, *A.S.* gluttony
Gulion, *A.N.* wallet or knapſack
Gult, *A.S.* guile
Gultiſe, *A.S.* guilty
Had I wiſt, for "had I but known it," i. 175.
Haft, *A.S.* handle
Hainte, *A.N.* to practiſe
Hale, *A.S.* to pull, or drawe
Halke, *A.S.* a corner
Halpe, *A.S.* helped
Halſen, *A.S.* to embrace
Halt, *A.S.* holdeth
Halve, *A.S.* part, ſide, behalf
Halving, for having
Halving aſhamed, for "as if aſhamed" ii. 65.
Haly, *A.S.* holy
Han, *A.S.* to have
Hantel, *A.S.* gift of the hand
Happe, *A.S.* chance
Hardieſſe, *A.N.* boldneſs
Haſtihede, *A.N.* haſte
Hat, *A.S.* to be named
Haveles, *A.N.* poor, deſtitute
Hed, for hid
Heed, for head
Heie, *A.S.* hay
Heil, *A.S.* whole, ſound
Helas, *A.N.* alas
Hele, *A.S.* health
Hele, *A.S.* to heal, to help
Hele, *A.S.* an eminence
Hele, *A.S.* to hide, to cover
Hem, for them
Hene, *A.S.* to put in motion
Hened, *A.S.* head
Henge, *A.S.* hung

Hent, for hence
Hent, A.S. took hold of
Hente, A.S. to take hold of, to catch
Hente, A.S. hart
Hepe, A.S. a maſs
Her, for their
Herbergage, A.N. lodging
Herbergeour, A.N. a harbinger, a provider of lodgings
Herbergery, A.N. lodging
Herdes, A.S. keepers, ſhepherd boys
Here, in compoſition, ſignifies *this*, without including any idea of place
Here, A.S. to hear
Here, for their
Herte, A.S. heart
Hertely, A.S. hearty
Heſte, A.S. command, promiſe
Heven, A.S. heavenly
Hie, A.S. to haſten
Hie, A.S. haſte, diligence
Hierd, A.S. a herdſman
Highte, A.S. high
Hight, A.S. called, to be named
Hingen, A.S. to hang
Hippe-halt, A.S. lame in the hip
Hire, A.S. her
Ho! interj. *A.N.* ſtop
Hodes, A.S. hoods
Holde, A.S. to beware of
Holde, A.S. a fort or caſtle
Holde, Holden, A.S. obliged, held to be, or regarded as
Hole, A.S. entire, whole, ſound
Honde, A.S. a hand
Honde, Bareon, to inſiſt upon, ii. 2.
Honochinus, qy.
Hore, A.S. hoary, gray
Hors, A.S. horſes
Hote, A.S. hot
Hote, A.S. called
Hove, A.S. to hover, to move
Hove-dance, A.S. court dance
Hulle, A.S. hill
Humbleſſe, A.N. humility
I, for y, prefixed to participles
Ibore, A.S. born
Idelſhip, A.S. idleneſs
Ight, A.S. poſſeſſion
Ilke, A.S. ſame
In a throwe, quickly, i. 119.
Inderly, carefully, zealouſly
Infortune, A.N. misfortune
Inowe, for enough
Interſtition, A.N. the intervening ſpace
Intronifed, A.N. enthroned
Irous, A.N. paſſionate
Iwis, A.S. certainly
Iwrite, A.S. written
Jacinctus, A.N. hyacinth
Jangler, A.N. a prater
Jape, A.S. a trick, a jeſt
Jaſpis, A.N. jaſper
Jolif, A.N. jolly, joyful
Joutes, A.N. an ancient diſh in cookery
Juiſe, A.N. judgment, puniſhment
Juſtinge, A.N. tilting
Keie, A.S. key
Kele, A.S. to cool
Kempt, A.S. combed
Kepe, A.S. care, attention
Kepe, To take, to take heed, i. 233.
Kerſe, A.S. a ruſh
Kerveth, qy. carveth
Keſte, A.S. kiſſed
Kid, A.S. made known, diſcovered
Kinde, A.S. nature, kindred
Kirtel, A.S. a tunic or gown
Kiſt, A.S. cheſt
Kith, A.S. country, region
Knape, A.S. a lad, a page
Knave, A.S. a male child
Knet, A.S. tied
Knowleching, A.S. knowledge
Lacches, A.N. to neglect
Lacheſſe, A.N. negligence, ſlackneſs
Lacke, A.S. a fault, a diſgraceful action
Lad, Ladde, A.S. led, carried
Laſt, part. of *leve*
Lance-gay, A.N. a kind of lance
Lapacia, A.N. a kind of graſs
Large, A.N. liberal, free
Laſſe, A.S. leſs, lower

Laſʒe, A.S. to leſſen
Laſʒe-world, A.S. the microcoſm
Laſte, A.S. to continue
Laton, A.N. a kind of mixed metal of the colour of braſs
Laverock, A.S. a lark
Lay, A.N. lake or pond
Lay, A.S. law, religious profeſſion
Lay, A.S. a ſpecies of poem
Lazer, A.N. a leper
Leche, A.S. a phyſician, a cure
Lechour, A.N. a lewd perſon
Leſe, A.S. pleaſing, agreeable
Lefte, A.S. raiſed, exalted
Lefte, A.S. remained with
Leful, for lawful
Lege, A.N. one bound by loyalty to his ſovereign
Legeaunce, A.N. bond of fidelity
Leie, A.S. to lay
Lein, A.S. to lay
Leiſer, A.N. leiſure, opportunity
Leit, A.S. light
Leith, A.S. giveth
Lemman, A.S. a lover or gallant, a miſtreſs
Lene, A.S. to lend, to grant
Lenger, A.S. longer
Lenger the laſʒe, for linger the leſs, iii. 344.
Lere, A.S. to learn, to teach
Lere, A.S. learning
Leſe, A.S. to glean, alſo to looſe
Leſing, A.S. a lie, a falſity
Leſt, A.S. loſt
Leſte, for leaſt
Lete, A.S. to think, to account
Lete, A.S. to leave
Lete, A.S. left
Lette, A.S. to hinder
Lette, A.S. delay, hindrance
Leude, A.S. ignorant, unlearned
Leve, A.S. dear
Leve, A.S. to believe, to rely
Leve, A.S. to remain, tarry
Leve, A.S. deſire, inclination
Leven, A.S. lightning
Lever, A.S. more agreeable
Lich for *-ly*
Liche, A.S. like
Liche, A.S. a body
Licuchis, qy.
Lie, A.N. lees or ſediment
Lief, A.S. agreeable, beloved
Ligge, A.S. to lie down
Liggend, A.S. lying
Ligh, qy. lie. ii. 254.
Liketh, A.S. liking, pleaſure
Lime, A.S. to ſmear, as with bird-lime
Linde, A.S. the lime tree
Liſʒe, A.S. joy, bliſs
Liſʒe, A.S. to grow eaſy, to be relieved
Liſte, A.S. to pleaſe
Liſte, A.S. pleaſure, inclination
Lite, A.S. a little
Lith, A.S. a limb
Lith, A. S. to ſoften
Loenge, A.N. praiſing
Logged, A.N. lodged
Loke, A.S. to ſee, to look upon; alſo to lock, to ſhut cloſe
Loked, A.S. leaked
Lollardie, A.S. the doctrines of certain reformers called "Lollards"
Lond, A.S. land
Londe, A.S. the cuſtom
Lope, A.S. a leap
Lore, A.S. loſt
Lore, A.S. knowledge, doctrine, advice
Lorer, A.S. a laurel tree
Loreſman, A.S. a teacher
Los, A.S. loſs
Loſe, A.S. fame
Loſt, A.S. ruined
Lothe, A.S. diſagreeable, odious
Lothly, A.S. loathſome
Lough, A.S. laughed
Lourd, A.S. ill-favoured
Loure, A.S. to look diſcontented
Loute, A.S. to loiter, alſo to bow
Loute, A.S. humility
Lowe, A.S. to make the noiſe of kine, to cry loudly

Lucre, A.N. advantageous
Lufte, A.S. vigour, delight, pleafure
Lute, A.S. to be hid
Maine, A.S. force
Maintenue, A.N. the unjuft or wrongful upholding of a perfon or caufe
Make, A.S. a fellow, a mate, a hufband, a wife
Make, for do
Male, A.N. a budget, a portmanteau
Malebouche, A.N. a calumny
Malengin, A.N. wicked artifice
Malgracious, A.N. ungracious
Malgre, A.N. in fpite of
Malt, A.S. melted
Manace, A.N. to threaten
Maner, A.N. kind, fort
Mappe-mounde, A.N. a map of the world
Marchandie, A.N. merchandize
Marche, A.S. a border, a country
Marrement, A.N. affliction
Marrubium, A.N. hoarhound
Mafed, A.S. bewildered, giddy
Mate, A.N. dejected, ftruck dead
Mate, A.S. to deject, to ftupify
Maundement, A.N. commandment
May, A.S. a virgin, a young woman
Mede, A.S. reward, alfo a meadow
Medle, A.N. to mix
Mein, A.S. mixed, mingled
Meke, A.S. to become meek
Mele, A.S. meal, dinner
Melle, A.N. to meddle
Menage, A.N. family
Mene, A.S. to fpeak, to tell
Mere, A.S. to move, to excite
Merel, the world
Meritori, A.N. meritorious
Merthes, A.S. joys, pleafures
Meftier, A.N. occupation
Mefure, A.N. moderation
Met, A.S. dreamed
Mete, A.S. to dream, to imagine
Metrede, A.N. meafure
Mette, A.S. dreamed
Mevable, A.N. moveable
Mewe, A.N. a cage
Miche, A.N. to fteal
Micherie, A.N. thieving
Might, A.S. to permit
Mile, qy. a long time
Min, for man
Minde, A.S. remembrance
Min one, alone
Mirre, A.N. myrrh; hence adjectively, bitter
Mis, A.S. ill, amifs
Mis, A.S. a wrong
Mis-drawe, A.S. drawing or pulling the wrong way
Misferde, A.S. gone wrong
Mifloke, A.S. looking wrongly or unluckily
Mifpay, A.N. to pay badly
Mif-throwe, A.S. caft improperly
Miftrift, for miftruft
Miftrowing, A.S. fufpecting
Mif-went, A.S. gone amifs
Mifwreint, A.S. wrenched
Mo, for more
Mochel, A.S. much, greatly
Moderhed, A.S. motherhood
Molde, A.S. earth
Molton, A.N. fheep
Mone, A.S. the moon; alfo lamentation
Mone, A.S. hag
Mordrice, A.S. a murderefs
More, A.S. root
More, A.S. to increafe
Mored, A.S. fpread
Mote, A.S. an atom
Mote, Mot, A.S. muft, may
Mountame, A.N. amount
Mow, A.S. may, to be able
Mowe, A.N. a diftortion of the mouth
Muable, A.N. fickle
Muck, A.S. pelf
Mull, A.S. rubbifh
Nam for *ne-am, A.S.* am not
Nam, pa. of *nime, A.S.* took
Namely, A.S. efpecially
Nature, A.N. to create

Naturien, A. N. a natural philofopher
Ne, A. S. not, nor
Nedder, A. S. an adder
Nede, A. S. need, neceffity
Nede, Nedes, A. S. neceffarily
Neisfh, A. S. foft, delicate
Nere for *ne-were,* were not
Netherdes, A. S. neat-herds
Never a dele, not a bit, i. 33.
Newe, A. S. to renew
Newe, A. S. new, frefh
Nice, A. N. foolifh
Nicete, A. N. folly
Nigh, A. S. to approach
Nigromaunce, A. N. necromancy
Nill for *ne-will,* will not
Nis for *ne-is,* is not
Nift for *ne-wift,* knew not
Nobley, A. N. dignity, fplendour
Nolde, Nolden, for *ne-wolden,* would not
Nome, pa. of *nime, A. S.* took
Non, A. S. none
None, A. N. the ninth hour of the natural day
None, A. N. not
Nones, A. S. occafion
Norice, A. N. a novice
Not, A. S. to obferve
Not for *ne-wot, A. S.* know not
Novelrie, A. N. novelty
O for *on,* one
Obeied, A. N. obedient
Offhreden, A. S. to lop off
Of newe, for anew
Oile, A. N. qy. eye
On honde, to take on honde, is to experience, to engage in, to have recourfe to anything, i. 101.
Onde, A. S. zeal, malice
Oppofe, A. N. to argue with, to queftion
Oppreffion, A. N. overcharging, or overloading
Or, A. S. before
Orbis, Lat. firmament
Ordenaunce, A. N. orderly difpofition
Orped, A. N. courageous, glittering
Other, A. S. either
Ouche, A. N. fetting for a jewel
Oule on ftoke, or *Stoke on oule,* an obfcene proverb
Oultrage, A. N. outrage, violence
Oultrely, A. S. utterly
Out of herre, out of order, i. 36.
Out-take, A. S. to take out, to except
Out-take, A. S. excepted
Over-all, for in every cafe
Overhip, A. S. to hop over
Overfeie, A. S. deceived
Owhere, A. S. anywhere
Packe, A. S. a pedlar's bundle
Paie, A. N. to pleafe, to fatisfy
Paiens, A. N. pagans
Paindemaine, A. N. a fort of white bread
Painim, A. N. a pagan
Pale, A. N. to make pale
Panne, A. S. the fkull
Par, A. N. by
Parage, A. N. kindred
Paraile, A. N. fimilitude
Paraventure, Paraunter, A. N. haply, by chance
Parcas, A. N. by chance
Parfie, A. N. perfect
Parlement, A. N. an affembly for confultation, a confultation
Parfe, A. N. perfonal charms
Partie, A. N. a part, a party in a difpute
Pas, A. N. ftep
Pees, A. N. peace
Peine, A. N. labour, penalty
Peife, A. N. to poife, to weigh, to confider
Pelerinage, A. N. a pilgrimage
Pelote, A. N. a ball
Penon, A. S. a banner
Penouncel, A. N. a fmall ftreamer
Penfel, A. N. a fmall ftreamer
Perdurable, A. N. everlafting
Pere, A. N. a peer, an equal
Periferie, A. N. circumference
Perrie, A. N. jewels, precious ftones

Pike, *A. S.* to peep, to mark; alſo to ſteal
Pill, *A. N.* a pillage
Pile, *Pille*, *A. N.* to rob, to plunder
Pillour, *A. N.* a plunderer
Piment, *A. N.* ſpiced wine
Pire, *A. N.* to peep
Piromaunce, *A. N.* divination by fire
Plaine, *Pleigne*, *A. N.* to complain
Plat, *Platte*, *A. N.* plain, flat. *All plat*, i.e. flatly
Pleaſaunce, *A. N.* pleaſure
Pleie, *Pley*, *A. S.* to play
Plein, *Pleine*, *A. N.* full, perfect
Pleine, *A. N.* to deplore, complain, utter diſcontent
Plenerlich, *A. N.* fully
Plie, *A. N.* to bend or mould
Plight (to-) *A. S.* to pluck to pieces
Plite, *A. N.* form, condition
Point, *A. N.* condition
Pointure, *A. N.* incitement
Policed, *A. N.* poliſhed
Porte, *A. N.* carriage, behaviour
Prees, *A. N.* a preſs or crowd
Prees, *Pris*, *A. N.* price, praiſe
Preiſe, *A. N.* to commend, to value
Prenoſticke, *A. N.* prognoſtic, preſage
Prent, chiefly, in the firſt place
Pres, *A. N.* near
Pretoire, *A. N.* prætor
Preve, *A. N.* proof
Prike, *A. S.* to ride hard
Primerole, *A. N.* a primroſe
Prive, *A. N.* private
Procuror, *A. N.* advocate
Profren, *A. N.* to bring forward, to lay before
Prolacion, *A. N.* proclamation, utterance
Provende, *A. N.* a prebendary
Purpartie, *A. N.* a ſhare
Purſuit, *A. N.* qy. anxiety
Purſuivant, *A. N.* a follower
Purveiance, *A. N.* foreſight, providence, proviſion
Purveie, *A. N.* to foreſee, to provide
Purveie, *A. N.* proviſion
Py, for magpie
Quad, *A. S.* bad, evil
Quarle, *A. N.* complaint
Quede, *A. S.* harm, evil
Queint, for quenched
Queinte, *A. N.* ſtrange
Queintiſe, *A. N.* to be cunning, to be neat
Queintiſe, *A. N.* cunning
Queme, *A. S.* to pleaſe
Quite, *A. N.* to requite
Quite, *A. N.* quiet, free
Quod, *A. S.* ſaid
Racche, *A. S.* a ſcenting hound
Rad, pa. of *Rede*, *A. S.* explained
Ragerie, *A. N.* wantonneſs
Ramage, *A. N.* wild
Rampe, *A. N.* to climb
Rane, *A. S.* to regret, grieve for; alſo, to ſuffer, to have compaſſion
Rape, *A. S.* haſte
Ratheſt, *A. S.* ſooneſt
Ravine, *A. N.* rapine
Ravinere, *A. N.* a plunderer
Reall, *A. N.* royal
Realte, *A. N.* royalty
Recche, *A. S.* to care
Receite, *A. N.* a preſcription
Recoverir, *A. N.* remedy
Reddour, *A. N.* ſtrength, violence
Rede, *A. S.* counſel, advice, explanation
Rede, *A. S.* to adviſe, read, explain
Rees, for race
Rees, iii. 3, qy.
Reforme, *A. S.* to reconſtruct, recompoſe
Reft, *A. N.* took away
Regalie, *A. N.* ruling
Regiment, *A. N.* government
Regne, *A. N.* a kingdom
Regnen, *A. N.* to reign
Reguerdon, *A. N.* reward
Reguerdoned, *A. N.* rewarded
Reiny, *A. S.* watery
Reiſſhe, *A. S.* a ruſh
Reive, *A. S.* row (*a-reive*, in order)
Rejoy, *A. N.* to rejoice

Rekever, A. N. to recover
Reles, A. N. relifh
Releve, A. S. to reftore
Remue, Remeve, A. N. to remove
Renegate, A. N. an apoftate from Chriftianity
Renne, A. S. to run
Repentail, A. S. repentance
Reprife, A. N. reproach
Rere, A. S. to raife up
Refcouſse, A. N. refcue
Refſhe, Rifhe, A. S. a rufh
Refte, A. S. repofe
Retenaunce, A. N. retinue
Retenue, A. N. permanent
Reule, A. N. rule, order
Revelin, A. S. revealing
Ribald, A. N. a poor labourer
Riche, A. S. a kingdom
Riff, To flake, to let out a reef of a fail
Right, A. S. truly, rightly
Riote, A. N. company
Rivage, A. N. the fhore or coaft
Rive, A. N. the fhore or coaft
Rivel, A. S. to wrinkle
Rode, A. S. a company of horfemen
Rode, A. S. the crofs. It is called the *Rode-tree*, from its being made of wood
Rody, A. S. ruddy
Roo, for roe
Rote, A. N. practice
Rote, A. S. core, root
Rought, part. of *Recche*
Rounen, A. S. to whifper
Rounge, A. N. to nip or cut
Route, A. N. a company
Routh, A. S. a pity, a caufe for regret
Routhe, A. S. compaffion, the object of compaffion
Rowe, A. S. to dawn
Rowe, A. S. line, order, fucceffion
Rucken, A. S. to crouch down
Sacre, A. N. to reverence
Sacrifie, A. N. to confecrate
Sad, A. S. firm, fixed
Sain, Sein, A. S. to fay
Sainte, A. N. holy
Salvage, A. N. favage, cruel
Sapience, A. N. wifdom
Satureie, A. N. the favory
Sauf, A. N. fafe
Saught, A. N. reconciled
Saught, A. S. to become calm, to abate
Saulge, A. N. the ofier or willow
Saundres, A. N. fandal-wood
Sauns, A. N. without
Saveine, A. N. the name of an evergreen
Sawe, A. S. fpeech, difcourfe, a proverb or wife faying
Say, Sey, part. of *Se, A. S.* faw
Scarfe, A. N. to go away, to difperfe
Schenche, A. S. to pour out wine
Scherdes, A. S. fcales
Scole, A. N. fchool
Scomer-fare, qy. iii. 321.
Seche, A. S. to feek
Secre, A. N. a fecret
Seculer, A. N. of the laity, in oppofition to clerical
See, A. N. a feat
Seen, A. S. fkilled, verfed
Seie, Sey, part. of to fee
Seintuarie, A. N. fanctuary
Seive, A. N. a difh
Sekerlich, A. S. furely
Selden, A. S. feldom
Semblable, A. N. like
Semblaunt, A. N. feeming, appearance
Sempiterne, A. N. everlafting
Send, for fendeth
Sendall, qy. a thin filk
Servage, A. N. fervitude, flavery
Sefine, A. N. poffeffion
Sett a tonne abroche, to tap a cafk, ii. 183.
Sette, A. S. to place, to fet
Shadde, A. S. fell in drops
Shalmele, A. N. a pfaltery
Shape, A. S. to prepare
Sharnebudes, a kind of infect
Shawe, A. S. a fhade of trees, a grove

Shend, A.S. to ruin
Shere, A.S. to cut
Shet, A.S. to ſhoot
Shette, A.S. overwhelmed
Shide, A.S. a log of wood
Shifte, A.S. to divide
Shilde, Shelde, A.S. to ſhield
Shrewe, A.S. to calumniate
Shrewe, A.S. an ill tempered man or woman
Shrifte, A.S. confeſſion
Shrighte for *ſhricheth, A.S.* ſhrieketh
Shrive, A.S. to make confeſſion; alſo, to praiſe
Shode, A.S. to divide
Shof, A.S. puſhed
Shope, part. of *Shape*
Sibbe, A.S. related, allied
Sibred, A.S. kindred, relationſhip
Sigh, A.S. ſaw
Sike, A.S. to ſigh
Sike, A.S. ſick
Siker, A.S. ſure
Silogime, A.N. ſyllogiſm
Simpleſße, A.N. ſimplicity
Sit for *ſitteth, A.S.* becomes
Sithe, A.S. ſince
Sithes, A.S. times
Skie, A.S. a cloud
Skiereth, A.S. eſcapeth
Skille, Skile, A.S. reaſon
Slade, A.S. a valley
Slawe, part. of *Sle*
Sle, Sleen, A.S. to kill
Sleight, A.S. contrivance
Slider, A.S. ſlippery
Sligh, for ſly
Slike, A.S. to make ſleek or ſmooth
Slike, A.S. ſuch
Slitte, A.S. cleft or fiſſure
Sloutheth, A.S. retardeth, maketh ſlow
Slowe, A.S. ſlew
Smaragdine, A.N. emerald
So, A.S. ſuch
Sode, A.S. ſoaked or ſteeped
Sodeinlich, A.S. ſuddenly
Soffred, A.N. ſuffered
Soleine, A.N. ſingle
Somdele, A.S. ſomewhat, in ſome meaſure
Somweie, A.S. ſomehow
Somwho, A.S. ſome one
Sonde, A.S. ſand
Sonde, A.S. a meſſage
Sone, A.S. ſoon
Sore, Sors, A.N. chance
Soth, A.S. true, certain
Sothe, A.S. truth
Sothfaſtneſße, A.S. truth
Sothly, A.S. truly
Sotie, A.N. folly
Soucheth, A.N. ſuſpecteth
Souldan, for Sultan
Soune, A.N. to ſound
Souple, A.N. to influence
Spatula, A.N. voluptuouſneſs, lewdneſs
Spedde, A.S. verſed in
Spede, A.S. luck, fortune
Spiece, A.N. kind, ſort
Spieces, for ſpecies
Spieces, A.N. ſpices
Spire, A.S. to enquire
Splen, A.N. ſpleen
Spore, A.S. a ſpur
Sporne, A.S. to ſtrike the foot againſt anything, to ſtumble
Spume, A.N. foam
Stal, A.S. to ſteal
Stant in one, for is the ſame
Stant, for ſtandeth
Starf, part. of *Sterve*
Staunge, To make, to turn away, i. 140.
Stede, A.S. a place
Stempne, A.S. voice, command
Stente, A.S. to deſiſt, to ceaſe
Stere, A.S. to ſtir
Stere, A.S. a rudder
Sterte, A.S. to leap, to eſcape
Sterve, A.S. to die, periſh
Steven, A.S. voice, ſound; alſo, appointed time
Stewe, A.N. a brothel
Stigh, A.S. aſcended

Stighe, A.S. to afcend
Stint, Stinte, A.S. to ftop
Stock, A.S. a root
Stode, A.S. ftood
Stoke, A.S. fhut, faftened
Stonden, A.S. ftood
Stood, A.S. ftud of horfes
Storven, part. of *Sterve*
Stound, A.S. a moment, a fhort fpace of time
Stounde, A.S. ftunned, beaten feverely
Straughte, A.S. ftretched
Straunge, A.S. to become ftrange, to eftrange
Stre, A.S. ftraw
Streit, A.S. to ftretch
Strengthes, A.S. fortreffes
Subgite, A.N. fubject
Sucre, A.N. fugar; hence adjectively, fweet
Sue, A.N. to follow
Suffifance, A.N. fufficiency, fatisfaction
Suffifaunt, A.N. fufficient
Suffre, A.N. to fupport
Supplantour, A.N. a difplacer
Surquedous, A.N. prefumptuous
Surquedrie, A.N. prefumption
Sufter, for fifter
Sute, A.N. following, purfuit
Swere, A.S. neck
Sweven, A.S. a dream
Swinke, A.S. to labour
Swithe, A.S. quickly
Swote, A.S. fweat
Swote, A.S. fweet
Taid, for tied
Taillage, A.N. a tax
Taille, A.N. a tally
Take, for taken
Take, A.S. to deliver up
Tale, A.S. to tell ftories
Tant ne quant, not at all
Tapinage, A.N. lurking, fkulking about
Taſße, A.N. a heap
Taſße, A.N. to overload, to heap on
Tath, for taketh
Teife, A.N. to pull
Temprure, A.N. temper
Tendre, A.N. to foften, to work upon
Tene, A.S. to grieve, to afflict
Tene, A.S. grief
Terremote, A.N. an earthquake
Thank, A.S. thankfulnefs, good will
Thanne, Than, A.S. then
Tharft, A.S. durft
The, for thee
Thenke, A.S. to think
Theorique, A.N. contemplation, deep ftudy
Thewe, A.S. manner, quality
Thewed, A.S. gifted, mannered
Theye, for the eye
Thilke, A.S. this fame, that fame
Tho, A.S. then
Tho, A.S. thofe
Thole, A.S. to bear or fuffer
Thonke, A.S. to thank
Thrid, A.S. third
Thries, A.S. thrice
Thringe, A.S. to thruft
Throftel, A.S. a thrufh
Throwe, A.S. time
Throwe, A.S. ftruggle, agony
Throwes, A.S. by turns
Throwfe, A.S. a painful effort, as of a woman in travail
Tiding, A.S coming
Tigh, qy. took
Till, A.S. to
Tilthe, A.S. the produce of tilling
Tite, A.S. foon
To, for by
To, A.S. too
To, in compofition with verbs, is generally augmentative, fignifying utterly, entirely
To-blowe, A.S. fcattered by the wind
To-braide, A.S. to pull to pieces
To-breke, A.S. to break in pieces
To-clef, A.S. fplit in pieces
To-drawe, A.S. attracted or drawn to

To-drough, A.S. hurried, forced along
To-fore, A.S. before
To-gider, A.S. together
To-pulled, A.S. haraffed
To-rofe, A.S. torn to pieces
To-fon, as a fon
Tonne, A.S. a cafk
Toofe, A.S. to diforder
Topfailecole, qy. ii. 231
Torne, A.N. to turn
Torney, A.N. to wheel round
Tote, A.S. to peep, obferve
Toten, A.S. to look
Totore, A.S. torn to pieces
Traunceth, A.N. leapeth
Travers, A.N. difpute
Tregetour, A.N. a juggler
Treigne, A.N. a train
Treis, A.N. in a trice
Trete, A.N. to treat, to difcourfe
Tretour, A.N. a traitor
Trifte, for truft
Triftefße, A.N. fadnefs
Trowe, A.S. to believe
Truage, A.S. homage
Trufße, A.N. to pack up
Tweie, Twey, A.S. two
Twinne, A.S. to depart from a place or thing, to be feparated
Unaffiled, A.N. ambitious, unadvifed
Unaquit, A.N. unrewarded
Unbehovely, A.S. ufelefsly, unprofitably
Unbefein, A.S. unbefitting
Unbuxome, A.N. unheeding, difobedient
Underfonge, A.S. to undertake
Undern, A.S. the third hour of the artificial day, nine o'clock, A.M.
Undrough, A.S. drew down or back
Ungood, A.S. unjuft, not righteous
Unhappes, A.S. misfortunes
Unknet, A.S. loofened, untied
Unlered, A.S. unlearned
Unloke, A.S. explained, interpreted
Unluft, A.S. diflike
Unnethes, A.S. fcarcely
Unpeired, A.N. unimpaired
Unpeifed, A.N. not poifed or weighed
Unpleine, A.N. obfcure
Unfaught, A.S. not looked after
Unfely, A.S. unhappy
Unfoft, A.S. hard
Unftoken, A.S. opened
Unteide, A.S. fet free
Unthewed, A.S. thawed
Untoward, A.S. toward
Unware, A.S. unforefeen
Unwelde, A.S. ungovernable, unwieldy
Unworfhip, A.S. unworthy
Up, A.S. upon
Upon depofe, fubject to depofition
Up-fo-down, for upfide down, ii. 218.
Uprifte, A.S. uprifing
Upfette, A.S. to put or place up
V, ufed for b or f
Vecke, A.N. an old woman
Vendides, qy.
Venerien, A.N. venereal
Venery, A.N. hunting
Vengeable, A.N. cruel, revengeful
Venim, A.N. poifon, venom
Ver, LAT. fpring
Vernage, A.N. a kind of white wine
Verveine, A.N. verbena
Viage, A.N. a journey by fea or land
Viker, A.N. vicar
Vinour, A.N. a winebibber
Vire, A.N. an arrow
Virelay, A.N. a round, freeman's fong
Virgin, A.N. chafte, pure
W is ufed for both u and y
Wacche, A.S. to watch
Wailoway, A.S. alas, for pity
Wait, A.N. a watch or look out
Wan, A.S. gained
Wan, A.S. decreafe
Wane, A.S. to depart, to decline
Wanhope, A.S. defpair
Warde, A.N. a prifon

Warde, A.N. to take care of
Ware, A.S. to be on one's guard, to beware
Warie, A.S. to abufe, to fpeak evil of
Warifon, A.N. reward, merit
Watte, A.N. a watch, a guard
Wawe, A.S. a wave
Wedde, Wed, A.S. a pledge
Wede, A.S. clothing, apparel
Weder, A.S. a wether fheep
Weived, A.S. curtained
Wele, A.S. wealth, profperity
Wele, for will
Welked, A.S. withered, mouldy
Welken, A.S. the fky
Welketh, A.S. decayeth, withereth
Wend, for *wened, A.S.* thought, intended
Wende, A.S. to go
Wene, A.S. to think, fuppofe
Wene, A.S. a guefs, fuppofition
Went, A.S. a way
Wepenles, A.S. weaponlefs
Werche, Werke, A.S. work
Were, A.S. to wear
Were, A.S. confufion, doubt, uncertainty
Werne, A.S. to caution, apprize, refufe
Werre, A.N. war
Wers, A.S. worfe
Whan, for when
Whan as ever, for whence fo ever, i. 156.
Whanne, for whence
What, for wot
Whele, for while
Where, for anywhere
Whether, A.S. which of two
While, A.S. time
Whilom, A.S. once on a time
Who, A.S. one
Who faith, for one would fay, i. 4.
Wicke, A.S. wicked
Wicke, A.S. wickednefs
Wierd, A.S. fortune
Wierdes, A.S. the fates or deftinies
Wifehode, A.S. the ftate of a wife
Wight, A.S. a perfon, male or female
Wilde, A.S. impatient of
Wimple, A.N. a covering for the neck
Winne, A.S. to gain
Wirche, A.S. to do, to caufe
Wis, A.S. certainly
Wife, A.S. manner
Wiße, A.S. to teach, to direct
Wisfhe, A.S. to wafh
Wiften, A.S. knew
Wit, A.S. to blame
Wite, A.S. to know
Wite, A.S. acquaintance with, or knowledge of
Withholde, A.S. retained
Withfaye, A.S. to contradict, to deny
Withfet, A.S. to upfet, refift
Witte, A.S. underftanding, capacity
Wo, A.S. to ftop, to check
Wo, A.S. forrowful
Wode, A.S. mad, violent
Wode, A.S. wood
Wol, A.S. to will
Wolde, A.S. would, been willing
Wombe, A.S. the belly
Wonde, A.S. to fear, to defift through fear
Wonde, part. of *wone*
Wonder, A.S. wonderfully, very
Wone, A.S. cuftom, habitation
Wone, A.S. to dwell
Woo, be, for to fuffer
Wort, A.S. a cabbage
Worth, A.S. to be, to go
Woft for *woteft, A.S.* knoweft
Wote, Wot, A.S. to know
Wot, A.S. knew
Wowe, qy., i. 324.
Wowe, A.S. to woo
Woxe, A.S. grew
Wrecche, A.S. to be avenged
Wreche, A.S. revenge, anger
Wulle, A.S. wool
Y, for g

Yaf, *Yef*, *A.S.* gave
Yare, *A.S.* ready
Ydriades, qy.
Ydromaunce, *A.N.* divination by water
Ye, for thee
Ye, *A.S.* yes, certainly
Yede, *A.S.* went
Yelpe, *A.S.* to prate, to boaſt
Yeme, *A.S.* to take care of
Yerde, *A.S.* a rod or ſtaff
Yeven, *A.S.* to give
Yeveth, *A.S.* giveth
Yit, for yet
Yolde, *A.S.* yielded, repaid
Yomen, *A.S.* a ſervant
Yove, *A.S.* gave

THE END.

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